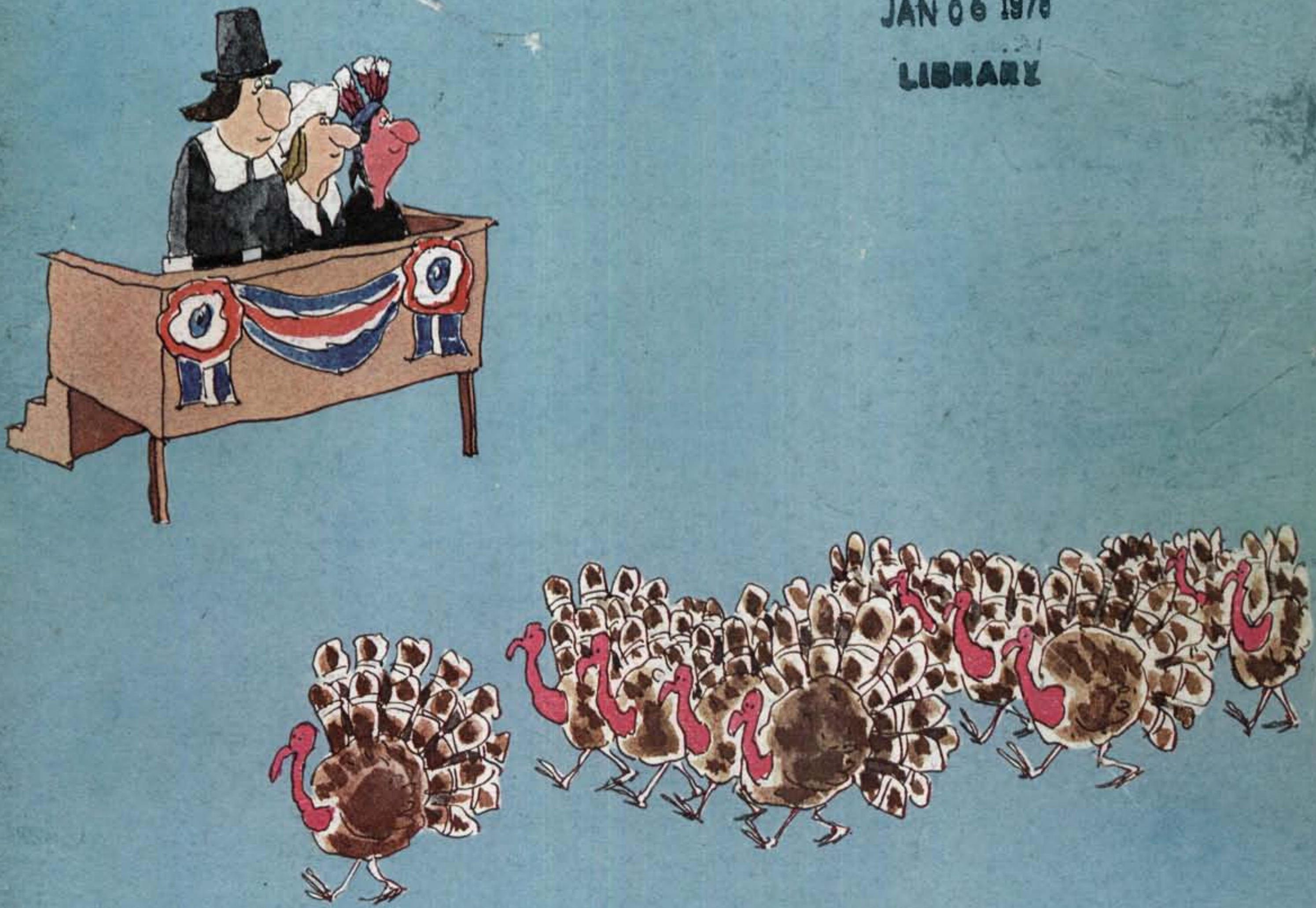
Nov. 28, 1977

One Dollar

THE NEW YORKER

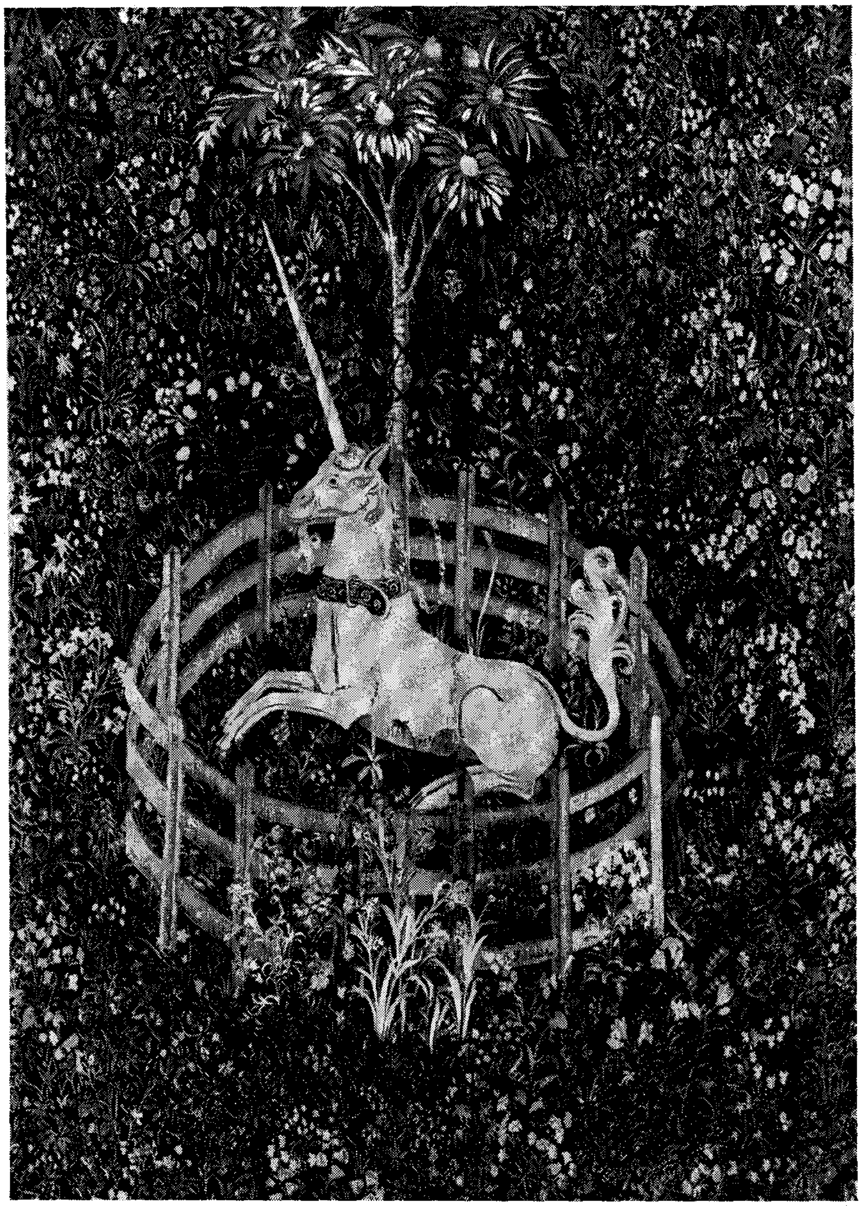
Ambassador College
JAN 06 1978
LIBRARY



Levin

CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
CHIVAS R
1801
BLENDED
WHISKY
1.75 LITER
CHIVAS BR
DISTILLERS
Next time you serve Chivas at a party, do something really impressive.
Serve enough.
CHIVAS REGAL • 1.75 LITER BOTTLE • 12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

tapestry in replica



the unicorn in captivity.
One of the most renowned themes of the 16th century tapestry makers.
A remarkable reproduction re-created today by the skilled artists of Rambouillet.
Hand-screened and hand-painted on wool and flax, this museum adaptation
reflects the patina of age, iridescent colorings and delicate details of the original.
Approximately 3'x4', now specially priced at 300.00.
The Gallery, 5th Floor, New York and all stores.
Mail and phone orders accepted. Add tax where applicable.
We regret, no C.O.D.'s.

bloomingdale's

NEW YORK (1000 Third Ave., New York 10022, Fresh Meadows, Garden City, Manhasset, Scarsdale, White Plains)
CONNECTICUT (Stamford) NEW JERSEY (Riverside Square-Bergen, Short Hills) MARYLAND (White Flint-Kensington)
MASSACHUSETTS (Chestnut Hill) PENNSYLVANIA (Jenkintown) VIRGINIA (Tysons Corner-McLean)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins in a likable little comedy by Judith Ross, vigorously directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brontosaurus—A play by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 11. Closes Friday, Nov. 25.)

Chez Nous—Peter Nichols is an English dramatist who has managed to write at least a couple of successful comedies—"A Day in the Death of Joe Egg" and "The National Health"—about unlikely subjects. This one, at least a semi-successful comedy, is about a middle-aged pediatrician and expert on adolescent sex who discovers that his oldest friend is the father of his illegitimate grandson, his daughter having been thirteen at the time of conception. The setting is a house in the South of France with both men and their wives on deck. The play is well performed by Sam Waterston, John Tillinger, Christine Pickles, and Barbara Caruso, among others. Lynne Meadow directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge is one of the funniest and most intelligent performers alive. A joyful evening. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3 and Friday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 26.)

The Dodge Boys—A play by George Sibbald, with Ben Slack, William LeMassena, and Jane Lowry heading the cast. Previews Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 23-24. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 25, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 18. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dracula—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3 and Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Feedlot—A play by Patrick Meyers. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Golda—A dull play, but Anne Bancroft is dazzling in the title role. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Green Pond—A musical with a book by Robert Montgomery and music by Mel Marvin. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 41
"THE SANDY FRAZIER DREAM TEAM" . . . . . *Ian Frazier* 46
"HIS TUNING OF THE NIGHT" (POEM) . . . . . *Erica Jong* 47
"A FAMILY MAN" . . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 48
PROFILES (ROMARE BEARDEN) . . . . . *Calvin Tomkins* 53
"THE THAMES AT CHELSEA" (POEM) . . . . . *Joseph Brodsky* 56
THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 81
FOOTBALL . . . . . *J. W. L.* 82
"CONIAGUI WOMEN" (POEM) . . . . . *Audre Lorde* 84
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE) 87
REFLECTIONS (THINKING—PART II) . . . . . *Hannah Arendt* 114
THE AIR . . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 166
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Pauline Kael* 174
"SIGNS" (POEM) . . . . . *Carl Dennis* 181
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 182
"THE LIFE AHEAD" (POEM) . . . . . *Philip Levine* 188
BOOKS . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 189
  BRIEFLY NOTED 193

COVER: *Arnie Levin*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, William Steig, Henry Martin, William Hamilton, Warren Miller, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Ed Fisher, Burt Silverman, Charles Addams, Robert Weber, Edward Frascino, George Booth, Al Ross, Charles Barsotti, James Stevenson, Sam Gross, James Mulligan, Jack Ziegler, Dana Fradon, J. B. Handelsman*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 695-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) 695-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, WIX OED. Vol. LIII, No. 41, November 28, 1977. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1977 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.

Sterling Silver Jewelry
for Christmas Gifts

From top: Double hand-forged bracelet, $130.
Knot cuff bracelet, $50.
Twisted rope necklace, 30 inches long, $55.
Choker, 16 inches long, $70.
Earrings from left: Open loop with 14 karat
gold posts, for pierced ears, $30.
Coffee bean motif ear-clips, $40.
Knot cuff links, $30.
Propeller cuff links, $37.50

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. & 57TH ST., TEL: (212) 759-9110 · ATLANTA · CHICAGO · HOUSTON · SAN FRANCISCO · BEVERLY HILLS
Please add two dollars for shipping and handling plus sales tax where applicable. American Express · Diners Club · Master Charge · Visa

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—A translation by Wallace Shawn of Machiavelli's "Mandragola." (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Man of La Mancha—A moving revival of one of the most romantic of all musicals. Richard Kiley (Chev Rodgers fills in for him on Wednesday afternoons) is superb as Quixote, and Emily Yancy makes a satisfactory Dulcinea. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Misanthrope—A musical adaptation of Molière's play by Richard Wilbur (book and lyrics) and Margaret Pine (music). (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons as a passionate, foul-mouthed schoolteacher, whose forte is not education. The author of this peculiar play is a young Brazilian named Roberto Athayde. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Naked—A play by Luigi Pirandello. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

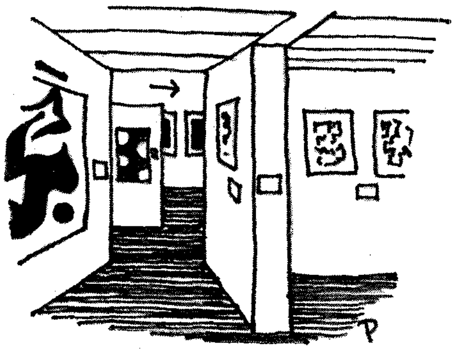
Once Upon a Time—Ben Bonus and Mina Bern in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 889-6800. Saturdays at 8 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Passing Game—William Atherton heads the cast in a play by Steve Tesich. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8, and Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Sloane Shelton, Gwyda DonHowe, and Laurence Luckinbill. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, with Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

Survival—A stirring import from South Africa that depicts, in words, dances, and songs, the inhumane treatment of the indigenous black population, in prison and out. The words are by the four actors—Fana David Kekana, Themba Ntinga, Selaelo Dan Maredi, and Seth Sibanda—and their director, Mshengu. The music is by Mr. Maredi; Clyde Kuemmerle designed the show and produced it with the Negro Ensemble Company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Uncommon Women and Others—A comedy by Wendy Wasserstein with an all-female cast. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 765-1281. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 4.)

The Wayside Motor Inn—In a motel outside of Boston, a number of characters simultaneously act out and resolve a number of plots. A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s play, while not his strongest, encompasses quite a lot of human experience, and is often funny and often touching. The actors, under Tony Giordano's direction, do well. Margaret Barker, Richard Sale, Jill O'Hara, Wayne Tippit, and Jill Andre do especially well. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Long Runs—**bubbling brown sugar:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the nightclub merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.). . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 7 and 9:30; Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3 and 7:30; Monday, Nov. 28, and Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 7 and 9:30.). . . **the fantasticks:** 7,311 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Sundays at 3.). . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **grease:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.). . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **same time, next year:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.). . . **sly fox:** Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan, all in rip-roaring farcical high spirits. The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **the wiz:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23. and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.). . . **your arms too short to box with god:** Rousing song and dance, inspired by the New Testament and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2; special matinées Friday, Nov. 25, at 2, and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

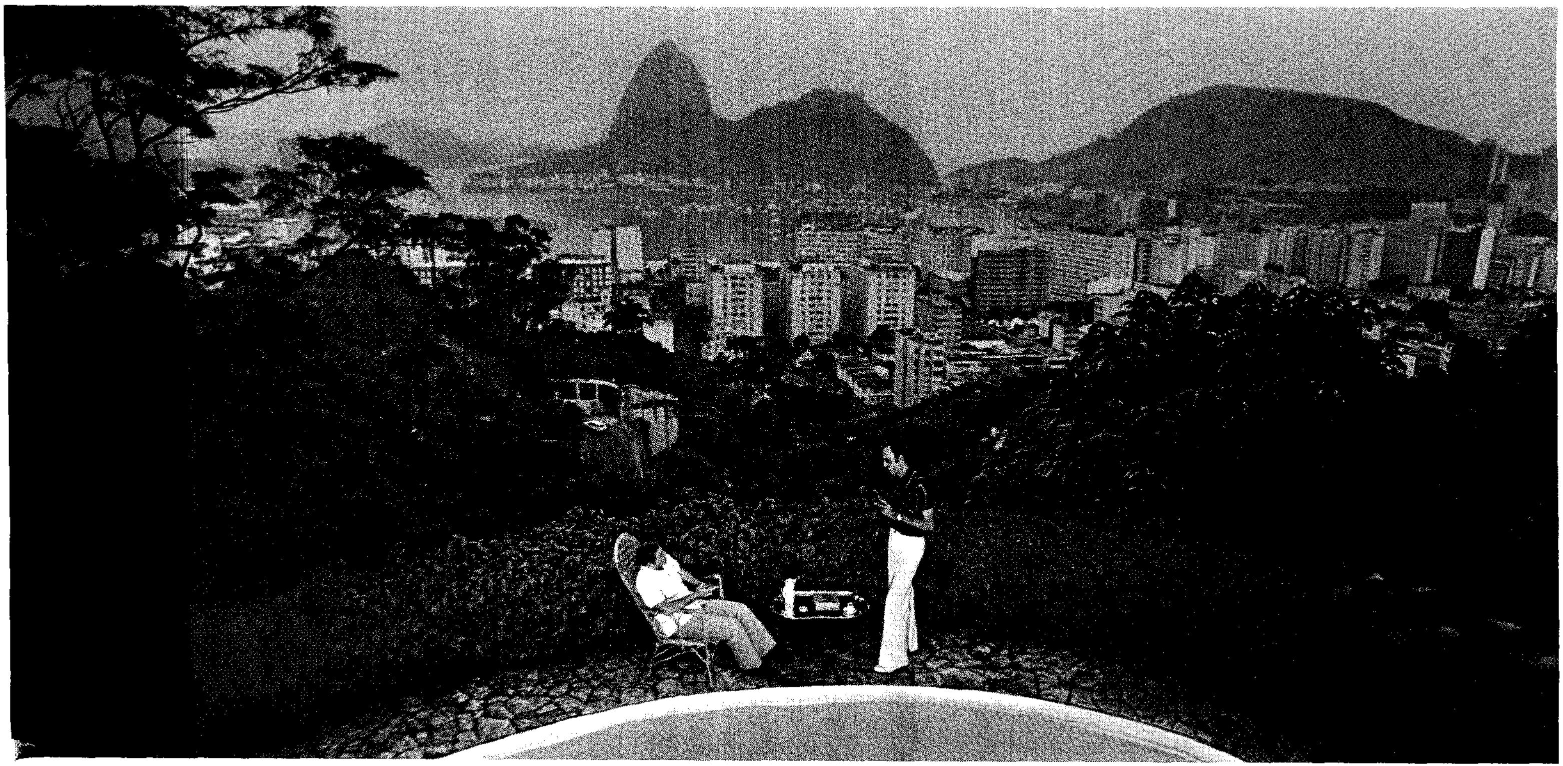
MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays, except Nov. 29, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "The Cage," "Sonatine," and "Scotch Symphony.". . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Fanfare," "Square Dance," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Friday, Nov.

— A diferença entre o Chemical Bank e outros gigantes internacionais não está no dinheiro. Está em sua capacidade de agir. —



Overlooking Sugarloaf Mountain, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

"The difference between Chemical Bank and the other international giants isn't money. It's resourcefulness."

More than money. In any language. **CHEMICALBANK**

Main Office: 20 Pine Street, New York, N.Y. 10015. Bahrain, Beirut, Birmingham, Bogotá, Brussels, Buenos Aires, Cairo, Caracas, Channel Islands, Chicago, Dubai, Edinburgh, Frankfurt, Hong Kong, Jakarta, London, Madrid, Manila, Mexico City, Milan, Monrovia, Nassau, Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, San Francisco, São Paulo, Singapore, Sydney, Taipei, Tehran, Tokyo, Toronto, Vienna, Zurich.

*The 1978 Chrysler New Yorker.
The feel of luxury and a sense of value.*

You can feel it as soon as you get inside the 1978 Chrysler New Yorker.
It's a feeling of luxury. Of elegance.
You're literally surrounded by all the comforts you expect.
Rich velour seats. Thick shag carpeting. Power steering and brakes. Even power windows.
Then there are those surprising extra touches you don't expect.
An electronic digital clock. Rear-seat reading lamps. And the computer-controlled Lean Burn Engine.*
All of which come standard with New Yorker's very comfortable price.
And all of which can be complemented by a thoughtful list of options. Including soft pillowed leather seating.
Discover for yourself the uncompromising luxury,
and the incredible value when you Buy or Lease this year's Chrysler New Yorker.
At your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer.
*Optional in California.

CHRYSLER

A PRODUCT OF
CHRYSLER
CORPORATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

25, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "The Cage," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 1: "Fanfare," "Prodigal Son," and "An Evening's Waltzes."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7: "Western Symphony," "Who Cares?," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ "The Nutcracker": Thursday, Dec. 1, at 6; Friday, Dec. 2, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 18—Wednesday evening, Nov. 30: "Night Creature," two premières—"The Time Before the Time After" and "Suite Otis"—and "Caravan."...¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "The Lark Ascending," "Facets," "Choral Dances," "Journey," and "Night Creature."...¶ Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Crossword," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 3: "Blues Suite," "The Time Before the Time After," "Choral Dances," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Three Black Kings," "Hobo Sapiens," "Gazelle," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

DANCERS—Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Nocturne," "Of Us Two," "Song of a Wayfarer," "Belong," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One."...¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24-25, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "Lazarus," "Pavane for a Solo Dancer," "The Prussian Officer," and "The Arc of Angels."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "Etude aux Objets," "Ramifications," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Canto Indio," "The Murder of George Keuter," and "Romantic Realm."...¶ Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2: "The Still Point," "The Entertainers," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One."...¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8: "Nocturne," "Of Us Two," "Song of a Wayfarer," "Belong," and "Romantic Realm."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Nocturne," "Of Us Two," "Song of a Wayfarer," "Belong," and "Baroque Concerto No. 8." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Through Sunday, Dec. 11.)

PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday evening, Nov. 23 (preview); Thursday evening, Nov. 24 (opening); Friday evening, Nov. 25; Thursday morning, Dec. 1; and Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Pagliaccio" or "Vagabond," "Shizen," "Pseudopodia" or "Renelaugh," and "Untitled."...¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26; Sunday matinée, Nov. 27; Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 29-30; and Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Ciona," "Lost in Fauna," "Ocellus," "Wakefield" or "Grey Room," "Alraune," "Pseudopodia," and "Untitled." (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Evenings at 8, and Thursday, Dec. 1, at 11 A.M. Matinées at 3.)

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2: "Aphrodisiamania" (première), "Images," and "Esplanade."...¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8: "Cloven Kingdom," "Dust," and "Post Meridian."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Cloven Kingdom," "Post Meridian," and "Esplanade." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

SOVIET GEORGIAN DANCERS AND THE TBILISI POLYPHONIC CHOIR—A troupe of eighty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 6:45; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3, at 8; and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2:30 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop and new-jazz musicians are booked into these sympathetic quarters. Saxophonist George Braith heads up his group, Space Island, through Saturday, Nov. 26; on Tuesday, Nov. 29, drummer **SUNNY MURRAY** and his quartet, the Untouchable Factor, will take over. On Mondays, trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels leads Energy, an occasionally gangly, often free-form, and nearly always accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. On Sunday, Nov. 27, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE'S** trio will alternate with trumpeter Ahmed Abdullah's group from five to nine.

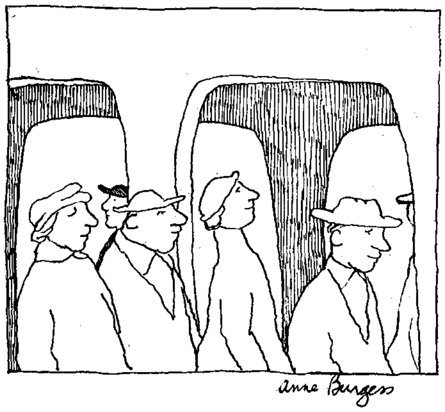
AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—A weekend new-music coffeehouse-gallery-loft. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, bassist Teruo Nakamura and the Rising Sun, a septet that hovers closer to mainstream jazz than to the avant-garde, will perform. Sundays have been set aside for trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN** and a thirteen-piece ensemble, and they play from six to nine. Music at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Portia Nelson, who used to sing at the old Blue Angel, is appearing here Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players. Pianist Richie Beirach and his bassist, Frank Tusa, perform through Saturday, Nov. 26; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 3, bassist Teruo Nakamura will be here with his band. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: Rhythm-and-blues singer and songwriter Bill Withers is here Wednesday, Nov. 23; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, Don Van Vliet, who is best known as Captain Beefheart, will work with his latest band; on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 27-28, a cabaret singer named Meatloaf will be onstage; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, have been reserved for trumpeter **EDDIE HENDERSON'S** sextet and vibraharpist **MIKE MAINIERI'S** quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, the Boston-based Pousette-Dart rock band will be present. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner. Closed Thanksgiving Day.



BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, two very fine players who comprise one-half the Ron Carter Quartet, work out together through Saturday, Nov. 26. Sundays belong to pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from ten. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a fine trio, with **MICHAEL RENZI** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. Tuesdays through Thursdays at ten and midnight, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MCPARTLAND** is at the piano in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What more is there to say? Through Saturday, Nov. 26. On Tuesday, Nov. 29, **SYLVIA SYMS** will begin singing here. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ODETTA**, a powerful blues singer, has moved into the Monday-through-Saturday spotlight for a few weeks with pianist **SAMMY PRICE**. Sundays: **ROSE MURPHY**. For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Pianist Frankie Dash, drummer Fred Stoll, and clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider are here Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DALY'S DAFFODIL, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—Not to be confused with Daly's Dandelion (also owned by Skitch Henderson). Nice, earthy touches to this East Side hangout: the view of the 59th Street Bridge embankment and concrete floors. But the nicest attribute is **ELLIS LARKINS**, who is at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine, along with his bassist, **BILLY POPP** and his drummer, **JACK MCALLISTER**. Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her crew—bassist Tibor Tomka and guitarist **EDDIE BERG**—supply the music. Dinner.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer-pianist, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Wonder (Stevie) in the Aquarium Lounge Wednesdays through Sundays, except Thanksgiving, from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Sunday, Nov. 27, trumpeter Marvin Stamm, a recording-studio heavy for years, will front a quartet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and his sparkling bassist, **FRANK LUTHER**, play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, pianist **AL HAIG** works with **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Fran Warren, who was a vocalist with Claude Thornhill and Art Mooney a few decades ago, is singing here through Saturday, Nov. 26; on Monday, Nov. 28, guitarist Al Caiola will arrive. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, is back in action, along with saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE** and bassist **AARON BELL**, both genuine Ellington exes. **SHELTON GARY** is their drummer. The quartet performs Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell team up on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN**, who has been called a musician's singer, holds forth from nine-fifteen with bassist **MILT HINTON** and a trio. He's doing "On Green Dolphin Street," "Feelings," "Send In the Clowns," and also a mini-tribute to Nat King Cole—"Unforgettable," "Lush Life," and "Sweet Lorraine." On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues. Trumpeter Hugh Masekela and his African-American-jazz band are on hand through Saturday, Nov. 26; Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 1-3, guitarist **JOE BECK**, who can play alternately funky or in a Van Eps style, will be here with his group. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. The **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVIEW**—Happy and Artie Traum, Eric Andersen, John Herald, Paul Siebel, and other worthy folkies from Bearsville, Shady, and Saugerties, N.Y.—runs through Saturday, Nov. 26. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet that is firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this spectacular thirties room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

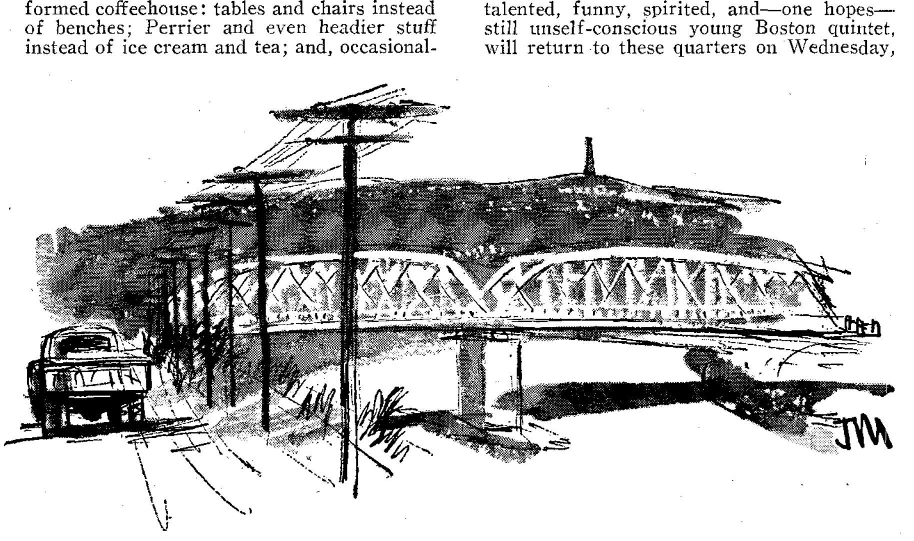
Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook is doing contemporary standards as well as her former Broadway hits Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. On Fridays and Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist Alan de Mause, and bassist Tibor Tomka take over the checkerboard-tile stage. Dinner.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. On Mondays, **DAVID CHESKY**—composer, arranger, pianist, bandleader, and personality—offers a fourteen-piece band made up of young musicians who play his compositions and arrangements with precision and shout. He has a matching vocalist named **LILLIAS**, who sounds something like Dinah Washington. Kustbandet, a traditional-jazz ensemble from Stockholm, performs through Saturday, Nov. 26. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty, and Mondays from nine to one. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—On Mondays, electric pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles and leads his twelve-piece band through his arrangements; on Wednesdays, trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** and saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** co-pilot a quartet; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will lead a quintet; on Tuesday, Nov. 29, vibraharpist Roy Pennington will drop by with a trio. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** heads a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 26; on Tuesday, Nov. 29, trumpeter Tex Allen will bring in his sextet. Sunday and Monday, Nov. 27-28, have been claimed by saxophonist Chico Freeman's quartet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN AND SUZY**, a broadly talented, funny, spirited, and—one hopes—still unself-conscious young Boston quintet, will return to these quarters on Wednesday, Nov. 30, for a three-week visit. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** collaborate on Thursdays in the ground-floor bar area from nine to midnight. Downstairs, on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, and his latest quintet will trade sets with bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE'S** trio; on the following weekend—Friday through Sunday, Dec. 2-4—the Mance threesome will alternate with the stunning solo guitarist **JOE PASS**. Music from ten. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** directs a dance quintet on Fridays and Saturdays, beginning at ten; and on Sundays Bob January leads a fifteen-piece swing band from seven to eleven. Dinner in this room.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** winds up a stint with his quintet on Sunday, Nov. 27; on Tuesday, Nov. 29, vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson will arrive with his quartet. Monday nights, **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS**-big-band nights, should never be taken for granted. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A student hangout that presents fledgling and more experienced musicians nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway, (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Three fine pianists work here most of the time: **JUDD WOLDIN**, with bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, on Mondays; **HAROLD DANKO** and his bassist, **CHUCK ISRAELS**, Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 23-26, and Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1; and **JILL MCMANUS** from Friday, Dec. 2. Music from nine, except Sundays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Lou Rawls—With the MFSB Orchestra. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Wednesday, Nov. 23—a benefit performance—through Sunday, Dec. 4. Opening-night curtain at 8:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ivan Rebroff—With a balalaika ensemble. (Bijou Theatre, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Thursday, Nov. 24, at 2 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 10; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7:30.)

Earth, Wind & Fire, Deniece Williams, and **Pockets**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24-25, at 8.

Neil Sedaka—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Nov. 25, at 7:30.

Hot Tuna—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 8 and at midnight. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Pete Seeger—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.

Jerry Garcia Band—Palladium. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7 and 11.

Roy Ayers Ubiquity—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.

Mel Tillis, Donna Fargo, the Oak Ridge Boys, and

© 1977 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Dress: Frank Masandrea for Galina

Estée is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

Alvin Crow—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 7:30.

Jethro Tull—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 29-30, at 8.

Interludes—The sixth offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **RUTH GORDON** on Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 5:45.

Queen—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 1-2, at 8.

Daryl Hall and John Oates—With Network. (Palladium. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 2-3, at 8.)

Grover Washington, Jr.—With Randy Crawford. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—Freehand designs drawn with red and blue acrylics and black ink on ceiling-high sheets of rice paper by one of the founders of the Cobra movement. Through Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Ed. Baynard—Ribbons of nicely related colors, hung horizontally or vertically on a white ground with trompe-l'oeil bits of masking tape. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Peter Berg—A square-shaped Sheetrock tunnel through which one is welcome to crawl. Through Jan. 7. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Bidner / Stanley Bleifeld—Realist paintings of cars, trucks, and the façades of Brooklyn houses. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. / Cast-bronze sculptures of landscapes, in relief and in the round, and figure studies. Through Dec. 10. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Varujan Boghosian—Assemblages of mannequins, dolls' heads, children's blocks, quaint tools, odd pieces of machinery, and so on. Through Dec. 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ainslie Burke—The Maine coast is the subject of semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

George Deem / Chris Van Allsburg—This artist edits Vermeer, switching his characters about and putting them into different settings, all the while retaining the pearly quality of the Dutch originals. / Whimsical sculptures—a four-foot Chrysler Building in tooled leather, for instance; a model for a chair factory shaped like a chair; a bronze Titanic sinking into a tabletop. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Katherine Hellman / Robert Freiman—Abstract marble sculptures. / Portraits, still-lifes, and cityscapes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Half a dozen paintings executed at various stages of his career. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Lester Johnson—Life-size figures crowded together in a new series of paintings, called "The City." Through Dec. 10. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gary Kuehn—Wall pieces consisting of copper plates on which a broad, bold brushstroke (or what seems like one) has been routed out, revealing a heavy paper background. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Barbara Lekberg—Bronzes based on the dances of Martha Graham and Loie Fuller. Through Dec. 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Pierre Lesieur—New semi-abstract paintings, primarily still-lifes and interiors. Through Dec. 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Boris Margo—Surrealist paintings and works on paper dated 1934 to 1947. Through Jan. 7. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Dario Morales—Meticulously rendered female figures, most of them nude and in abandoned poses, and all but one of them asleep. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maria Luisa Pacheco—Large abstract paintings done in mixed mediums (one medium being thin strips of balsa wood). Through Dec. 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Milan Popovic—Wooden sculptures that cover a large segment of the animal kingdom—tigers, a rhino, bears, swans, musk ox, deep-sea fish, eagles, and a plump lemming survivor. One or two of the carvings double as stools. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

George Price—A come-as-you-are party by the happy misfits who inhabit this comic artist's through-the-cracked-looking-glass world. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

James Wyeth—Expertly detailed studies, in various mediums, of Nureyev's lithe body; numerous likenesses of President Carter; and a scary wolf dog loping toward us are highlights of this show of the artist's latest works. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Forty-eight examples of American and English art (eighteenth century to today) including a Demuth still-life, three Prendergast landscapes, and a portrait sketch by David Hockney. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Feininger, Marsh, Moore, Motherwell, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **LERNER-HELLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty paintings and sculptures by some of the artists (eighteen Europeans, three Americans—Calder, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso among them) who have dominated the twentieth century. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: The opening show in this gallery's new quarters includes many of the customary stars—Picasso, Klee, Léger, Masson, and so on. Through Dec. 30. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.). . . **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by contemporary Spanish realists. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French works of art from American collections, and works by several American artists who studied in France during the same period. A benefit loan show marking the gallery's centenary. Through Dec. 17.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Balthus—Half a dozen recent large-scale works by this classical French artist, whose nudes can be as lubricious as any by Pascin, and whose landscapes are oases of calm. Through Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Allen Blagden—Ponds, flowering trees, and animals figure in these watercolors. Also portraits. Through Dec. 17. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—Expertly painted interiors, a couple of them with a figure lounging on a chaise but most of them focussed on rich wall hangings, dinner-table napery, and willowware china. Through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Max Cole—Large canvases which, at a few steps' remove, seem to be an interesting weave in solid color are really made up of fine horizontal lines interspaced with tiny vertical ink lines, drawn with infinite patience. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Yrjö Edelmann—Diverting trompe-l'oeil paintings—landscapes, portraits, and so on—that give every evidence of being composed of torn pieces of brown and white paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Perle Fine—Soft-toned paintings based on a grid. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alice Forman—Realist oils of fruits, plants, and flowers against a background of fabric. Through Dec. 15. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler—New paintings. Through Dec. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy Gillespie—Wall pieces consisting of bright-colored geometric abstractions painted on coiled, permanently waved canvas strips (they are either laminated to aluminum or stiffened with acrylics); unfortunately, some of them look as if somebody had accidentally torn the wallpaper. Through Dec. 10. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Wall hangings made of knotted silk, wool, cotton, and so on. Also related paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Gussow—Leafy abstract patterns, done in his familiar earthy tones. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

William King—Three nine-foot, slat-legged couples, cut from thick aluminum plate and bolted together, seem to be dancing their heads off in the main room of the gallery, while much smaller figures, made of painted ceramics, stand by in the back room. Through Dec. 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

George Kuehn—Blocklike concrete and metal pieces suspended by chains. Through Dec. 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Unstretched canvases folded and dip-dyed into checkerboard patterns of varying shades of black and brown. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Sparse geometric patterns laid out on a contrasting background of soft colors; paler patterns can be discerned in the underpainting. Through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elinor Roberts—Innumerable minuscule pen-and-ink strokes, one on top of another, make up these abstract drawings, some of which are as mysterious as the night sky. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Rose—Miniature environments, made of unglazed porcelain and usually furnished with a single chair or a bed, are hung precariously on a wall or perched in the seat of a full-grown chair; their remoteness is alleviated in some instances, and accentuated in others, by spindly ladders leading to the outside world. Through Dec. 10. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jane Wooster Scott—Primitive oils by a Pennsylvania-born woman who lives in Los Angeles and paints letter-perfect Hollywood versions of Grandma Moses' turf. She has a sizable following among the movie stars. Through Dec. 8. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Large clusters of enamelled-steel or aluminum foliage make up these sculptured bowers, some of which are big enough to walk into. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo / Altoon Sultan—New abstract paintings, many with simplified figures. Through Dec. 30. / Superrealist paintings of Victorian-era houses, mostly. Through Dec. 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jonathan Thomas—Stylish and neatly contrived

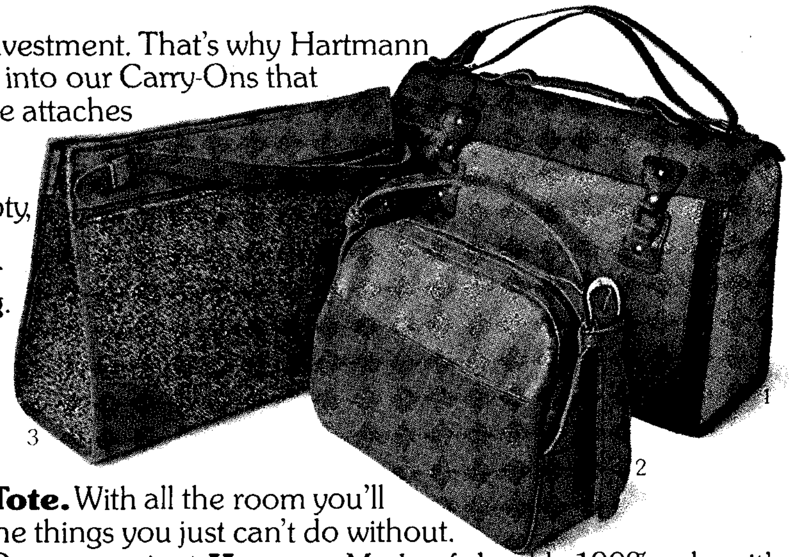
Why Hartmann doesn't treat casual luggage casually.

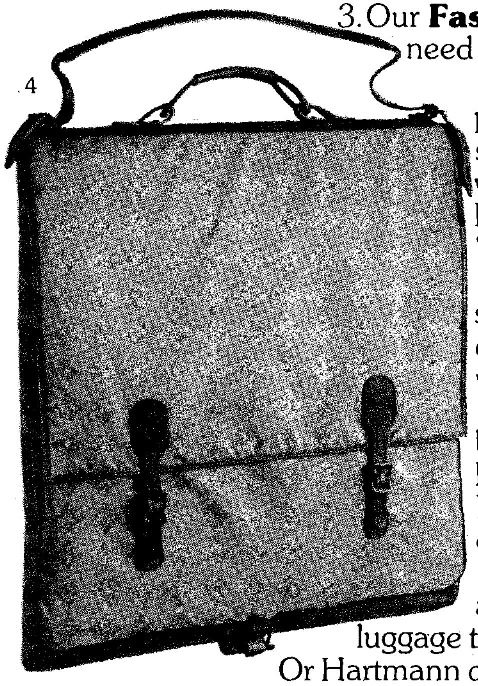
Today casual luggage is not a casual investment. That's why Hartmann puts the same ingenuity and craftsmanship into our Carry-Ons that you'd expect from our famous flexible frame attaches and International suitcases.

1. Our clever **Pancake.** It folds flat to fit in your suitcase. So you take it away empty, bring it back full and vice versa. And it's as durable as any luggage Hartmann has ever created. With stain-resistant Zepel® coating.

2. Our **Pixie.** May look cute but it's serious about holding lotions, potions, creams and make-up when you're away. So pretty you'll be tempted to use it as a handbag when you're home.

3. Our **Fashion Tote.** With all the room you'll need for all the things you just can't do without.





4. Our convenient **Hanger.** Made of durable 100% nylon, it's polyurethane-coated to resist dirt, grease, and water. Yet it's still soft and casual. Hang it in any airliner. Holds 3 suits or six dresses with roomy pockets for 12 shirts or blouses and lots of underwear. For convenient hands-free shoulder carrying, there's the optional "Strap-o-matic®"

5. Our unique **Over.** Fits in closed compartments over the seats on most jets. Sling it over your shoulder, or use the wide, comfortable handle. Surprisingly, it holds 25 men's (or 40 women's) clothing articles and accessories.

6. Our **Shopping Bag.** The world's most expensive shopping bag and worth every penny because of its quality and fashion. Designed by Halston in Ultrasuede® and also available in Hartmann industrial belting leather. This is one you'll never let out of your hand even when the trip's over.

The leathers, fabrics, colors and textures of our casual luggage are matched to the rest of our line. So you have Hartmann casual luggage to go with your Hartmann Luggage. Or Hartmann casual luggage to go it alone.

Best of all you now have Hartmann quality for the long and short of your travels. Hartmann Luggage available also in four price points: (series 1) industrial belting leather: (series 2) Halston designed Ultrasuede® fabric: (series 3) tough woven fabrics with belting leather trim: (series 4) nylon fabric with vinyl trim or all vinyl. Each Hartmann can be matched to other pieces for complete sets.

For brochure write: Hartmann, Dept. N-1
Lebanon, Tennessee 37087.

Hartmann

Linings treated with
DUPONT
ZEPEL®
SOIL/STAIN REPELLER

A Perfume named 1000

1000
de
JEAN PATOU
PARIS
arfum a été mis en flacon
sous le N° 27
JEAN PATOU
PARIS

The Limited Edition Perfume by Jean Patou

Because "1000 de Jean Patou"®
is so rare and available to so few,
each flacon is registered.
A special hand-numbered card
accompanies this totally unique perfume . . .
a remarkable blend of some of the richest
and rarest essences in the world today.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

abstract compositions done in black-and-white and grays on canvas, sometimes with collage accents. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sidney Tillim—Both Biblical and contemporary themes are the basis for narrative paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 8. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Outsize paintings of classical female figures, strong and portly, in various classical poses with intricately convoluted drapery. Through Thursday, Dec. 1. (Long, a new gallery at 7 W. 57th St.)

John Willenbecher—Geometric constructions in mixed mediums, and drawings. Through Dec. 10. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Collage Survey—A benefit loan show that includes collages by twelve American artists, among them Romare Bearden, Arthur G. Dove, Anne Ryan, and Tom Wesselmann. Through Dec. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

American Primitive Art—Naïve paintings, sculptures, and embroidery by Edward Hicks, Horace Pippin, Grandma Moses, and others. Through Jan. 27. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by West Coast artists Robert Arneson (self-portraits, naked); David Gilhooly (a hero sandwich of crouching frogs, for one); and Richard Notkin (tiny environments, from low-rent areas), plus two enormous portraits by Alfred Leslie. Through Friday, Dec. 2. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: City life as seen in the works of nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists. For instance, a three-masted schooner in downtown waters by the young John Marin; a glimpse into McSorley's saloon by John Sloan; a frieze of naked young divers, like a covey of birds, plunging into the Hudson, while in the background a great ocean liner slips out to sea, by Reginald Marsh. Through Saturday, Dec. 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Charles Bell—Outsize Photo-Realist paintings of penny gumball dispensers, and pinball machines. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Natalie Bieser—Large watercolors and a couple of oils in which two or three rounded forms, sometimes translucent, are overlapped. Through Dec. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Blythe Bohnen—This artist makes abstract drawings on paper with charcoal or with a finger dabbed in graphite, and photographs the process as she does so. Through Dec. 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Bruce Boice / George Hoyningen-Huené—Large canvases in which geometric forms of handsomely related color are pieced together like masonry. / Fashion photographs from the thirties, plus portraits of, among others, Johnny Weissmuller, Katharine Hepburn, and Cecil Beaton. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Buxbaum / Robert Rohm—Wall sculptures made of rectangular panes of plate glass overlapping one another. / Massive constructions made of corrugated aluminum culvert pipe, two and a half feet in diameter, supported on stout wooden frameworks. One of the works is twenty feet long. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

John Chamberlain—After casting about unavailingly for a new medium, this sculptor is once more crunching automobiles, enamelling the works in primary colors as they progress. Half of the new pieces are wall hangings, and half are freestanding. Through Dec. 22. (Friedrich, in a new location at 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Robert Colescott—Deliberately cornball paintings that satirize the Wild West; the subject matter includes pistol-packing cowgirls made of wooden slats or of tin, and pornographic, anthropomorphized cacti. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Richard Hamilton and Dieter Roth—A collaborative work consisting of portraits (some photographic, others painted) that the artists have done of one another. Through Dec. 10. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

Tony Harrison—Arrangements of domino-shaped forms against a neutral ground; the upper half of each domino is painted a uniform tone, and the lower halves with variations of this tone, grayed down in various degrees. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Eugene Leake—Landscapes in oil or watercolor. Through Dec. 8. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Roy Lichtenstein—New sculptures. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Doug Ohlson / Jerry Buchanan—Experimental paintings in which deep wells of rich, bottomless color are contained within a framework of lighter but related tones. / Pencil drawings: self-portraits, an array of skulls, and a study of steering wheels that must include every possible variation. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Scenes from nature, particularly rocks and grasses, painted in muted colors. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Edwin Ruda—Big, dark canvases in which an area or two of slightly less sombre color stands out almost cheerfully. The artist refers to these works as "seen through a glaze darkly." Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Joel Shapiro—Relatively small abstract floor sculptures done in cast bronze; the pieces have a rich, dark patina. Through Dec. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Arthur Weyhe / Jack Bosson—A single sculpture, constructed of spruce and fir poles stripped of their bark. / Black-and-white paintings, and works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At **cuningham ward**, 94 Prince St.: Small works in a variety of mediums by nine artists, among them Tina Freeman and Alan Cote. Through Dec. 23. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Thirty-nine people in the arts (Donald Barthelme, Mary Frank, James Stevenson among them) were asked to design postcards by Joan Davidson, former chairman of the New York State Council on the Arts, and here are the designs, as well as the cards made from them. Through Jan. 7. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings, except Nov. 23, until 9.)

Sculpture—A massive black iron ball, hung from an eighteen-foot-tall rig of bright-red I beams, by Mark di Suvero, and a snaky progression of three huge steel plates, five feet tall and a total of sixty-six feet long, by Charles Ginnever, are among the new works currently on view. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Marguerite Stix (1907-75)—A retrospective exhibition of welded-steel and bronze sculptures, plus paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 30. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract cityscapes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (New School Associates Lounge, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 25.)

New York W.P.A. Artists, Then and Now—Works by a hundred and seventy-nine artists done under the aegis of the Blue Eagle (1934-43) and a hundred and seventy-four recent works by the same artists—a wonderful idea but probably an impossible one to do right by. Through Dec. 10. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 25, from 9 to 8; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

Group Show—Early works by Ron Gorchov, Elizabeth Murray, Dennis Oppenheim, Dorothea Rockburne, and Joel Shapiro. Through Dec. 30. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Weekdays at noon, except Friday, Nov. 25; Wednesdays until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—Portraits of women, some of them nudes. Through Tuesday, Nov. 29. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Alice Austen and Chansonetta Stanley Emmons—Photographs taken in the eighteen-eighties by two women, one in Maine and one in Staten Island, who coincidentally (but not surprisingly) concentrated on family get-togethers, vacation trips, and friends. Through Jan. 14. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Herbert Bayer / Garry Winogrand—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by Herbert Bayer, once of the Bauhaus. Also a selection of photographs by Garry Winogrand taken between 1969 and 1973, mostly at peace rallies, press conferences, and big-city parties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ The Light gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., also has a show of Winogrand prints; these, in contrast to the above group, are of rodeos and other Western subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 26.

Peter Beard—Photographs of roaming African wildlife juxtaposed with those of slaughtered animals. Through Jan. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.)

Julia Margaret Cameron (1815-79)—Portraits of, among others, Rossetti, Tennyson, Herschel, and Alice Liddell, plus soft-focus prints of young girls and women draped in gauzy fabrics. Through Dec. 24. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth McGowan—Color photographs of Los Angeles (freeways, movie sets, poolside scenes). Through Dec. 10. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Joel Meyerowitz / Lou Stoumen—Color contact prints and dye transfers of scenes in Cape Cod, Florida, and New York. / Black-and-white prints from the forties and fifties by an Academy Award-winning documentary filmmaker. Through Dec. 17. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Newman—Larry Rivers, Diana Vreeland, Brassai, and Alice Tully are some of the people included in fifty new portraits. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jacob Riis (1849-1914)—Documentary photographs (printed by Alexander Alland) of New York City slums at the turn of the century. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—A photographic

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

retrospective. Also memorabilia. Through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus prints of Appalachian craftsmen and Southern blacks, plus early still-lifes and portraits. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Van DerZee—A documentation of black American life that covers the years from 1907 to 1945. Through Jan. 6. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eleanor Roosevelt's Circle—Candid photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt, taken by her personal physician and friend, the late David Gurewitsch. Through Dec. 17. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Fashion Photography—Approximately a hundred and fifty photographs covering the last century, with examples by Baron De Meyer, Penn, and Deborah Turbeville, have been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Paul Outerbridge, Jr., Doisneau, and Lynda Benglis are among the seventeen or so photographers showing works in a surrealist vein. Through Dec. 17. (Kimmel-Cohn, 1 W. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15.... ¶ The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a show called "The Age of Spirituality," which brings together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Through Feb. 12.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Dec. 31.... ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Sunday, Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3.... ¶ A show of Isamu Noguchi's sculpted tables and paper lamps. Through Jan. 6.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 11.... ¶ Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Various aspects of the mvthical monster Cronus by David Hare. Through Dec. 4.... ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Lucio Fontana (1899-1968). Through Dec. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Sunday, Nov. 27.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Survey of fashion photography. Through Jan. 8. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Jan. 15. ... ¶ The new Hall of Reptiles and Amphibians has just opened, and the inmates are hard to ignore, though stuffed: Komodo dragons, which are the biggest lizards in the world; a twenty-five-foot python; a fourteen-foot crocodile. Also New Mexican whiptail lizards, who reproduce themselves without benefit of males—another sock in the chops for machismo. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An Alexander Calder memorial exhibition made up of stabiles, mobiles, paintings, drawings, tapestries, rugs, jewelry, and kitchen implements.... ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists which are being considered for purchase by the academy as gifts to museums. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays *through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon* to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A recently discovered notebook kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne from 1835 to 1841 has been added to the exhibit of manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century authors. Through Sunday, Nov. 27.... ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4.... ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Color photographs by Jim Payne of Ethiopian stone churches.... ¶ Sixty-two works by thirty black artists (Jacob Lawrence, Gordon Parks, Norman Lewis), who did them for government-sponsored projects in New York and Chicago in the thirties. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 8.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 23: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Allan Monk, and James Atherton; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 24: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 25: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Florence Quivar, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 26: "Peter Grimes," with Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; John Pritchard.... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Allan Monk, and James Ather-

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE HALL OF MIRRORS, VERSAILLES.

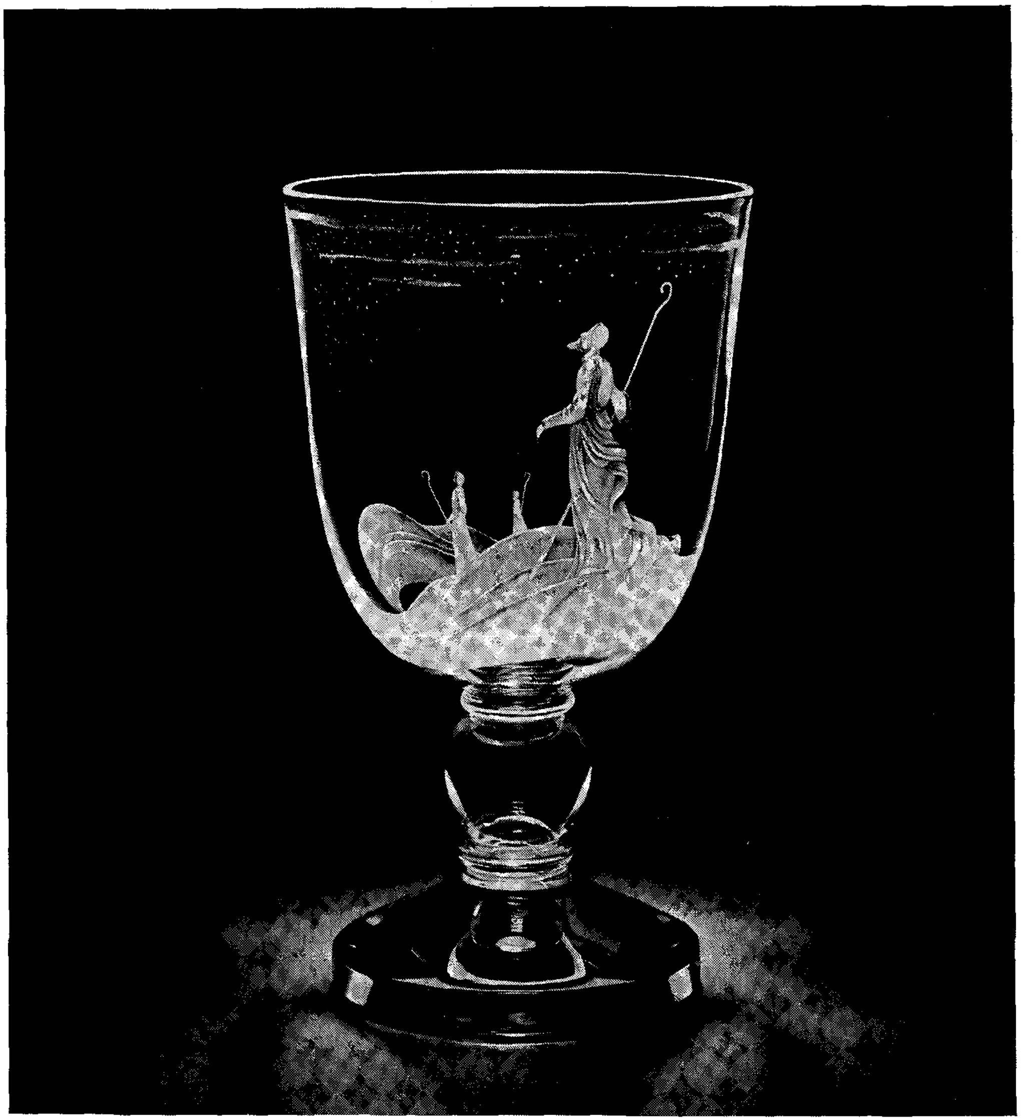
"... such stuff as dreams are made on."

Bal à Versailles

Imported from France.

Jean Desprez, Paris.

BERGDORF GOODMAN



Height 8¼" • $2,150.00 • Send $3.00 for full-color 1977 Christmas Catalogue of Gifts

SHEPHERDS CUP –
A VERY SPECIAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT NOW ON VIEW
IN THE NEW STEUBEN GALLERY

You are invited to see the *Shepherds Cup*, an ornamental crystal goblet engraved with three shepherds looking toward the star of Bethlehem.

The glass design is by Peter Yenawine; the engraving design is by Zevi Blum.

Viewed through transparent crystal, the shepherds appear to be encircled by the clear and starry desert sky.

Shepherds Cup is just one of the major works in crystal now on display in the Steuben Gallery. Many are new. Many have become Steuben favorites. All make very special Christmas presents.

The new Steuben Gallery was designed by Bernard X. Wolff.

STEUBEN GLASS
A PART OF CORNING GLASS WORKS SINCE 1918
FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • (212) 752-1441

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1	2	3

ton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 28: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 29: "Peter Grimes," with Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 30: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 1: "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Veriano Luchetti, Ryan Edwards, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday *matinée*, Dec. 3: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 3: "Peter Grimes," with Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; John Pritchard. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Friday, Nov. 25, at 2, and Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30 (with Itzhak Perlman, violin). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing on Thursday, Dec. 1, and Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 2, at 2 (all with Edith Mathis, soprano; Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Evans, tenor; Richard Gill, bass; and the Westminster Choir).

Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra—Edo de Waart conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Jessye Norman, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Antonia Brico conducting a program of music by Austrian and German composers, with Frank Morelli, bassoon. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sarah Caldwell conducting, with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; John Moulson, tenor; and Lenus Carlson, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing a program entitled "Rimski-Korsakov Rediscovered," with, among others, Ronald Roseman, oboe; John Solum, flute; the Barnard-Columbia Chorus; and members of the Columbia University Wind Ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Peter Burian directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing, with the New York Consort of Viols. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing the first in a series of three concerts under the over-all title "The Age of Glory," this one with Eleanor Bergquist, soprano; Victoria Vergara, alto; Jerold Siena, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—The Schubert and Mendelssohn octets, performed by, among others, Ani Kavafian, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—A program of English Renaissance music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Mary Judd—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov 26, at 8.)

In Praise of Early Music—The second in a series of six concerts, this one played by the New York Consort of Viols. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano, in an all-Beethoven recital. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Thomas Carey—Baritone, singing Brahms' "Schöne Magelone," with Carol Brice, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Zara Nelsova—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Gillian Weir—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

Michael Rudiakov—With Gilbert Kalish, in the first of two recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven works for cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

The Romeros—Classical and flamenco guitarists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Patricia Brooks—Soprano, with Steven Blier, piano; Joel Rubin, clarinet; and Lucy Cross, lute, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Y New Music—The first in a series of four concerts focussing on unusual combinations of voice and instruments, this one with Christine Whittlesey, soprano; Jan DeGaetani and Catherine Ciesinski, mezzo-sopranos; Gilbert Kalish, harpsichord/conductor; and David del Tredici, conductor. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

Sergio Abreu—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Leo Smit—Piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8, an all-Copland program. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, in a program entitled "A Crazy Quilt," with Martha Herr Hanneman, soprano. No tickets necessary.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Harold Wright, clarinet. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, the second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the third in a series of five concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Daniel Phillips, violin; Toby Appel and Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 5.)

Jenneke Barton—Mezzo-soprano, in a program of music of the early twentieth century. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 5:30.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Gerhard Oppitz—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of the Northern Renaissance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Charles Treger, Walter Trampler, and Leslie Parnas—Violin, viola, and cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 4, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Monday, Nov. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 3, at 8.

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 26: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 4. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 27: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati Bengals, at Cincinnati.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 7:35.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 23. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 24; the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 26; the Bold Ruler Handicap, Wednesday, Nov. 30; and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 3. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Monday, Jan. 2. The Maryland Futurity, Thursday, Nov. 24.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Samuel Hazo reading from his own works. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, Nov. 27, at 3. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Nadine Gordimer and Grace Paley reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 28, at 8.). . . ¶ Elizabeth Bishop reading a selection of poems by the late Robert Lowell, together with some of her own poems. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2: Old Master paintings, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 2, and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, including French tapestries and Art Deco and Art Nouveau glass and bronzes; from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 30, at 2: Contemporary art, including works by John Graham, Larry Rivers, and Hans Hofmann; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 1, at 10:15 and 2: European ceramics, from many owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 10:30: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, bronze and ivory sculptures, and animalier bronzes; from many owners.

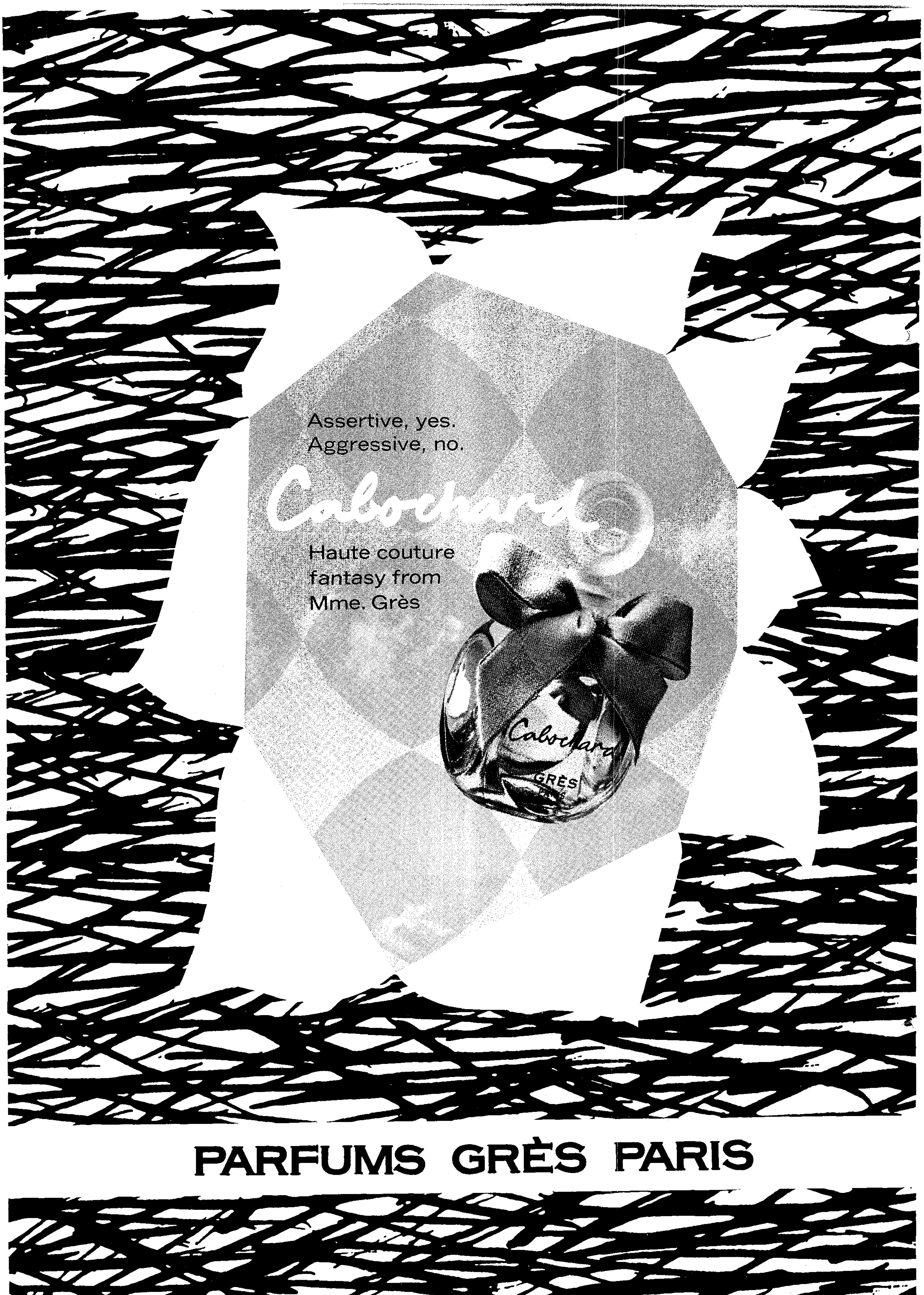
THE SHAPE THAT WON THE GOLD MEDAL.

Suomi, Rosenthal's glorious new dinner-service of finest porcelain. Bold. Brilliant. The ultimate statement of artistic purity. Winner of the coveted Gold Medal at the renowned *International Ceramics Exhibition* in Faenza, Italy. Beyond contemporary creativity. Beyond mere good design. *Suomi:* hailed by critics as "the most incredibly beautiful china to appear in decades!" And it won the Gold Medal to prove it. 5-Piece Place-Settings: Pure White, $40. 24K Yellow Gold or White Gold, $120. To see the world's most gorgeous gifts, write or phone for our handsome new Rosenthal Gift Book.

Rosenthal
studio-linie

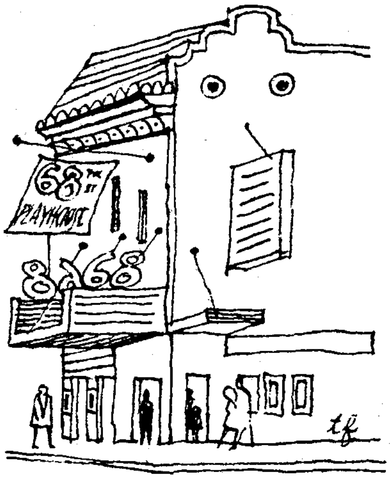
THE PORCELAIN HOUSE, LTD. America's Largest Source For Everything By Rosenthal.
584 Fifth Avenue (just South of Rockefeller Center) • New York, NY 10036 • (212) 757-6164 • American Express & all major credit cards.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Assertive, yes.
Aggressive, no.
Cabochard
Haute couture
fantasy from
Mme. Grès
Cabochard
GRÈS
PARFUMS GRÈS PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 29: "The Spy Who Loved Me" and "Family Plot."
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 29: "Bobby Deerfield."
From Nov. 30: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Another Man, Another Chance."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Iphigenia."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Semi-Tough."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Roseland."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Nov. 29: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."
From Nov. 30: "The Goodbye Girl."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 29: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Another Man, Another Chance."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Piece of the Action."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Nov. 29: "Star Wars."
From Nov. 30: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Which Way Is Up?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Heroes."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Mack."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Nov. 29: "Handle with Care."
From Nov. 30: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Handle with Care."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Confessions of Amans.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Another Man, Another Chance."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Pardon Mon Affaire" and "La Grande Bourgeoise."
Theatre 2: "The American Friend."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 29: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "The Story of Adèle H." From Nov. 30: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 29: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." From Nov. 30: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Summerdog."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Pete's Dragon."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 29: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 30: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Julia."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Another Man, Another Chance."
Theatre 2: "Bobby Deerfield."
Theatre 3: "A Piece of the Action."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 29: "Oh, God!" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."
From Nov. 30: "American Tickler" and "Tunnelvision."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 23: "Fury" (1936), directed by Fritz Lang, with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan; and "You and Me" (1938), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sidney, George Raft, Robert Cummings, Roscoe Karns, and Barton MacLane.
Nov. 24: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery; and "Camille" (1921), directed by Ray C. Smallwood, with Rudolph Valentino and Alla Nazimova.
Nov. 25-26: "Thieves Like Us" (†) and "The Long Goodbye." (†)
Nov. 27-28: "Moulin Rouge" (†) and "Lust for Life." (†)
Nov. 29: "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne.
Nov. 30: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "The Woman in the Moon" (1929), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang, with Fritz Rasp.
Dec. 1: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972), and "Alice in the Cities" (1974), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 23: "Holiday of St. Jorgen" (1930), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov; and "An Unusual Exhibition" (1968), in Russian, directed by Eldar Shengelaya.
Nov. 24: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (1934), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.
Nov. 25: "The Marquise of O . . ." (†); and "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand.
Nov. 26: "Citizen Kane" (†) and "The Magnificent Ambersons." (†)
Nov. 27: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (†) and "Les Bonnes Femmes." (†)
Nov. 28: "Paul" (1969), in French, directed by Diourka Medveczky, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Bernadette Lafont; and "Valparaiso . . . Valparaiso!" (1970), in French, directed by Pascal Aubier, with Alain Cuny and Bernadette Lafont.
Nov. 29: "L'Amour C'est Gai, L'Amour C'est Triste" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Daniel Pollet, with Bernadette Lafont and Jean-Pierre Marielle; and "A Very Curious Girl" (1970), in French, directed by Nelly Kaplan, with Bernadette Lafont.
Nov. 30: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973), in French, directed by Jean Eustache, with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun; and "Le Révélateur" (1968), a French silent film, directed by Philippe Garrel, with Bernadette Lafont.
Dec. 1: "St. Louis Blues" (1958), directed by Allen Reisner, with Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Pearl Bailey, and Cab Calloway; and "Lady Sings the Blues." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 24: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "A Doll's House" (1973), directed by Patrick Garland, with Claire Bloom, Anthony Hopkins, and Denholm Elliott.
Nov. 25-26: "A Night at the Opera" (1935) and "A Day at the Races" (1937), both with the Marx Brothers.
Nov. 27-28: "Hamlet" (1948), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Mr. Olivier, Eileen Herlie, Basil Sydney, Jean Simmons, and Stanley Holloway; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1954), directed by Renato Castellani, with Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall.
Nov. 29: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (†); and "The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1976), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard.
Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Paths of Glory" (†) and "The Killing." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 23: "Bordertown" (1935), directed by Archie Mayo, with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Forsaking All Others" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, and Billie Burke.
Nov. 24-26: "Strange Cargo" (1940), directed by Frank Borzage, with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Peter Lorre, Ian Hunter, and Paul Lukas; and "Old Acquaintance"

(1943), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, John Loder, Dolores Moran, Phillip Reed, and Gig Young.

Nov. 27-29: "The Corn Is Green" (†) and "Hollywood Canteen." (†)

From Nov. 30: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (†) and "Sadie McKee." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 24: "Carnival in Flanders" (†) and "Symphonie Pastorale." (†)

Nov. 25-26: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†) and "Meet John Doe." (†)

Nov. 27-29: "La Bête Humaine" (†); and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Michel Simon.

Nov. 30-Dec. 1: "Svengali" (†) and "True Confession." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 23: "Algiers" (†); and "The Female Animal" (1958), directed by Harry Keller, with Hedy Lamarr, Jane Powell, Jan Sterling, and George Nader.

Nov. 24: "College Rhythm" (1934), directed by Norman Taurog, with Jack Oakie, Helen Mack, Lyda Roberti, and Joe Penner; and "Dancers in the Dark" (1932), directed by David Burton, with Miriam Hopkins, Jack Oakie, William Collier, Jr., Eugene Pallette, and Lyda Roberti.

Nov. 25: "The Cat Creeps" (1946), directed by Erle C. Kenton, with Noah Beery, Jr., Lois Collier, Paul Kelly, and Douglass Dumbrille; and "Chinatown Nights" (1929), directed by William Wellman, with Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, Warner Olan, Jack McHugh, and Jack Oakie.

Nov. 26: "An Act of Murder" (1948; "Live Today for Tomorrow"), directed by Michael Gordon, with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Geraldine Brooks, and Edmond O'Brien; and "A Star Is Born." (†)

Nov. 27: "Alice in Wonderland" (†) and "Jungle Book." (†)

Nov. 28: "Life with Father" (†) and "High, Wide, and Handsome." (†)

Nov. 29: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "Remember the Night" (1940), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray.

Nov. 30: "House Divided" (1932), directed by William Wyler, with Walter Huston, Kent Douglas, Helen Chandler, and Vivian Oakland; and "The Heiress" (1949), directed by William Wyler, with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson.

Dec. 1: "Ladies of the Big House" (1932), directed by Marion Gering, with Sylvia Sidney, Gene Raymond, and Wynne Gibson; and "Devil and the Deep" (1932), directed by Marion Gering, with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 24 at 2:30: "This Earth Is Mine" (1959), directed by Henry King, with Rock Hudson, Jean Simmons, Dorothy McGuire, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954), directed by Jack Arnold, with Richard Carlson, Julia Adams, and Richard Denning; and "Revenge of the Creature" (1955), directed by Jack Arnold, with John Agar and Lori Nelson. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6: "On Approval" (1944), directed by Clive Brook, with Mr. Brook and Beatrice Lillie. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at noon: "This Island Earth" (1955), directed by Joseph Newman, with Jeff Morrow, Rex Reason, and Faith Domergue. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 2:30: "Battle Hymn" (1957), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Martha Hyer, Anna Kashfi, and Dan Duryea. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 5: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die" (1958), directed by Douglas Sirk, with John Gavin, Lilo Pulver, Keenan Wynn, and Jock Mahoney. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at noon: "The Incredible Shrinking Man" (1957), directed by Jack Arnold, with Grant Williams, April Kent, and Randy Stuart. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "Written on the Wind" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, Rock Hudson, and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 5: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert J. Flaherty. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at noon: Three jazz shorts—"Lionel Hampton and His Orchestra" (1949), "Buddy Rich and His Orchestra" (1948), and "Gene Krupa and His Orchestra" (1949). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Tattered Dress" (1957), directed by Jack Arnold, with Jeff Chandler, Jeanne Crain, and Jack Carson. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: A program of short films by James Broughton and Joel Singer. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at noon: Three jazz shorts. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "Fahrmann Maria" (1936), in German, directed by Frank Wysbar, with Sybille Schmitz, Aribert Mog, and Peter Vee; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 6: "Body and Mind" (1977), directed by Sebastian Kamba. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "Tammy and the Bachelor" (1957), directed by Joseph Pevney, with Debbie Reynolds, Walter Brennan, and Leslie Nielsen. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "Pillow Talk" (1959), directed by Michael Gordon, with Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and Tony Randall. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8:30: "Operation Petticoat" (1959), directed by Blake Edwards, with Cary Grant, Tony Curtis, and Dina Merrill. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 30: An installation of para-cinema sculptures and photo-constructions by Barry Gerson. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 3: "The Health and Safety Game: Fictions Based on Fact" (1976), a videotape and photographic exhibition by Fred Lonidier. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (8:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Smith, Snow, Vertov, Vigo, and others. Showings Nov. 23 at 7 and 9; Nov. 25 at 7 and 8:30; Nov. 26 at 2:30 and 8; Nov. 27 at 8; and Nov. 29-Dec. 1 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"It's Not the Homosexual Who Is Perverse but the Situation in Which He Lives" (1971) and "Audience Response to: 'It's Not the Homosexual . . .' " (1977), both films from West Germany, directed by Rosa Von Praunheim, in English. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film, "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and studio lighting make it all seem so artificial one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may be an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé, Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer. James M. Cain had a hand in the dialogue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 23.)

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 27.)

The American Friend—In this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game," Wim Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Another Man, Another Chance—With James Caan and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Claude Lelouch. (Eastside Cinema, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

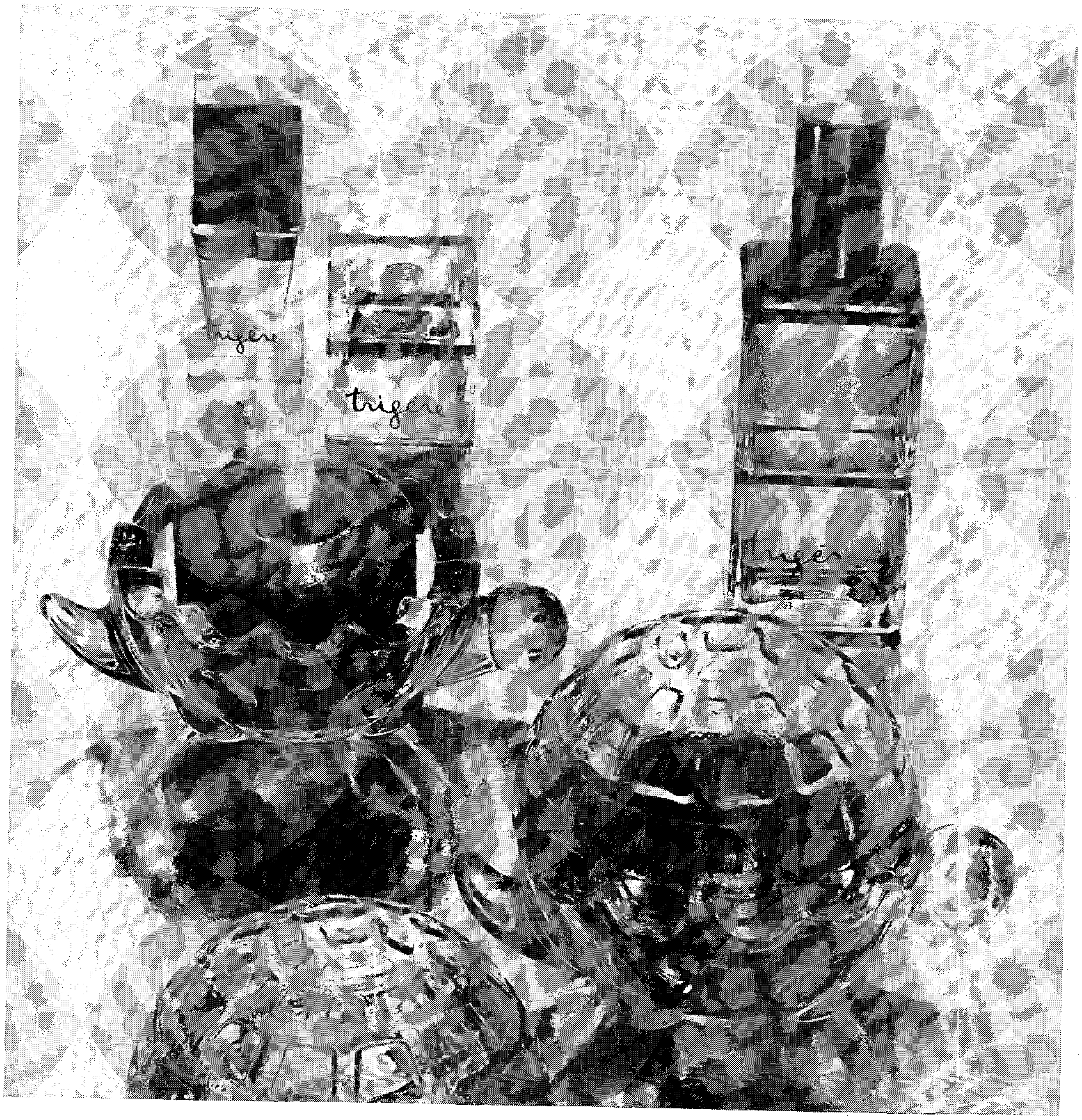
La Bête Humaine (1938)—Jean Renoir's version of the Zola novel, transferred from the Second Empire to the thirties, with Jean Gabin driving the express on the run from Le Havre to Paris. The train sequences, which are superb—realistic yet poetic—were shot on location and include views of the Gare St.-Lazare in Paris in 1938. The film has marvellous atmosphere and a fine cast (Simone Simon, Carette, Fernand Ledoux, Blanchette Brunoy, Renoir himself), but the material, which involves brutal, uncontrollable passion seen in a social framework, turns oppressive. (Remade in Hollywood in 1954 as "Human Desire," directed by Fritz Lang with Glenn Ford and Gloria Grahame.) In French. (Thalia; Nov. 27-29.)

Bobby Deerfield—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a torpid performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director is Sydney Pollack. (10/3/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 29.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry, yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia; through Nov. 24.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American



It's the season for Trigere's Liquid Chic, the fragrance that's sleek, sparkling, glorious! To give, to get, from the holiday collection—Saks' exclusive Liquid Chic Perfume Gift Set, top left. It includes a refillable ¼ oz. Crystal Atomizer and ¼ oz. of precious Liquid Chic Perfume, 39.50. Below, Trigere's pet turtle, really a candle holder and snuffer that comes with three scented little candles, $15. Upper right, Liquid Chic Cologne Spray, 3 oz., 13.50. And everything, very gala in green and white crocus-printed boxes all tied up with grosgrain ribbons. Do stop by and meet our staff of fragrance professionals—they'll introduce you to SFA's wide world of fragrance and help you with your selection. Pulse Points.

Saks Fifth Avenue

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1		

film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—With Richard Dreyfuss and François Truffaut, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

The Confessions of Amans—With William Bryan, directed by Gregory Nava. (Renoir Cinema.)

The Corn Is Green (1945)—Bette Davis was only thirty-six when she played Miss Moffat, the aging spinster schoolteacher of Emlyn Williams' play. (Ethel Barrymore had done it on the stage here, Sybil Thorndike in England.) Lacking the moral authority of age and the solidity, Davis substituted an air of pedantic refinement that is too thin-spirited for the material. But the film lingers in the memory anyway. It's on the side of all our angels: education, liberalism, generosity of spirit—and in an emotionally affecting way. Miss Moffat, an Englishwoman, comes to teach school in an illiterate Welsh mining town in 1890, and discovers that one of her students, a young miner (John Dall), has unusual promise—genius, perhaps. It's a shame that the miner is importuned to become the savior of his country; it's also very apparent that Hollywood isn't Wales. But the director, Irving Rapper, rose to the occasion, and the supporting players—Joan Lorring, Rosalind Ivan, Rhys Williams, Nigel Bruce, Mildred Dunnock—have stronger personalities than in most Davis films. (Regency; Nov. 27-29.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Trans-Lux East.)

Family Plot (1976)—Hitchcock's fifty-third film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently famished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

The Goodbye Girl—With Richard Dreyfuss and Marsha Mason, directed by Herbert Ross. (Loews Tower East; starting Nov. 30.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Handle with Care—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. With Paul Le Mat, Marcia Rodd, and Ann Wedgeworth. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Waverly. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Nov. 29.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (86th St. East.)

High, Wide, and Handsome (1937)—Irene Dunne (in musicals, the Julie Andrews of her day) at her wretched primmest, singing alongside a farm horse, when Randolph Scott isn't around. This long, lavish, musical Western, set in the mid-nineteenth century, was written by Oscar Hammerstein II and has music by Jerome Kern, which is, however, of widely varying quality and is sung mostly by the ever-noble Miss Dunne. (Her demonstration of how to belt out beer-hall songs is surely on a par with José Iturbi's demonstrations of how to play boogie-woogie.) Dorothy Lamour has a few numbers, and the cast includes Ben Blue, Akim Tamiroff, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Patterson, Alan Hale, Raymond Walburn. Rouben Mamoulian is the appallingly guilty director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28.)

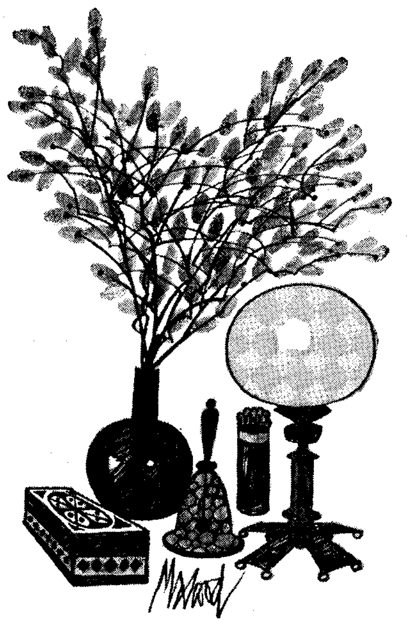
Hollywood Canteen (1944)—One of those shameless testimonials to its own patriotism that Hollywood turned out during the Second World War. This one is from Warners and features what used to be called the Warners stable: Bette Davis, John Garfield, Ida Lupino, Dennis Morgan, Sydney Greenstreet, Alexis Smith, Peter Lorre, and so on, as well as Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck, the ineffable Andrews Sisters, the superb dancers Rosario and Antonio, Jimmy Dorsey and his band, and on and on. This loosely held together musical revue takes one back to an era when "Yank" was meant to be a cheery word and patriotic songs were bouncy ("Gettin' Corns for My Country"). Written and directed by Delmar Daves. (Regency; Nov. 27-29.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

Iphigenia—With Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. In Greek. (Plaza.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's best-sustained piece of sentimentality after the war (though the postwar public wasn't in the Capra mood, and the picture didn't catch on). James Stewart is the man on the brink of suicide who is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, Gloria Grahame, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own icky, bittersweet way, it's terribly effective. (Thalia; Nov. 25-26. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 29.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)



Jungle Book (1942)—Sabu appears to have a very good time as Mowgli, the child adopted by the wolves who lives among the wild beasts as one of them; he swings from tree to tree like a nursery Tarzan. In the dark-green jungles of this lush, handsome Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda, Mowgli has more to do with human folk than in the Kipling book—Joseph Calleia is around, and also little Patricia O'Rourke, for a suggestion of precocious romance. Laurence Stallings, who wrote the screenplay, wanders a bit from Kipling's simple fancy, but the plot about a treasure, a python, and a ruined city are entertaining enough. Children will probably still love the movie—and adults will have a good time. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 27.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick was still only twenty-seven (his early career was with *Look* as a photographer) when he made this film, and he used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story. It is a very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. With Sterling Hayden. (Cinema Village; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays Piano Man. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 1.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit. In French. (9/19/77) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Life with Father (1947)—The director, Michael Curtiz, seems to be totally out of his element in this careful, deadly version of the celebrated, long-running Broadway comedy—a piece of starched Americana—by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, based on Clarence Day's stories. William Powell plays the crotchety head of a large, tumultuous upper-middle-class New York household in the eighteen-eighties; this must have seemed like a plum of a role, yet Powell's timing (usually impeccable) is way off, and the comic expressions freeze on his face. Everybody seems to be trying too hard. With Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Lydon, Monte Blue, Emma Dunn, and Martin Milner. The script is by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 28.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; he gives an original, striking performance as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25-26.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top

"It's got to be a Maximilian."
20 W. 57th Street, N.Y.C.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	1		

of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Loews Tower East; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum; starting Nov. 30.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27-28.)

The Mack (1973)—With Max Julien, Don Gordon, Richard Pryor, and Carol Speed; directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 26.)

The Man Who Loved Women—With Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey, directed by *François Truffaut. In French. (Paris.)*

The Marquise of O . . . (1976)—Eric Rohmer's word-for-word, gesture-for-gesture transcription of the 1808 Heinrich von Kleist novella manages to miss the spirit just about completely. A bold, funny story becomes a formal, tame film—it's like a historical work re-created for educational television. Edith Clever is skilled and likable as the Marquise, but the droopy Bruno Ganz is miscast as the rapist Count. In German. (10/25/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 25.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (Thalia; Nov. 25-26.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27-28.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Nov. 29.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) *(Art, Gramercy, D. W. Griffith, and Embassy 72nd St.)*

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Paths of Glory (1957)—Stanley Kubrick's film about the First World War. The issues were simpler, it's true, but nothing that Kubrick does is ever unsophisticated or without an echoing shrewdness. (Cinema Village; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with *Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney.* Directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed by Mr. Poitier. (U.A. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sit-com. (Olympia; through Nov. 29.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Columbia I.)

Sadie McKee (1934)—Joan Crawford, in her ruffles-on-the-shoulders days, surrounded by Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, and Edward Arnold. M-G-M, of course, and directed by Clarence Brown. Two songs by Arthur Freed *and Nacio Herb Brown: the forgettable* "Please Make Me Care," and "All I Do Is Dream of You," which, perhaps unfortunately, stays with one. (Regency; starting Nov. 30.)

Salò, 120 Days of Sodom—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 30.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—With Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh, Robert Preston, and Bert Convy; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Baronet.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an *oppressed working-class housewife, the mother* of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 29.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. The director, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, *and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Holly*wood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, big-headed husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by *tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel crea*tures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with *spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77)* (Murray Hill. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Nov. 29.)

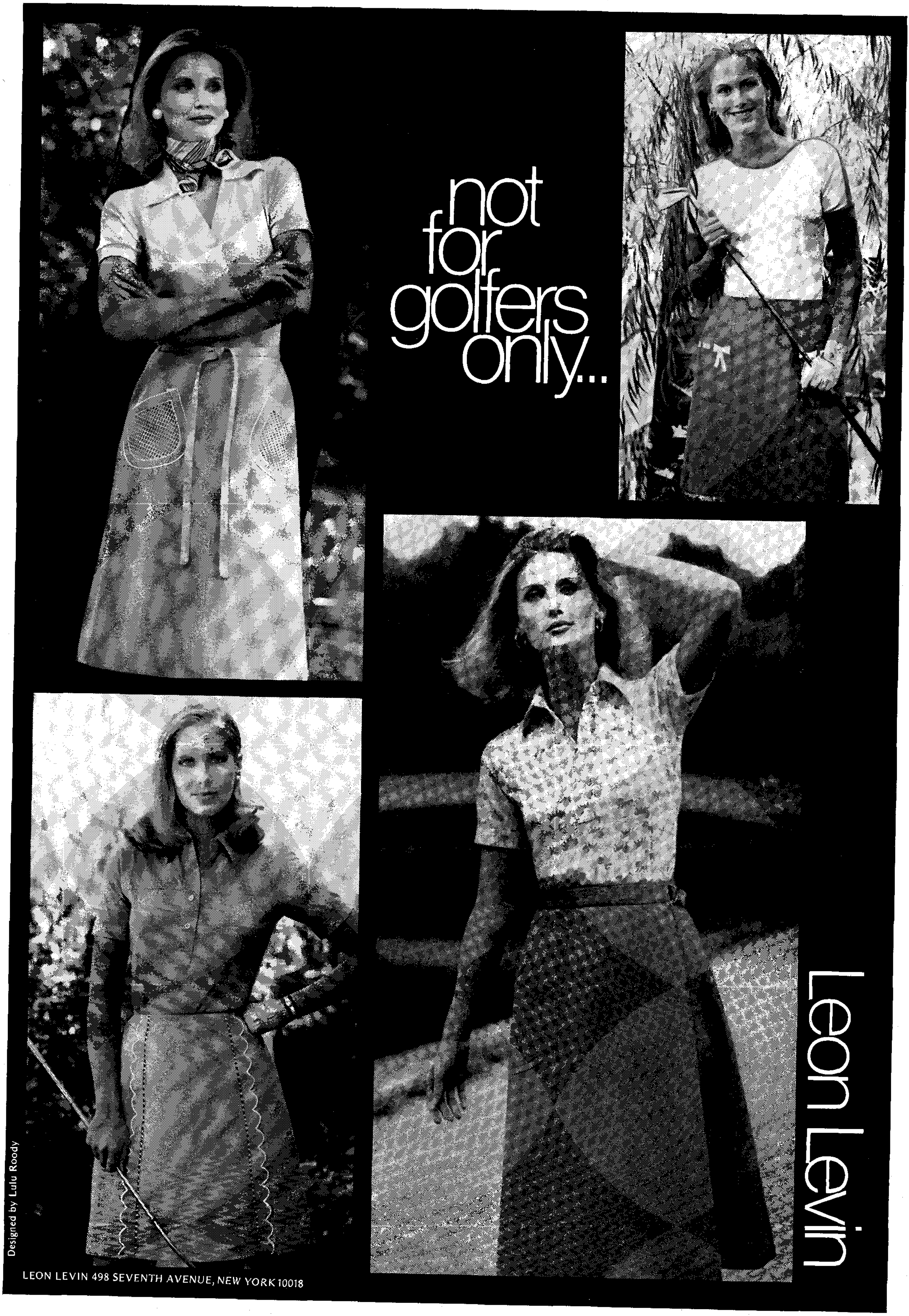
The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Quad Cinema; *through Nov. 29.)*

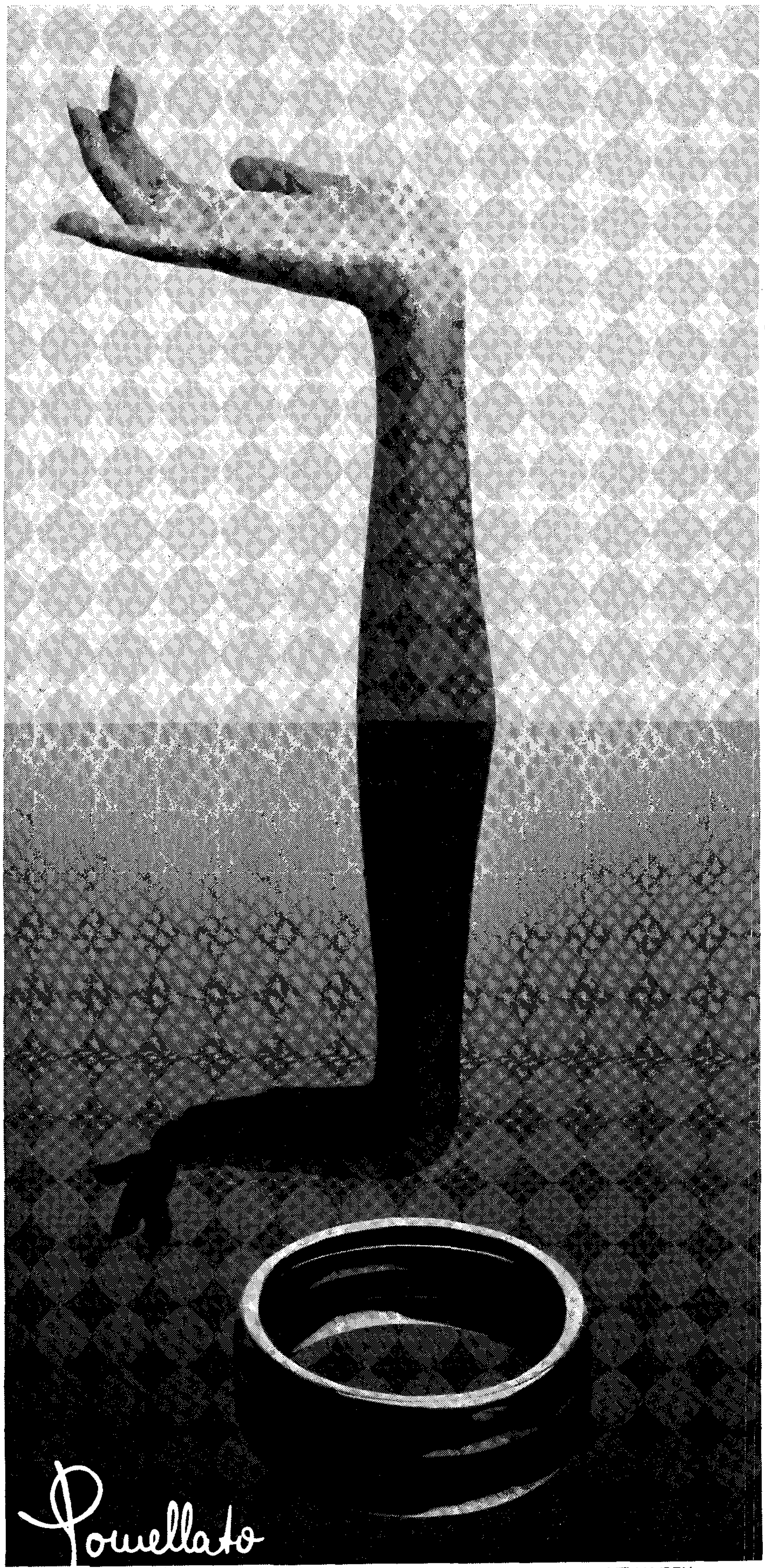
Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 27.)

Summerdog—With James Congdon and Elizabeth Eisenman, directed by John Clayton. (Guild.)

Svengali (1931)—John Barrymore's love of bizarre roles and outré makeup (no man had less reason to cover his face) led him to take on George Du Maurier's wonderful hokum about the sly, sinister musician who hypnotizes beautiful, blue-eyed little Trilby (Mari*an Marsh) into becoming a great singer.* In one startling sequence, Svengali, his eyes a blank white, stands at a window and casts his spell over the rooftops to the room where Trilby lives, and there are affecting moments, too, like the failure of Trilby's voice when Svengali's influence wanes. Barrymore, long and lank here, with greasy locks, never needed occult powers to be magnetic; one's interest flags when he's offscreen, however. The scene designs and Archie Mayo's direction occasionally suggest the German Expressionist films of the preceding decade. With Bramwell Fletcher, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, and Carmel Myers. (Thalia; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—André Gide su*pervised this too little known version of his* early, subtly disquieting novel. The director Jean Delannoy is, as usual, careful and literal, and this time his sensitivity enables Pierre Blanchar and Michèle Morgan to give perhaps their most memorable performances; the film itself is emotionally overwhelming. Blanchar plays a Swiss pastor who finds an ignorant, neglected blind girl (Morgan) and teaches her to live without sight. The pastor's passion for the blind girl destroys his wife and family, and when the girl gains her sight, she realizes the damage she has caused


not
for
golfers
only...
Leon Levin
Designed by Lulu Roody
LEON LEVIN 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018



THE GOLDSMITH. MILANO. AT HAUSMANN, 635 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.
CHEZ ROMAN MAYER, PLACE ST. FRANÇOIS 12/BIS, LAUSANNE. BEI KLEEMAN,
THEATINERSTRASSE 44, MÜNCHEN.

and becomes tormented and withdrawn. The film is about the spiritual and psychological blindness that people cannot overcome. With Jean Desailly and Line Noro; score by Georges Auric. Truffaut did homage to this film in Marie Dubois's death scene in the snow in "Shoot the Piano Player," and also in "The Wild Child," and he used Desailly in the central role in "The Soft Skin." In French. (Thalia; through Nov. 24.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (Cinema Village; Nov. 29.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—With Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Columbia II.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25-26.)

True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer-husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture; "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but the general giddiness and Barrymore keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. With Una Merkel. (Thalia; Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Tunnelvision (1976)—With Chevy Chase and Phil Proctor, directed by Brad Swirnoff and Neil Israel. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting Nov. 30.)

The Turning Point—A forties women's picture (like "Old Acquaintance," in which a noble Bette Davis and a catty Miriam Hopkins played scrapping lifelong friends) transferred to a backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. In his screen acting début, Baryshnikov plays a Russian dancer with whom MacLaine's young aspiring-ballerina daughter (Leslie Browne) falls in love; this swoony romance will probably make the film a huge box-office hit. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

What Ever Happened to Baby Jane? (1962)—Robert Aldrich directs Bette Davis and Joan Crawford in a story with a style possibly describable as Gothic/psychoanalytic. The two stars play sisters; Baby Jane Hudson (Bette Davis), a child star of vaudeville, once crashed her car into Blanche Hudson (Joan Crawford), a Joan Crawford star of the movies. High-camp hell ensues. (Regency; starting Nov. 30.)

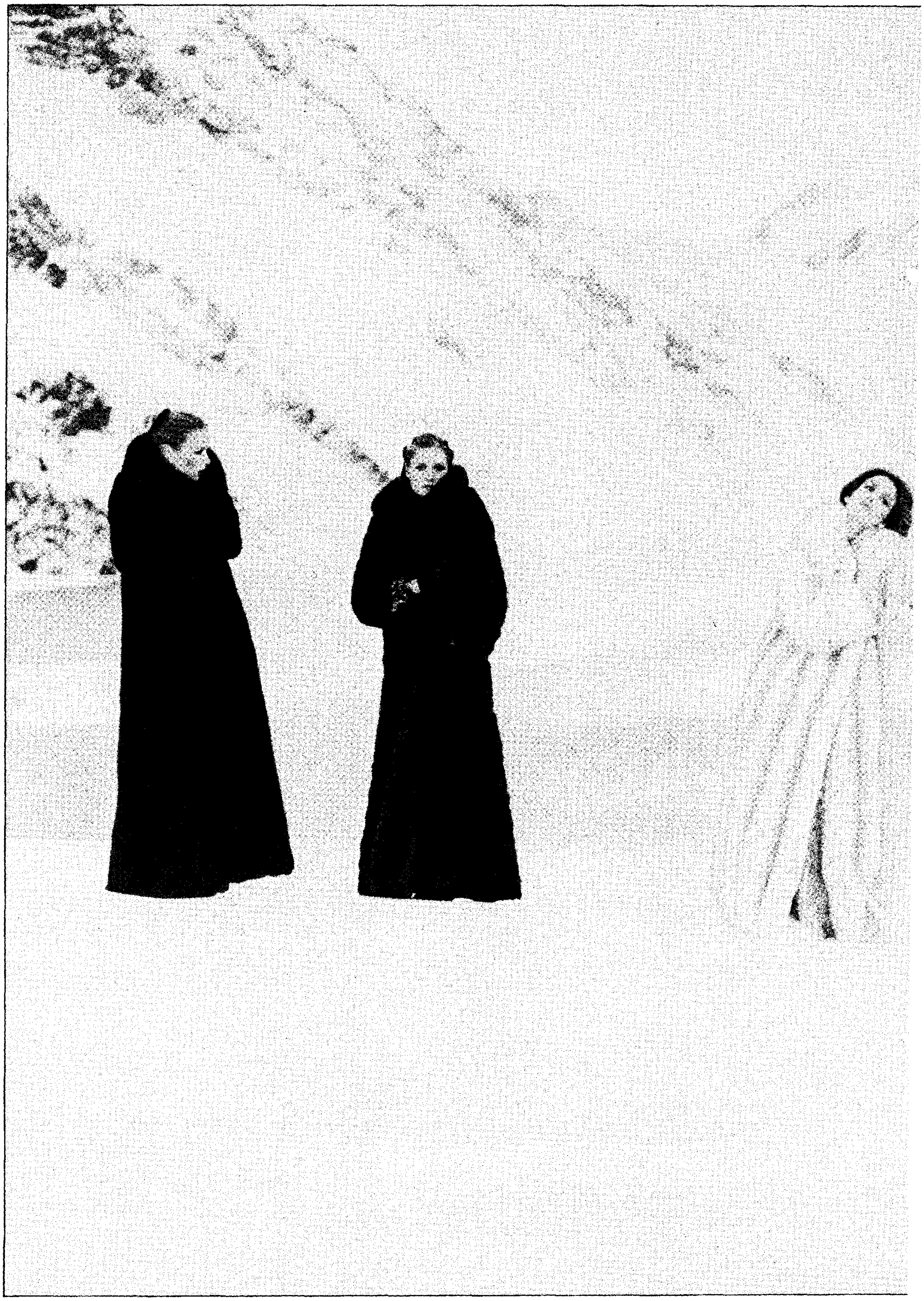
Which Way Is Up?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews Ciné.)

Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?—With Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Cinema Studio.)

Our Rollei 35: A camera you can wear anywhere.

Cup our Rollei 35S in the palm of your hand. Wonder how Rollei could pack such a high-performance optical system into such a compact space. Experiment with the extraordinary match-needle metering. Listen to the smooth, quiet operation of our shutter. Notice how the 35S accepts today's new 35mm, high-speed films. Then discover the big, beautiful photos produced by this beautiful, little camera. The Rollei 35S: Ask to see it at any Rollei dealer.

Rollei



THE FABULOUS FURS OF NEIMAN-MARCUS

A Neiman-Marcus fur is at the peak of everyone's Christmas list! Left to right: natural Crown sable* vertical floor length coat 50,000.00, circular floor length coat in one of history's rarest bundles 100,000.00, natural Russian lynx floor length coat (the top bundle in the world) 130,000.00. His or her natural fisher double breasted walking coat 10,000.00. Fur Salon, Dallas, Texas and all N-M locations.

Neiman-Marcus

*SOBOL ORIGINAL RUSSIAN SABLE identifies the world's most beautiful sables from v/o "Sojuzpushnina" in Leningrad.

©American Express Company, 1977

Feel at home at sophisticated stores all over the world.

Whether your style is contemporary or classic, elegant or eclectic, one thing you can always identify with is the American Express® Card. It will buy things for your home in over a hundred countries. Wherever gracious living is a way of life.

Take the Card to fine stores like these around the world. At home or abroad, it's all you'll ever need to give a place your unmistakable signature.

Gucci. Rome, Florence, Milan, Naples, Hong Kong, Singapore, London, New York City, Chicago, Palm Beach, and Beverly Hills.

W. & J. Sloane. San Francisco, Washington, D.C., Houston, Atlanta, New York City, and other Eastern cities.

Garfinckel's. Washington, D.C. and suburbs.

Buccellati. Rome and New York City.

Charles of the Ritz. New York.

Jordan Marsh Company. New England and Florida.

Tiffany & Co. New York, Houston, Beverly Hills, Chicago, San Francisco, and Atlanta.

Bonwit Teller. New York and major cities throughout the U.S.

Alfred Dunhill. London, Sydney, Hong Kong, Singapore, New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, and Beverly Hills.

Ted Lapidus. Paris, Beverly Hills, New York City, and other U.S. cities.

H. A. E. Smith. Bermuda.

H. Stern. Paris, Frankfurt, Düsseldorf, Tel Aviv, Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, and New York City.

Bally. Throughout Europe and U.S.

Frank Brothers. New York City.

Morabito. Paris.

Tasaki Pearl Gallery. Tokyo.

Woodward & Lothrop. Washington, D.C. and suburbs.

Hammacher Schlemmer. New York City.

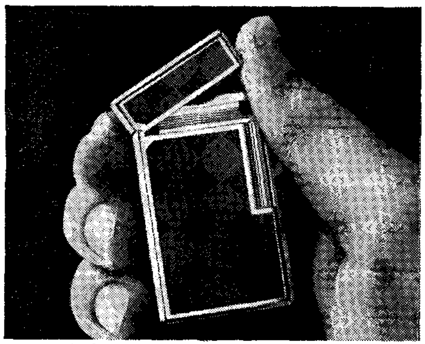
Jas. K. Wilson. Dallas.

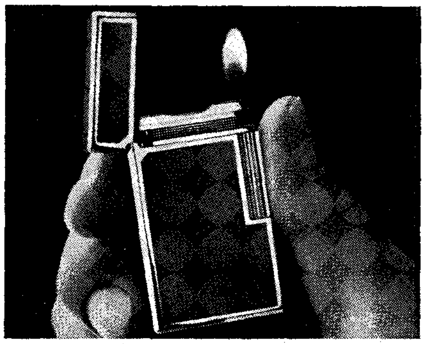
AMERICAN EXPRESS®

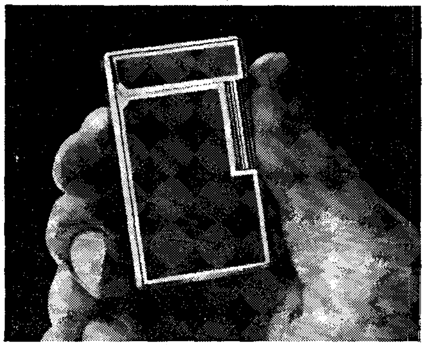
The American Express® Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

Many aspire to owning an S.T. Dupont lighter. Few know how to use one properly.

This Chinese lacquer lighter takes four months to produce.


The lighter is covered with 20 microns of gold. Suggested retail is $275; other lighters range from $100 to $3,000.


Each lighter is individually registered.


The lighter's top fits so perfectly to its body, that you can hardly see the separation.

As a weapon

An S.T. Dupont lighter can be a psychological club.

So, like other things powerful, it must be used sparingly. It should neither be flashed nor waved about. A glimpse of an S.T. Dupont lighter can upend an opponent.

As visual musk

An S.T. Dupont lighter is a symbol of your ability to get what you want. And power is, baldly stated, an aphrodisiac. There are, of course, other important qualities one should have. But an S.T. Dupont lighter isn't bad for openers.

As a door opener

When you have a lighter from S.T. Dupont, the door to a small club is open. It's a club that anyone can buy their way into, of course, but few people have taste enough to do it.

An S.T. Dupont lighter is a door closer as well. If a person must ask you if your lighter is made by S.T. Dupont..."there are so many copies"...your door can swing gently shut.

As balm

On days when life is too much with you, there is a certain amount of pleasure in simply touching your S.T. Dupont lighter and knowing that there are very few things of consequence in the world ...and you own one of them.

As a gift

An S.T. Dupont lighter has a curious effect, when given. It works. It brings people to whom you want to be close... close. And it will permanently affix to your heart people to whom you are already close.

To give one, without owning one yourself, may indeed be the greatest gift of all.

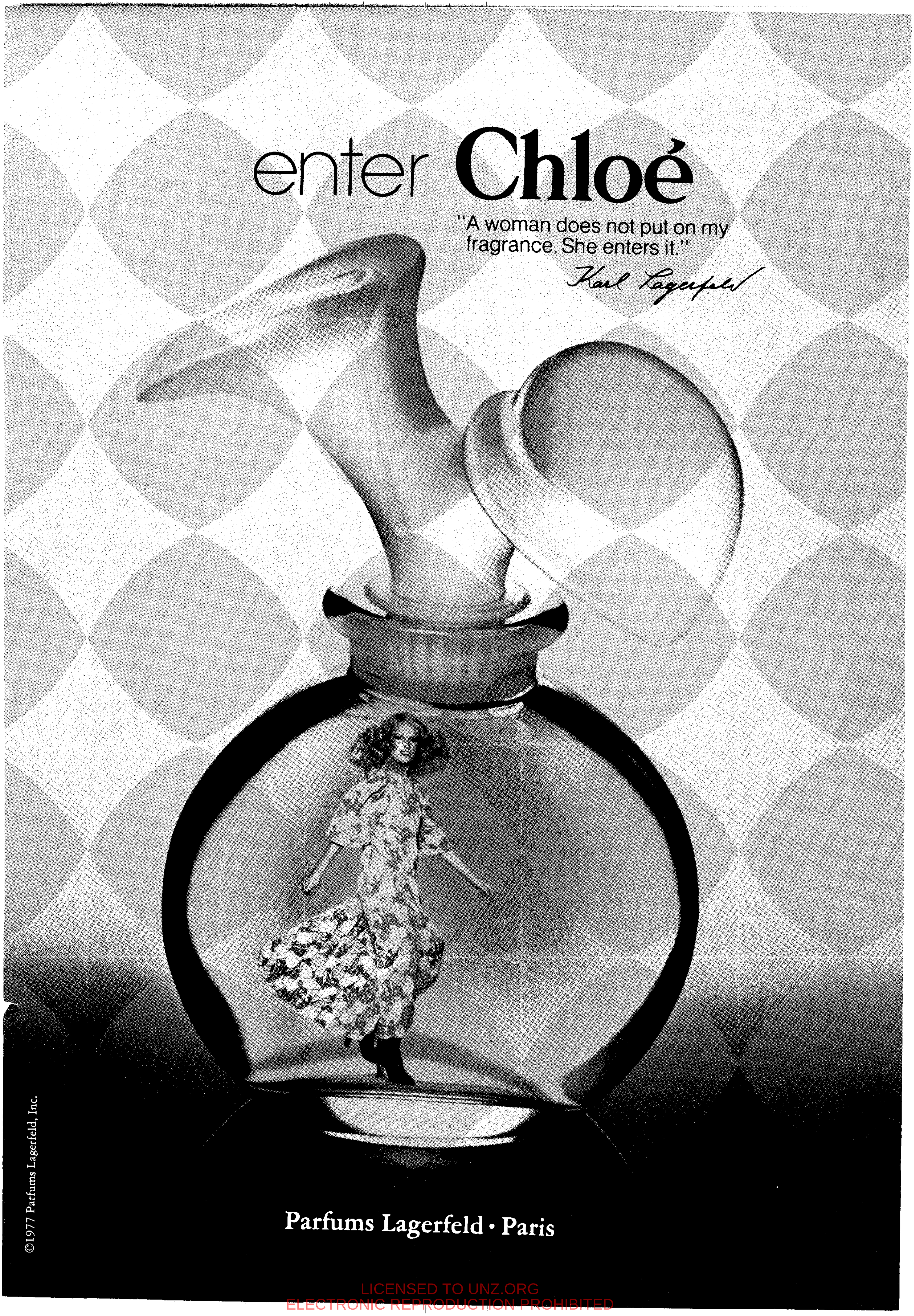
As an appliance

During World War II, certain members of British royalty preferred that the people with them carry S.T. Dupont lighters. Not just to light cigars and cigarettes, but as an indefatigable source of light during blackouts.

An S.T. Dupont lighter does a fine job of producing fire. So does a book of matches. For this reason, it may be judged an extravagance. But it is an extravagance that apparently defies reason. Think about it. And as you do, you'll realize that you desire this extravagance more than any lighter in the world.

S.T. Dupont
PARIS

S.T. Dupont lighters and pens may be purchased in New York at Nat Sherman. In Baltimore at H.C. Garthe. In Philadelphia at Bailey, Banks & Biddle; and J.E. Caldwell. In San Francisco at Shreve's. For a list of stores carrying S.T. Dupont products in your area, as well as a full-color brochure, write to:
S.T. Dupont, Inc., Dept. NY, 55 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, MA 02142.



enter **Chloé**

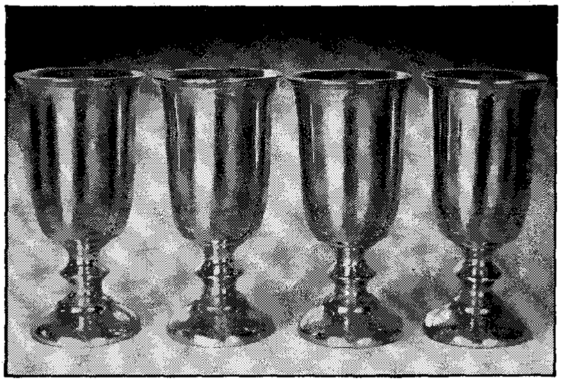
"A woman does not put on my fragrance. She enters it."

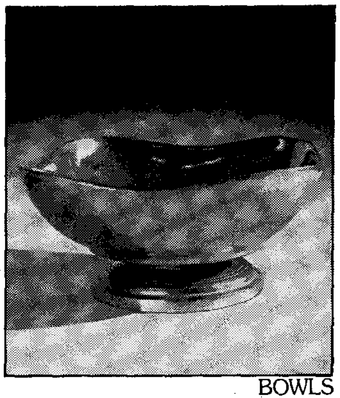
Karl Lagerfeld

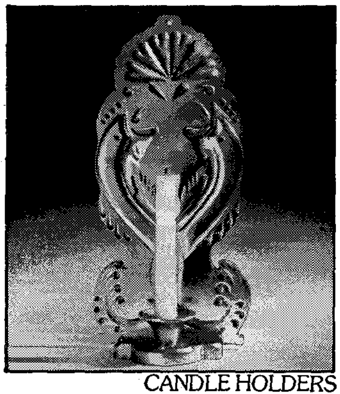
Parfums Lagerfeld • Paris

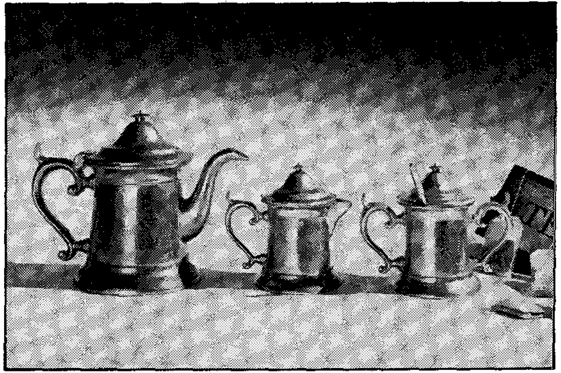
©1977 Parfums Lagerfeld, Inc.

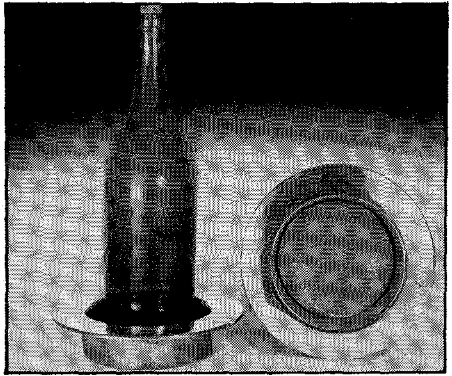
THE HEALTH, LOVE, WEALTH PLATE And Other Gifts That Bring Happiness at Christmas


GOBLETS


BOWLS


CANDLE HOLDERS

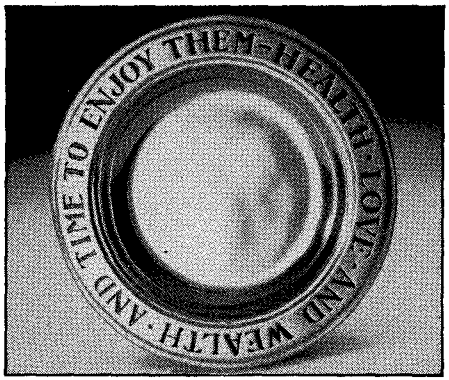

TEA SERVICES


WINE COASTERS

A selection of the more than 400 Armetale® metal gifts.

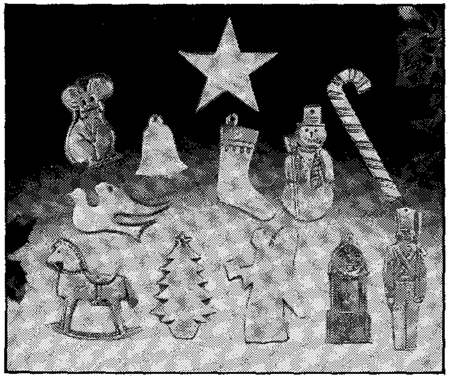
Our eclectic collection of classic and contemporary gifts is sand cast in Armetale—the new metal with the durability of stainless, the charm of fine pewter and the elegance of expensive silver.

But the beauty of Armetale isn't the only beauty of it. Armetale is completely non toxic, so you can eat and drink from it. It doesn't tarnish. It won't bend, dent or break.

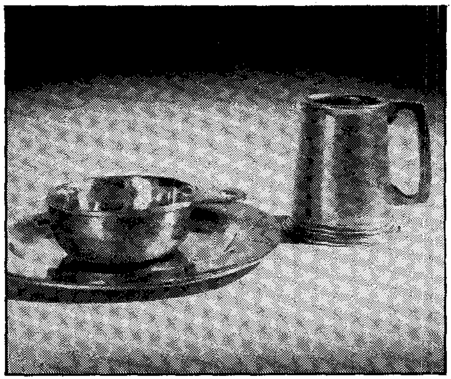


TOAST PLATES

CENTERPIECES


CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

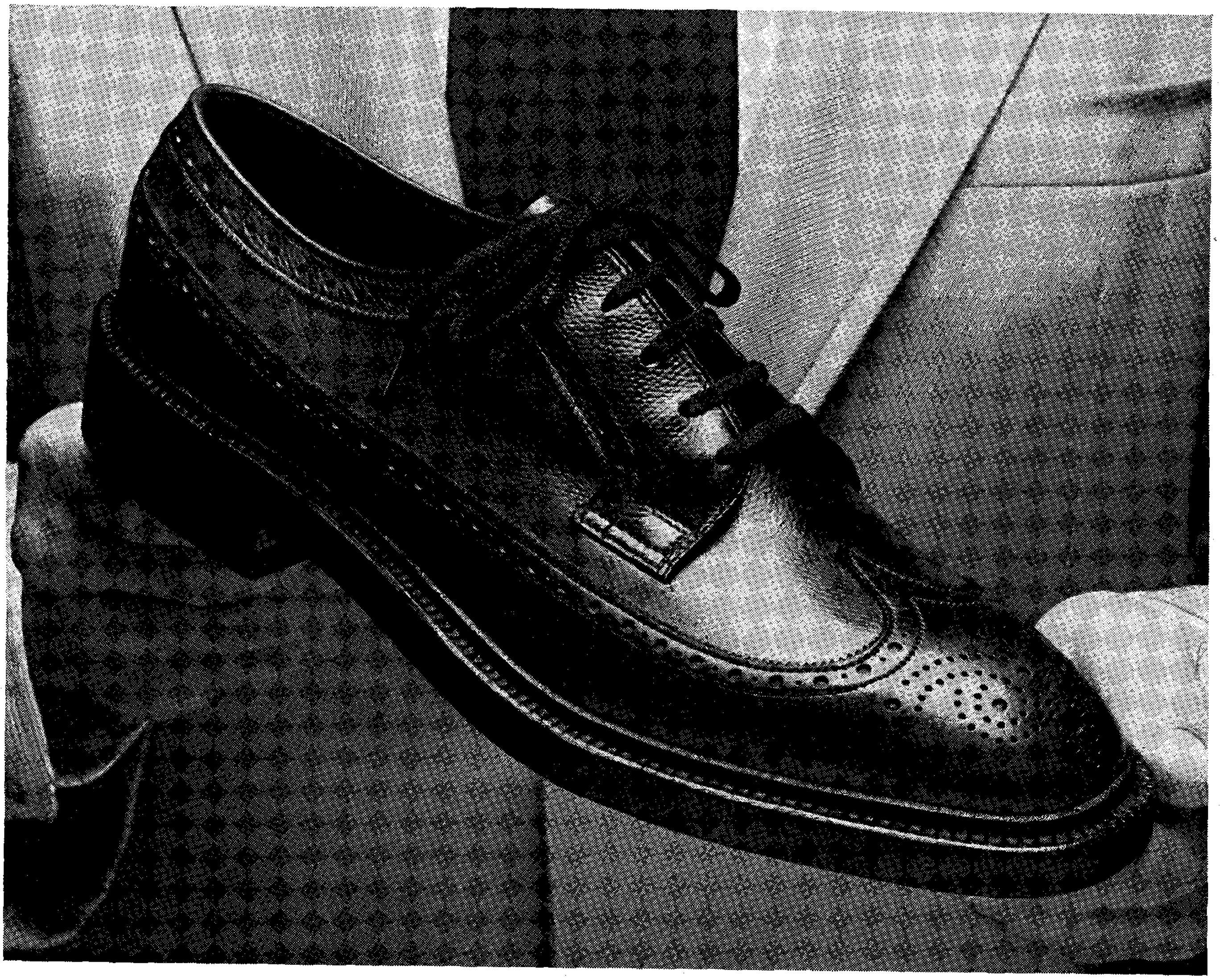
A Little Child Shall Lead Them
Isaiah 11:6
LIMITED EDITION PLATES


DINNERWARE & SERVING ACCESSORIES

You can choose from over 400 sparkling gifts, including our first limited edition Christmas plate, at fine department and specialty stores close to your home. For the one nearest you write: Wilton Armetale, Columbia, Pa. 17512.

WILTON RWP® ARMETALE® BRAND PRODUCTS

Why pay $75 for a shoe with a bump in it?



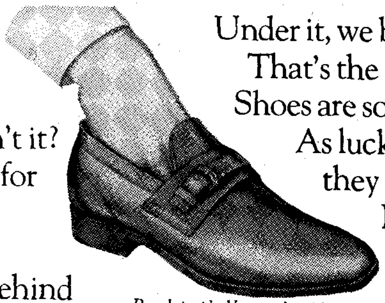
Style shown: No. 134

No doubt about it. There's a bump inside every Wright Arch Preserver® Shoe.

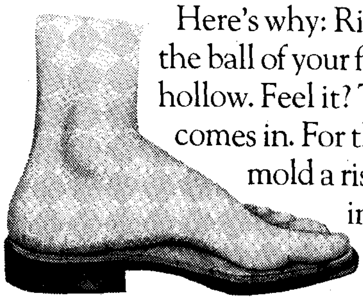
That sounds uncomfortable, doesn't it?

The fact is, that little bump makes for probably the most comfortable shoe you've ever set foot in.

Here's why: Right up behind the ball of your foot, there's a little hollow. Feel it? That's where the bump comes in. For the proper support, we mold a rise, or bump, into the insole of your shoe that fits into that little hollow in your foot.



Reach inside. You can't miss it.



The little hollow in the sole of your foot.

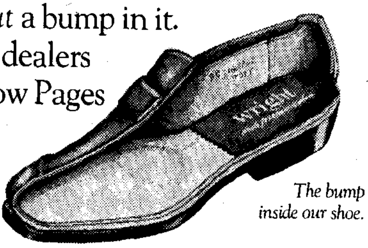
Under it, we build a special steel shank for strength.

That's the reason why Wright Arch Preserver Shoes are so uncommonly comfortable.

As luck would have it, it's also one reason why they cost a bit more to make.

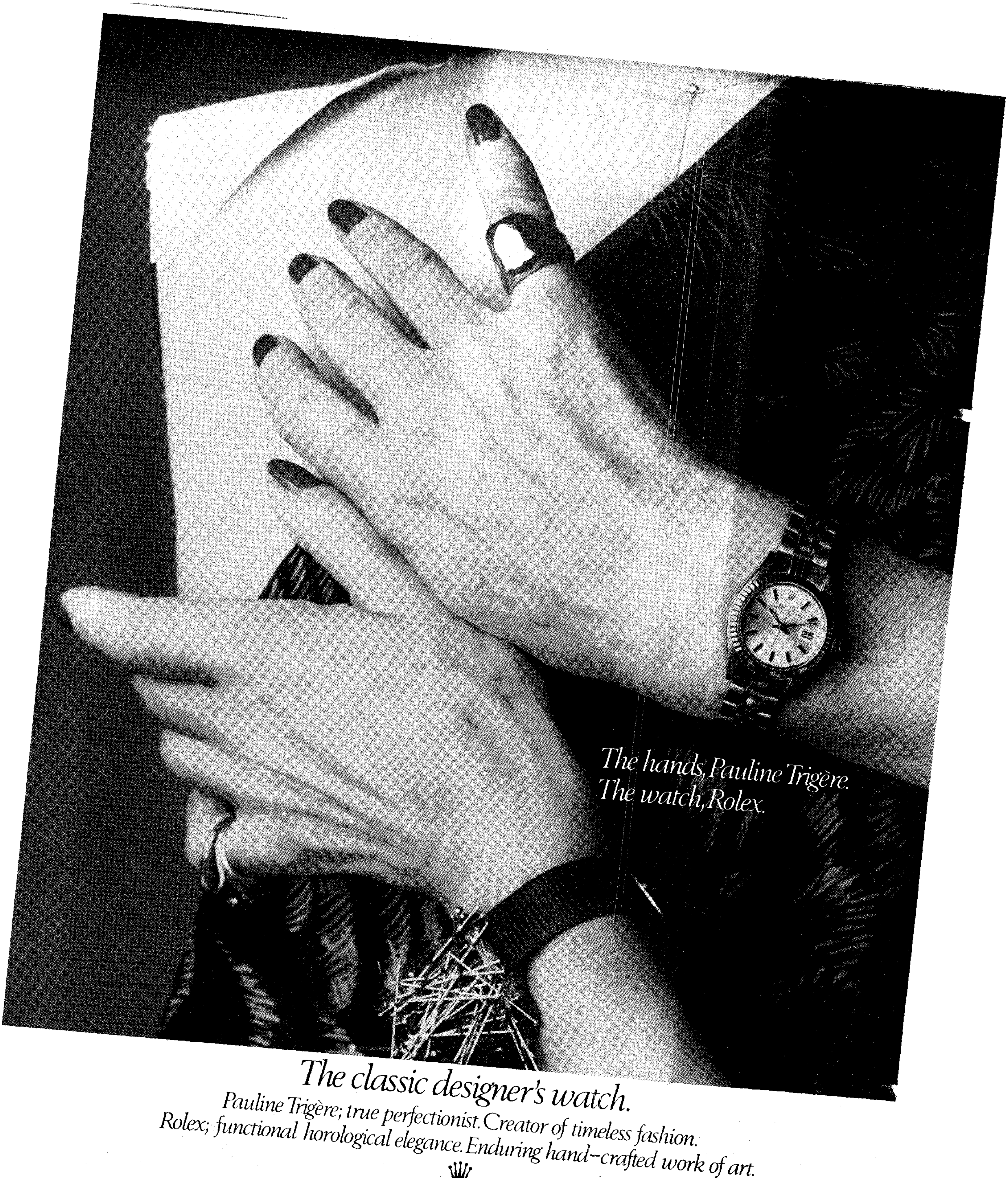
But once you've tried a pair of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes we think you'll find it hard to imagine paying $75 for a shoe with*out* a bump in it.

For a list of Wright dealers near you, see the Yellow Pages or write E.T. Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass. 02370.



The bump inside our shoe.

Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes


The hands, Pauline Trigère.
The watch, Rolex.

The classic designer's watch.

Pauline Trigère; true perfectionist. Creator of timeless fashion.
Rolex; functional horological elegance. Enduring hand-crafted work of art.

ROLEX

The Rolex Lady-Date Oyster Perpetual (6917/310). In stainless steel and 14 kt. yellow gold $775. Also in stainless steel with matching bracelet (6916/210) $475.
Write for color brochure. Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Dept. T-111, Rolex Building, 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Geneva · Bombay · Brussels · Buenos Aires · Caracas · Cologne · Dublin · Hong Kong · Johannesburg · London · Madrid
Milan · Mexico City · New York · Paris · Sao Paulo · Singapore · Sydney · Tokyo · Toronto

INVISIBLE SOUND?

Perhaps you are in the market for a new home music system, or perhaps you simply enjoy good music. Either way, you should know about the INVISIBLE SOUND of ADS.

ADS stands for Analog & Digital Systems, Inc. We are a high technology audio manufacturer located near Boston. Our scientists and engineers are not only gifted technicians, but also, perhaps more importantly, devoted music lovers. In just five short years this combination has firmly established ADS in the small, select group of true studio-quality speaker manufacturers.

The top-of-the-line ADS 910 was designed to be used in leading recording studios as a monitor of classical recordings. It offers state-of-the-art performance combined with an unusual degree of operating flexibility. Above: ADS 910's shown in the recording studio of Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft at Symphony Hall, Boston.

Scrutinize the entire ADS line, and you'll notice that it ranges in size from one extreme to the other: from the ultra miniature ADS 200 to the huge ADS 910. Let us explain why **all** our speakers share remarkable clarity and accuracy. Several things set us apart from other speaker manufacturers:

1. We can safely say that we are one of the most innovative manufacturers around; our engineering team never rests on its laurels. For example, two years ago the trade was stunned by our subminiature, bi-amplified ADS 2001, which made true high fidelity music possible where it had never existed before – in cars, boats, and planes. In 1976 the same engineering team, in collaboration with Nakamichi Research, took the idea even further and introduced the ADS 2002, a complete and versatile hi fi system. The ADS 2002 comes with its own high fidelity precision tape player, as well as an optional AC power supply which enables it to be converted from car to home use in seconds, anywhere in the world.

ADS 2002

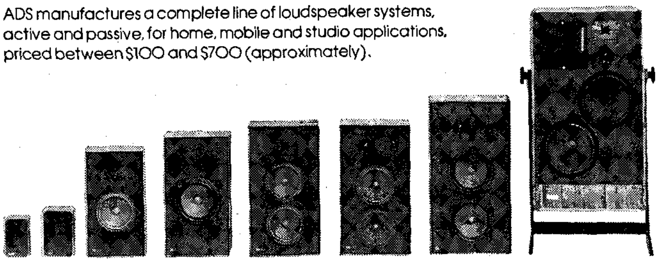
Our tiny ADS 200 speaker, the world's first high fidelity transducer less than 7" high, made the miniaturization of home component systems possible. At the other end of the scale is our powerful, programmable ADS 910, a genuine professional reference loudspeaker.

2. Every one of our models, no matter in which price category it competes, is capable of the famous INVISIBLE SOUND. This is in notable contrast to many speaker manufacturers, whose less expensive models often ride on the reputation of the top-of-the-line flagship. Our audio engineers recognize that the performance of a speaker system is optimal when it has no personality of its own, when it is never too 'bright' or too 'bassy,' when it is INVISIBLE. Therefore, even our least expensive speaker uses softdome tweeter technology for unsurpassed accuracy; our unique midrange driver is one of the most precisely engineered speaker components in the world. Both the tweeter and the midrange driver are an inspired combination of light weight (for instant response to a sudden signal) and rigidity (for absence of distortion). Even our bass drivers (woofers) are very light, yet stiff, to move a maximum amount of air so you can not only hear, but also feel the vibration of a low organ note. All ADS drivers are designed to reproduce the most elusive musical detail with incredible accuracy in their assigned range.

3. We are one of the few audio companies who build woofers, midrange drivers, tweeters, crossover networks, amplifiers, and power converters in our own plants rather than buying them from a low bidding supplier. By designing, producing, and testing all components under the same roof, we have total control over the quality and ultimate performance of the prospective mouthpiece of your music system.

THE INVISIBLE SOUND OF ADS

ADS manufactures a complete line of loudspeaker systems, active and passive, for home, mobile and studio applications, priced between $100 and $700 (approximately).



Why do we think that you may someday own a set of ADS speakers? Well, it is one thing to read about INVISIBLE SOUND and another to discover it in a sound studio. Naturally, we suggest you do the latter. The only way to savor the superb performance of ADS speakers is a critical A-B comparison.

So, whether you are in the market for a new home music system right now, or whether you might consider such a purchase sometime in the future – the next step is up to you. Visit a franchised ADS dealer. He will proudly demonstrate our complete line to you.

Experience the INVISIBLE SOUND of ADS.

You may want to take the experience home with you.

ADS, Analog & Digital Systems
Industrial Way, Wilmington, MA 01887

For more information on the INVISIBLE SOUND of **ADS** and a complete dealer list write to:
ANALOG & DIGITAL SYSTEMS, INC., 64 INDUSTRIAL WAY – WILMINGTON, MASS. 01887

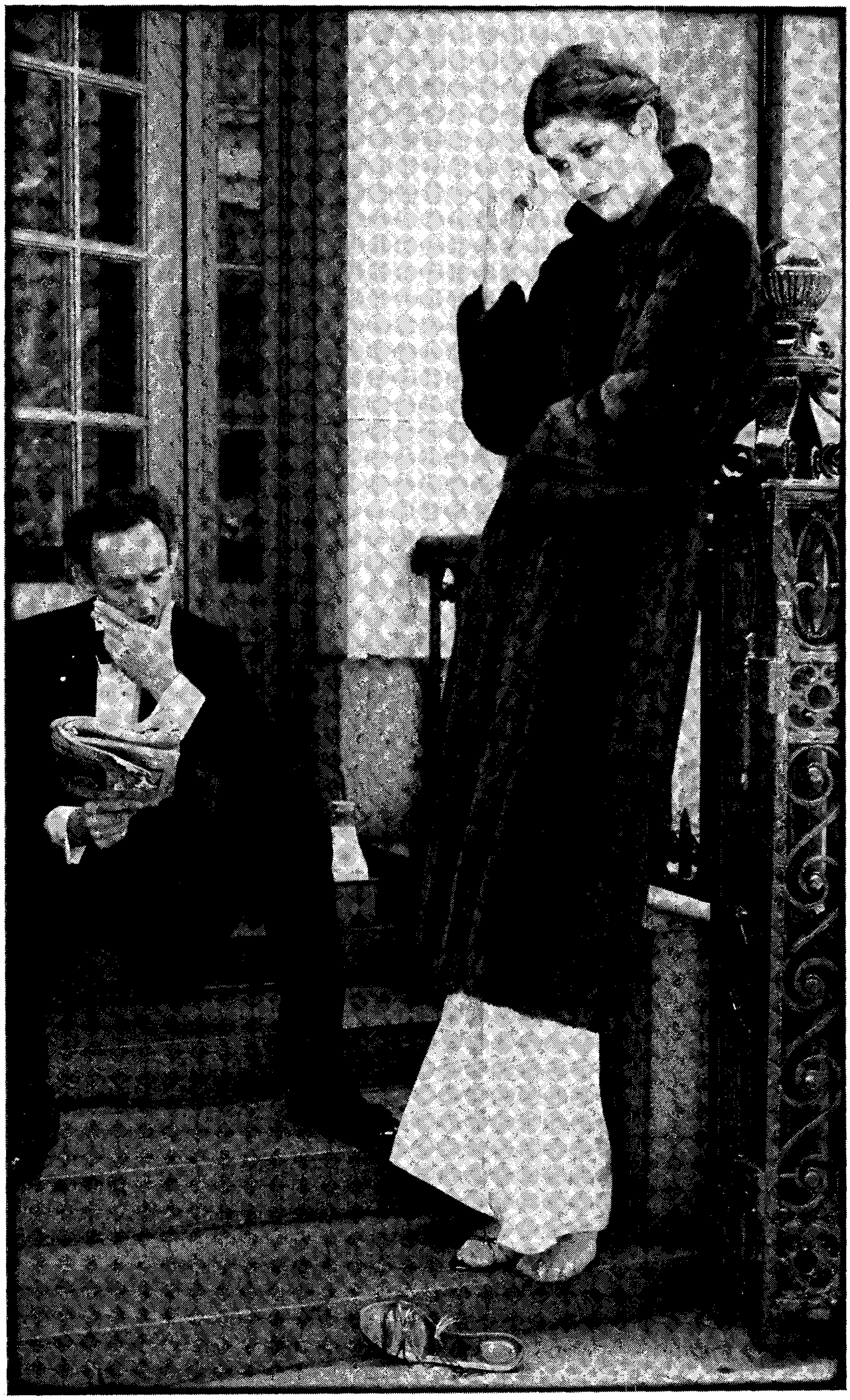
NR12 WLC-77PG

NAME______________________________

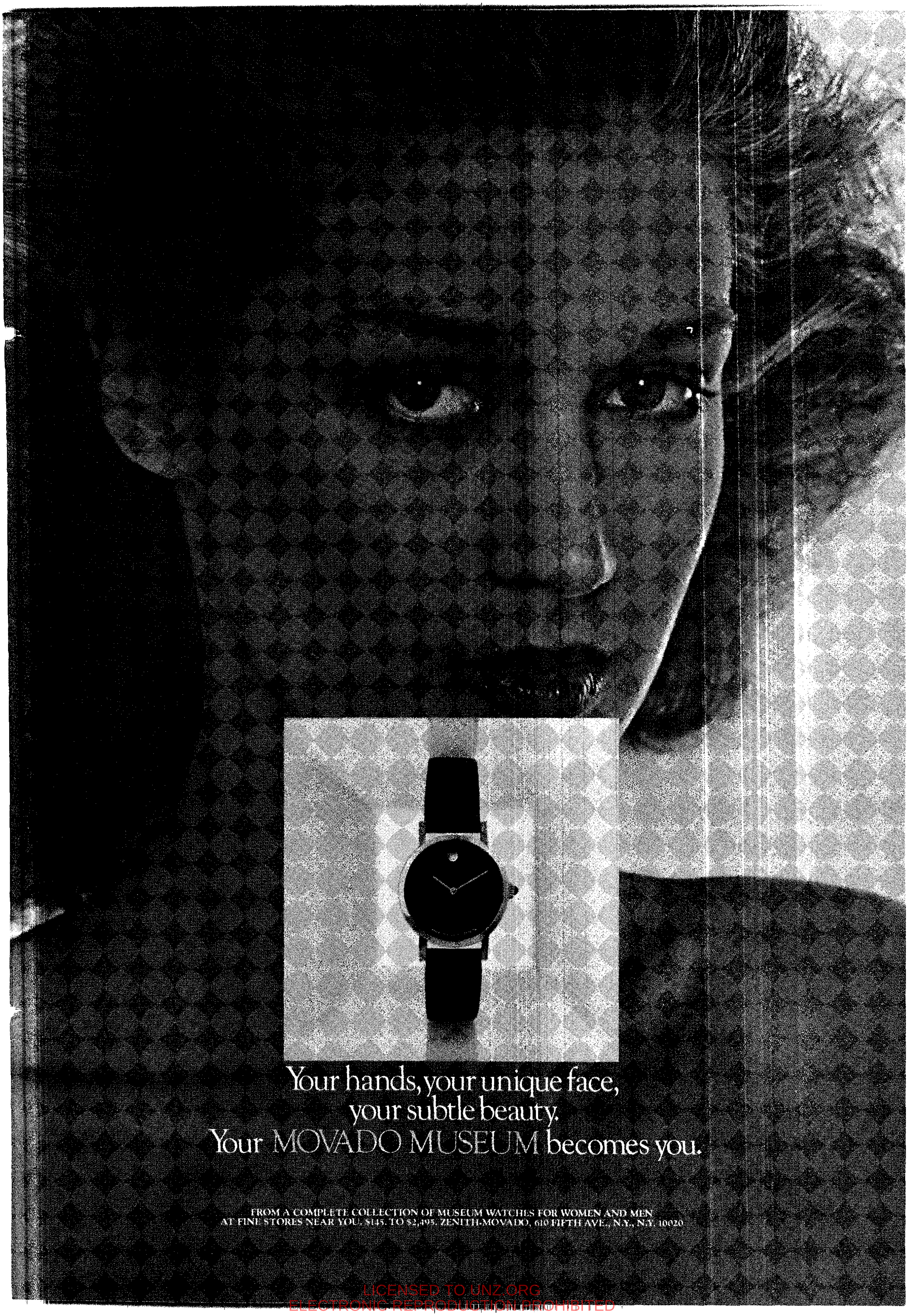
STREET____________________________

CITY__________________ZIP__________

Mink International. Finest mink from Saga, Emba, Blackglama, Canada Majestic. 420 Lexington Ave., New York 10017



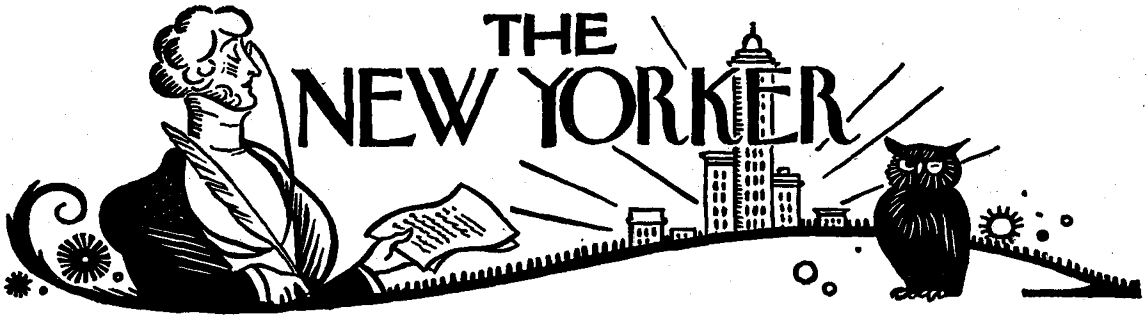
Mink. One of life's great lessons in the fine art of accepting pleasure.


Your hands, your unique face,
your subtle beauty.
Your MOVADO MUSEUM becomes you.
FROM A COMPLETE COLLECTION OF MUSEUM WATCHES FOR WOMEN AND MEN
AT FINE STORES NEAR YOU. $145. TO $2,495. ZENITH-MOVADO, 610 FIFTH AVE., N.Y., N.Y. 10020

Dress yourself to the eye-teeth. And starve all day so you'll have plenty of room for the couscous. Come with your arms laden: not with gifts, but with good will, good habits, and loving thoughts for your friends and family. Our house will ring with laughter and sparkle with lights and flashes of holiday flowers. And what is ours is yours to enjoy. This will be an evening of pleasures both pure and bright, and all in the proper spirit of things. Let's make a resolution right now. Instead of waiting all year for this magic season, let's extend its warmth throughout the year to come. Welcome, friends.

SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN.
STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

We wish you a year-long Holiday Season filled with moderation in all things except for an abundance of affection. Smirnoff



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT midday on October 19th, in Johannesburg, South Africa, plainclothesmen entered the offices of the *World*, a daily paper that has the largest circulation among blacks of any paper in the country, and "detained," or arrested, its editor, Percy Qoboza, for unspecified violations of the Internal Security Act. The *World* was closed, and its future is uncertain. Qoboza's detention was one of many detentions that took place that day, in the government's crackdown on individuals and groups that make up the "black consciousness" movement, whose goal is majority rule in South Africa. If this goal is fundamental for the black journalists, lawyers, priests, and educators who are now in prison, it is unthinkable for the white-supremacist regime that rules South Africa, a land with a population of about twenty-five million, of whom eighteen million are Africans and four million are whites. James Kruger, the Minister of Justice, has described the detained black leaders as "anarchists." The government has said that it intends to hold Qoboza and the others without trial at least until August, and has said nothing of their future after that. Qoboza's wife, Anne, is allowed to visit him twice a week, for a half hour at a time, in prison, where they may sit on opposite sides of a thick pane of glass.

We spoke recently with some friends who have known Qoboza since September of 1975, when he arrived, with Mrs. Qoboza, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a fellow of the Nieman Foundation for Journalism, which annually selects fifteen or twenty journalists from around the United States and from other countries to spend the academic year at Harvard. Qoboza brought with him the reputation of a moderate who had tried, in his columns and editorials, to keep lines of communication open between blacks and whites. As he saw things at that time, someone in his position was faced with two possible courses of action: the "outspoken" course and the "milder" course. As he put it in an interview with the Harvard *Crimson* in November of 1975, "one has to make a choice whether to be outspoken and go to jail, where you'll be silenced, or to take a milder platform, so you can keep working." Until then, he had taken the milder course and gone on working. Our friends told us that Qoboza is the son of a miner and was raised in a strict Catholic family. Although he was given a parochial-school education, which is available to only a few South African blacks, and was expected to go into the priesthood, he turned to journalism instead. In time, he became editor of the *World*, which is owned by white liberals. Like a few other liberal journalists in South Africa, he was tolerated by the government partly as an example to outsiders of the reasonableness of the regime. Our friends report that in 1975 Qoboza, who was then thirty-seven and stocky, seemed to slump under the weight of worry and tension he bore. They met a serious, wary man who kept a wall between himself and the white people in whose midst he had suddenly arrived. At first, their gropping conversational questions about apartheid, Alan Paton, and other obvious subjects received polite, careful answers. Defensive reactions that Qoboza had developed in order to survive in South Africa's segregated world sometimes popped to the surface automatically on Cambridge and Boston streets, and he would find himself looking through a restaurant window before entering, to see whether or not blacks and whites were sitting together. But during the year in Cambridge the walls around Qoboza gradually fell of their own weight, and he changed. Then his American acquaintances began to see in him a sharp, ironic humor and a humanity that he had not shared with them earlier. They sensed that Qoboza had arrived at a new outlook, and they were awed by its implications for his life in South Africa. Some of those implications became apparent almost immediately after he returned to Johannesburg, in June of 1976. In the summer and fall of that year, the *World* challenged the government's censorship policies, which severely restrict reporting on dissenting groups, by giving full, uninhibited coverage to the violent confrontations between police and protesters in Soweto, the black townships that lie outside Johannesburg. In a letter to one of his American friends, Qoboza described the importance of his year in Cambridge in his arriving at a new editorial policy. "For the first time in my life, I could distinguish between what is right and what is wrong," he said. "The thing that scared me most during my Cambridge year was the fact that I had accepted injustice and discrimination as 'part and parcel of our traditional way of life.' After my year, the things I had accepted made me angry. It is because of this that the character of my newspaper has changed tremendously. We are an angry newspaper. For this reason we have made some formidable enemies, and my own personal life is not worth a cent. . . But I see my role and [the role] of those people who share my views as articulating, without fear or favor, the aspirations of our people. It is a very hard thing to do."

On the night of December 14, 1976, shortly after the *World* published an interview with Khotso Seatholo, the president of the Soweto Students' Representative Council—one of several groups that were banned last month—who was sought by the police, Qoboza was detained for the first time. This detention turned out to be a brief one—he was released within a day—and when he returned to Cambridge for a visit in May of this year he described the experience to some of his American friends. He had been awakened by the sound of an automobile motor idling in the street outside his bungalow. Although it was about 3 A.M., the vehicle's lights were off. He turned to his wife and said, "It's been nice knowing you." The next moment, the bungalow shook with the pounding of fists and truncheons on the windows and doors. Then security police entered, with guns drawn, and began ransacking his bookshelves, looking for suspicious material. (One suspicious piece of material they found was Richard Wright's "Native Son.")

"Put on something warm," they told him. "It's very chilly outside."

"I'm comfortable here," he replied.

"You're going with us," they said.

At the police station, he was forced to stand through eight hours of questioning.

"Where are the student leaders?" the police asked at one point.

"How should I know?" he answered.

"You print stories about them every day."

"They know where we are. Look in their houses," Qoboza said.

"We looked in their houses. They are not there."

"Then ask their mothers. If they don't know, how should I?"

Only the South African government knows why it released him that same day, but it is likely that protests by American and British officials were a factor. Today, world opinion does not seem to be the restraining force that it was then. Percy Qoboza is in jail, and has been silenced, just as he had feared in his milder days whenever he contemplated the disadvantages of the outspoken path. But between then and now he had reflected on the difference between "what is right and what is wrong," and had decided that the enforced silence of jail was preferable to another kind of silence—the voluntary silence of those who stayed out of jail. In an interview with the Washington *Star*, in Johannesburg, shortly before his second detention, he said, "My fear is that when history catches up with us, there's going to be an awful lot of white people in this country who will repeat those tragic words that were said in Germany at the end of the Second World War, when every German there said, 'I did not know it was happening.' It's true that for evil to succeed it takes far too many good people to keep quiet and stand by."

• •

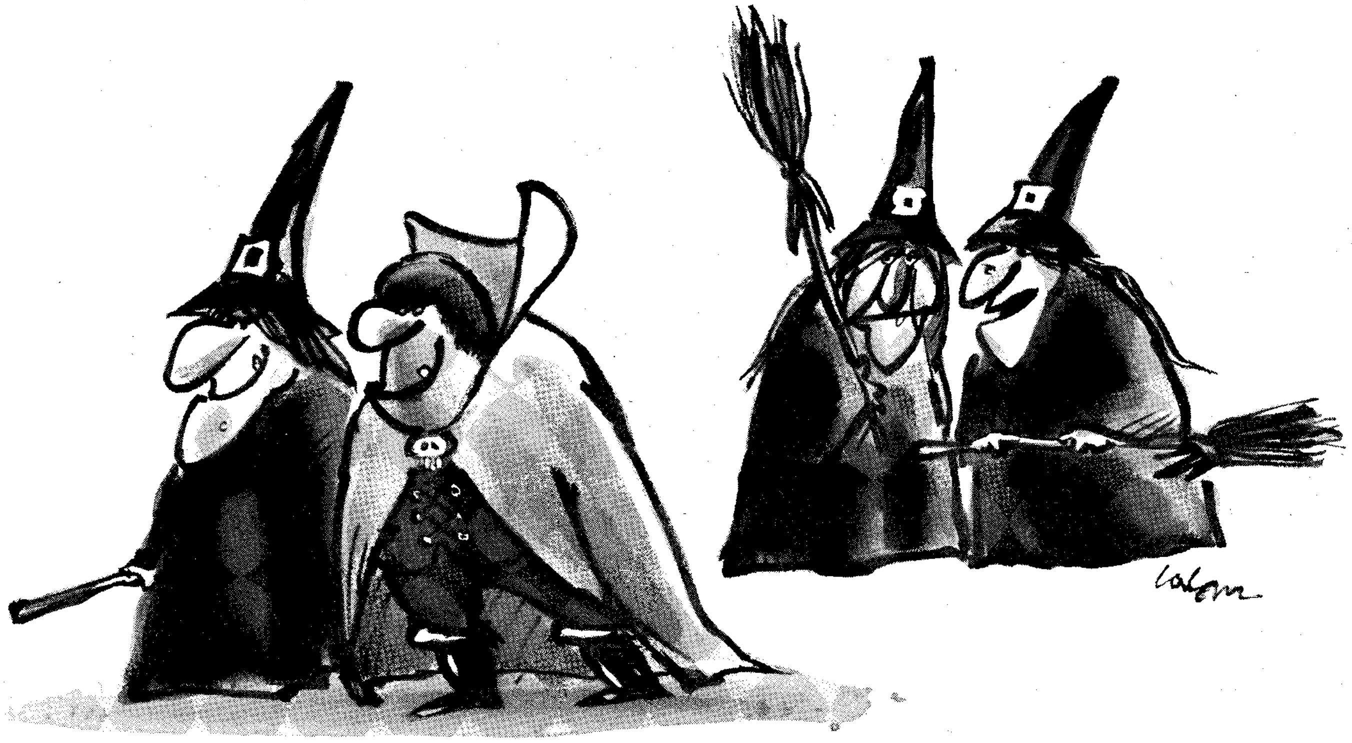
F.F.

WHILE we were in Cambridge, the other day, we found it appropriate to venture into the austere confines of the Harvard Law School to see an exhibit devoted to the memory of Felix Frankfurter. Frankfurter, who was born in Vienna in 1882, was brought to the United States at the age of eleven without a word of English, attended the New York City public schools, haunted the Public Library, graduated from the College of the City of New York, received his law degree from Harvard, was a professor of law there from 1914 until 1939 (with time out for legal services in Washington during the First World War), and sat as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1939 (appointed by Franklin Roosevelt) until ill health forced him to retire, in 1962, three years before his death. Large events swirled around Frankfurter, and Frankfurter, a small, barrel-chested man, swirled around events, on and off the bench. Many of the chapters of this agile man's life have been laid out and put in spacious glass cases by Erika S. Chadbourn, the Curator of Manuscripts and Archives of the Harvard Law School Library, in an immensely long reading room in Langdell Hall. Mrs. Chadbourn, who calls her Frankfurter exhibit "A Passionate Intensity," has a passionate intensity of her own; she is a gracious, scholarly woman with a dogged determination to track down every scrap of available information about her chosen subjects.

We first met her several years ago, when she produced a stunning tribute to Judge Learned Hand. The other day in Langdell, we found her enthusiasm as contagious as ever. "Frankfurter was an ardent Anglophile and I prepared a case called 'The Magic of Britain,' " she told us, with a sweeping gesture in the direction of several glass cases nearby. "In there you will see snapshots showing Balliol College, the Bodleian Library, the Sheldonian Theatre, and a letter from Frankfurter (everybody here refers to him as F.F.) to Justice O. W. Holmes in which he says, 'O yes—I do some work, lecture, and have a seminar; but essentially my function seems to be to live.' I went over to the Bodleian myself, in search of material, and climbed some extremely worn, mysterious winding stairs to a room at the very top. I have no idea how they ever got books up there."

We passed case after case of documents, photographs, clippings, correspondence of F.F. with F.D.R., Brandeis, Niebuhr, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry L. Stimson, and so on. A case labelled "Sacco and Vanzetti" caught our attention. It contained the announcement of an article by Frankfurter in the March, 1927, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* titled "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti," and asked, "Is this the Dreyfus Case of Massachusetts?" We also saw a letter from Frankfurter donating his royalties from a book he wrote on the subject, under the same title, to the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, and a letter from Benjamin Cardozo to F.F. saying, "Your flaming zeal for truth and justice is exhilarating and contagious." We saw many other letters, and it was as though F.F.'s life were passing before our eyes. O. W. Holmes to F.F. in 1913: ". . . long to talk to you. I have longed often—feeling that there were many observations, to wit, one or two, on life that I wished to pour forth to you." An address by F.F. at the Centennial Celebration Dinner of City College, in New York City, in 1946: "No one today, I think, would dare to undo what the citizens of New York set out to achieve in 1846. . . ." A letter to F.D.R. in May, 1935, when F.D.R. was encountering severe setbacks in getting his social legislation past the courts: "I am, be assured, as anxious as you are that you should not try to fool the American people into believing that you can do more than the Supreme Court permits you to do. . . ." A letter to Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School, in June, 1950, saying, "About one thing I could not be more clear, namely, that reliance on the Court against the timidities and the evasions of Congress is not the way to further habits of responsibility in Congress."

Time to talk again with someone living, so we descended to the ground-floor office of Professor Paul A. Freund, Carl M. Loeb University Professor Emeritus in the Law School and a devoted friend of Felix Frankfurter. We found Professor Freund where we had found him several years ago, almost entirely obscured by a thick jungle of thousands of books, papers, documents, and journals, piled from floor to ceiling, dangling over the edges of tables, and jutting from every available crevice and cubbyhole. When a way had been cleared for unobstructed vision, we noted that he seemed to be in perfect spirits and as patient



"Is that her warlock or are they just living together?"

• •

and wise as ever. We complimented him on the glorious disarray of his quarters. He leaned back in his chair cautiously, to avoid colliding with several volumes of law journals, and smiled. "I like to think that a clean desk represents an empty mind," he said, and that was that. "One must remember that Frankfurter's most extensive influence was on people," he continued. "He won't be so much remembered for the inventiveness of his ideas as for his ability to bring out the best in people—capacities they scarcely dreamed they had. He was both warm and outgoing *and* pugnacious and contentious. Brandeis once said that he was 'the most *useful* lawyer in America.' Frankfurter cared terribly for people. I won't say that his ideas were original—he held to social democracy through law. He was a conservative, in the sense that he was attached to tradition. He carried on a lifelong love affair with Britain. We'd all be talking, for instance, and someone would mention France, and Frankfurter would say, 'Oh, yes, *France*. But France didn't give us habeas corpus.' Cases in which he became deeply involved—Mooney, say, or Sacco and Vanzetti—and which were causes espoused by liberals and radicals, he became deeply involved in because he saw them as miscarriages of justice. His procedural sense was outraged, because those decisions had failed his sacred legal system. His wife once said that when Felix spoke of 'the law' a distinct tone of awe crept into his voice. He felt that words were his business. English was his second language, and to my mind he used it with true artistry—the artistry of a Nabokov or a Conrad. He was a prodigious worker, and very sensitive. How furiously he would leaf through the entire transcript—page after page—of a court record. He was deeply wounded when President Lowell was once reported to have remarked that 'Frankfurter is too shrewd not to be accurate.' Historically, his reputation was at its lowest right after his death, in 1965. On the Supreme Court, he seemed to be a brake rather than an engine—something of a leaden foot. But his reputation is again rising. Doubts have been expressed as to the viability of all that the courts have attempted to undertake. Today, I think, he stands midway between the most active and the most reluctant of judges. At the height of the activist movement, this seemed to many a bad posture, but he yielded to no one in his insistence on human rights. A favorite pejorative of his was 'simple-minded.' He reacted to what he saw as the overreaching of the courts. He devoutly believed that courts must not act as legislatures. This often placed him in the position of spokesman for the status quo. He made certain difficult distinctions between state and national powers; he believed in granting more leeway to the states. There were grave conflicts in his personality. On the one hand, he admonished his judicial brethren to lead the monastic life. On the other hand, *he* was into everything—dining out, writing letters, giving advice. Such activities never concerned men like Holmes and Learned Hand. Holmes didn't read the newspapers, and Hand scrupulously kept his own counsel. Frankfurter was lost without constant news of the world. When he visited an old friend at the seashore in California, he almost frantically paced the beach until someone brought him that day's copy of the New York *Times*. And when he rented the summer place of another dear old friend, the phone company called the owner to say, 'We just thought you ought to know that your tenant is running up an *enormous* phone bill.' Essentially, he was the professor. He loved to teach, and some of the other justices felt they might do without the lectures of the professor. But as a teacher he was a refreshing bird—not in the dry, conventional mode. No such business as A giving property to B, subsequently stolen by C. For Frankfurter, a case always involved real people, and he presented it with all its disorder and its human elements. The three great influences on his life were Stimson, Brandeis, and Holmes. Felix was happy Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, but not every day."

Partygoing

JANE AUSTEN says somewhere, "Everything happens at parties," and we believe her. Since we think that from time to time we should report on parties, and since this is the time of year when parties of one kind or another, whether for charity and pleasure or simply for pleasure, come thick and fast, we've been putting in some breathless late afternoons and evenings. Riffling through our calendar for a recent six-day period, beginning on a Monday, and taking care to lie back and rest on Sunday, we see that our first party of the week—cocktails in honor of Lord and Lady Caccia—was given by Mrs. John Barry Ryan, whose book- and flower-filled drawing room looks out over the ceaseless ebb and flow of the East River. Lord Caccia, formerly the British Ambassador to Washington, was in town not only to visit with old friends like Mrs. Ryan but also, as Lord Prior of the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, to preside over certain arcane ceremonies at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. And who else was at Mrs. Ryan's? Why, among others, Lady Wright, Mary and Norris Darrell, George Trescher, Susan Henshaw Jones, Sir John Pope-Hennessy, Alan Pryce-Jones, and Philip Johnson.

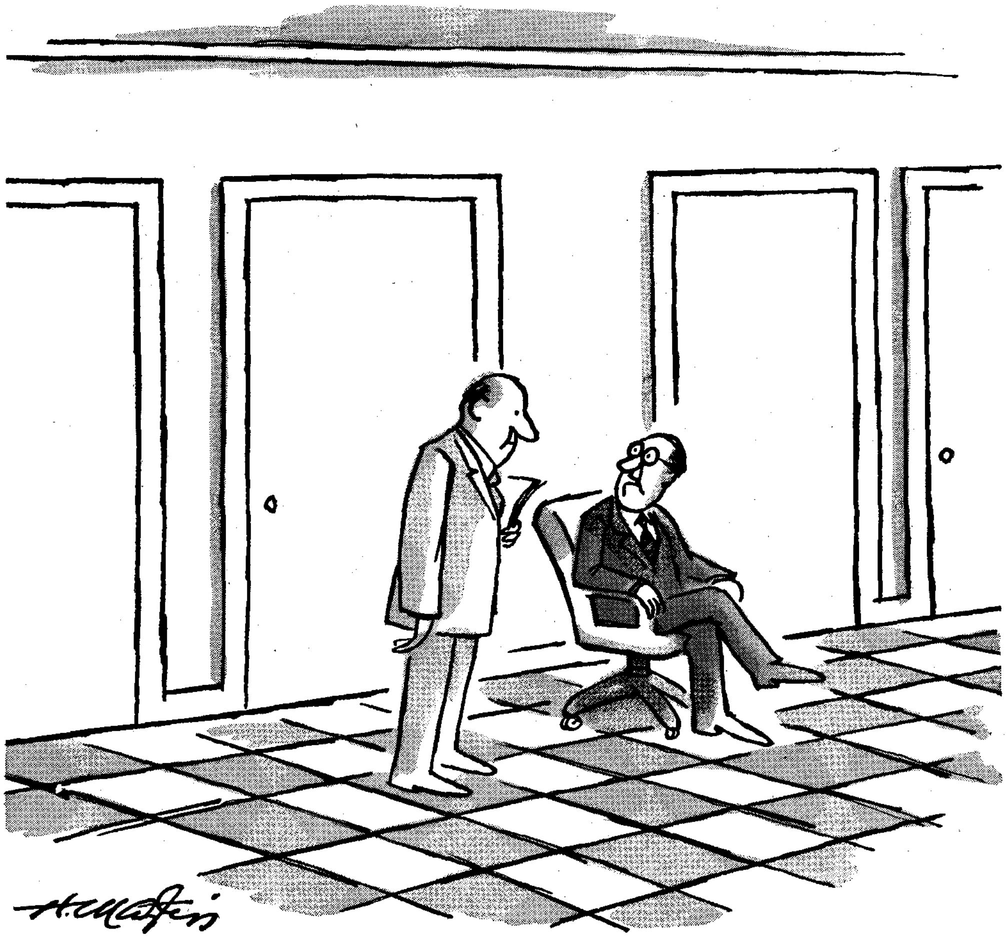
From Mrs. Ryan's we sped to the Park Avenue apartment of the ubiquitous Kay Meehan, who was giving a cozy dinner for fourteen in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Magowan, of San Francisco. Friends and acquaintances overlap at New York parties in precisely the same fashion that they might in Podunk; we weren't surprised to learn that Mr. Magowan, who recently retired as president and chairman of the board of Safeway Stores, had come East to be received as an Associate Knight of the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, under the priorly eye of Lord Caccia. ("Associate" is added to the title of all non-British Commonwealth knights.) We sat at table between Jeanne Murray Vanderbilt and Mrs. Magowan, whose father was Charles Merrill, the well-known stockbroker, and whose brother is James Merrill, the no less well-known poet. For many years, the Merrill family owned and occupied the James Breese mansion, in Southampton, designed by Stanford White. Then the house was used as a school for a time, but it is now vacant; it has twenty or thirty rooms and acres of abandoned gardens, and unless historic-building preservationists are able to find some sympathetic—and financially plausible—new use for the property, its future looks grim.

At a late hour, we drove down to the building on Centre Street that was formerly Police Headquarters, for the Louis Falco Dance Company was giving a benefit supper-dance there for upward of four hundred guests. Tickets for the affair, which had included, earlier in the evening, a dance performance at the Roundabout Theatre, ranged in price from a hundred and twenty-five dollars to a thousand dollars, and everybody at Headquarters appeared to feel that he or she was getting his or her money's worth. The building is a splendid neo-Renaissance domed structure, nearly seventy years old, and is the key to the rehabilitation of the area known as Little Italy; it dominates the adjacent rooftops as the Church of St. Agnese in Agone dominates the Piazza Navona, in Rome. The Little Italy Restoration Association (whose acronym is an appropriately fiscal play on words) saved the building from demolition and intends to have it serve as a cultural center for the neighborhood. Among those who helped the project along by attending the Falco party were Jacqueline Onassis, Robert Indiana, Mary Beame, Peter Beard, Louise Nevelson, Oscar Ianello, Virgil Thomson, Merce Cunningham, Martin E. Segal, John Cage, Edward Albee, Leo Castelli, Mario Amaya, and Lucy Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Cowles, known to their friends as Mike and Jan, had been among the guests at Kay Meehan's dinner; the next day, they gave a cocktail party at their Fifth Avenue apartment for Bill Pepper and his wife, the sculptress Beverly Pepper, who had come here from their home in Italy to help celebrate the publication of Bill's novel "Marco." In the gallery of the Cowles apartment is a life-size female nude in bronze by Gaston Lachaise; for the occasion, the nude was holding in one hand, and apparently reading with close attention, a copy of "Marco." The guests at the party included Francine du Plessix Gray and Cleve Gray, Lily and Douglas Auchincloss, Hope and Julian Bach, Nancy Crampton, Nedda and Joshua Logan, Lucio Manisco, Barbara Rose, Jerry Leiber, Aileen Mehle, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Liberman, and—turn about being fair play—Kay Meehan.

On the following afternoon, the Peppers and "Marco" were given another cocktail party, this time at the duplex apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Feinberg, on East Fifty-seventh Street. The Feinbergs are fortunate enough to possess an enormous swimming pool on their second floor, which is the forty-eighth floor of the building; through the floor-to-ceiling glass windows illuminating the pool from the east one has no difficulty seeing, on a clear summer's day, the gray cliffs of Portugal. We asked Bill Pepper how his book was doing. "Robert Ardrey says you can't put it down," he said, smiling a wary author's smile.

On Thursday evening, the Municipal Art Society gave a benefit dinner-dance in the Casino on the Park, at Essex House. The occasion was the eighty-fifth anniversary of the founding



"They've taken away my desk, my phone, my secretary, and my 'From the desk of' pads. On the other hand, they haven't fired me, so I guess I'm free to roam the halls."

• •

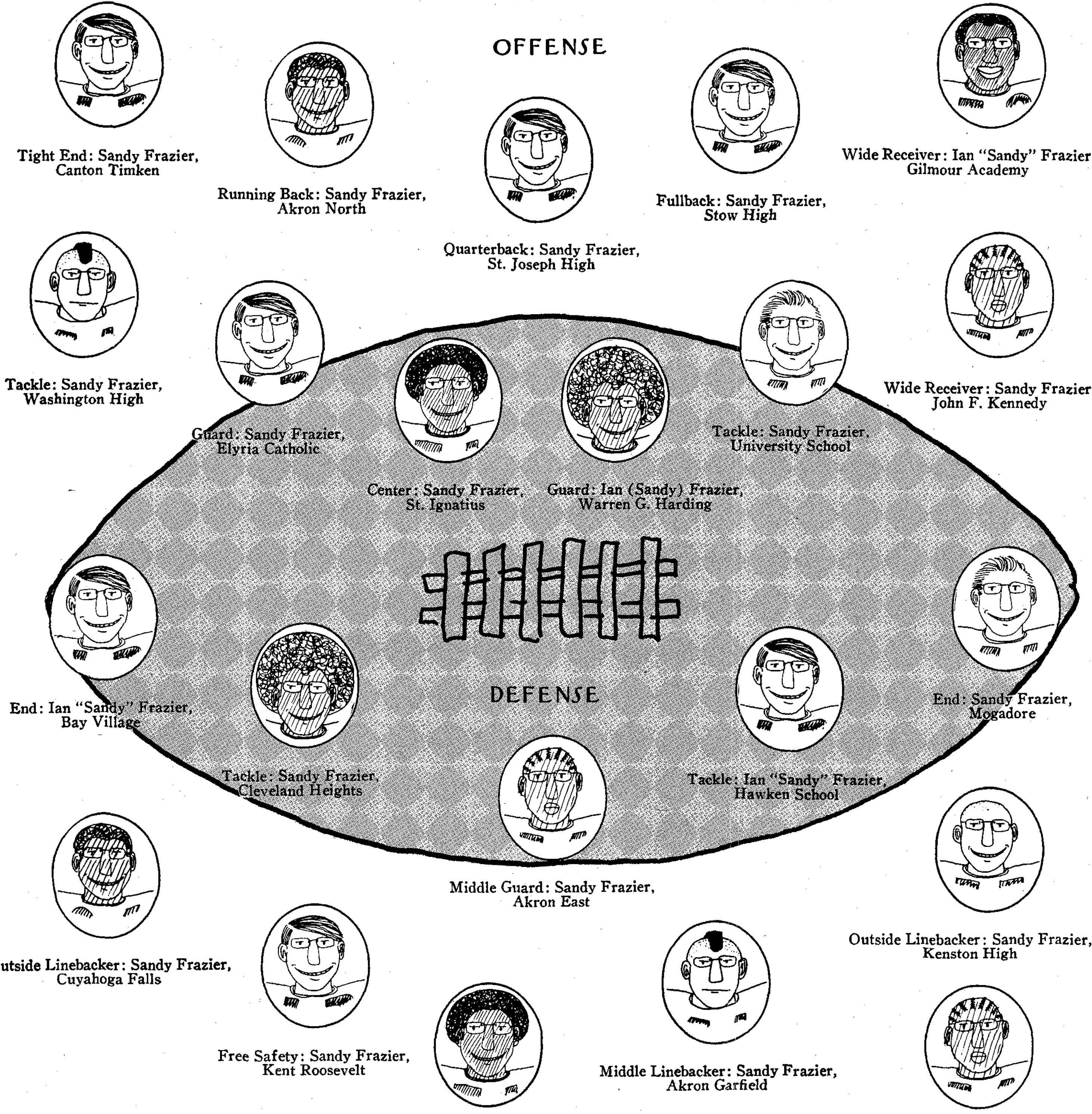
of the society, and the guest of honor was Nancy Hanks, the newly retired chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. Frederic S. Papert, president of the Municipal Art Society, presented Miss Hanks with the President's Medal; Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., paid her a brief tribute with no medal attached; and Mayor Beame presented her with the Bronze Medallion of the City of New York. Three hundred-odd guests ate smoked Danish brook trout, roast contrefilet of beef, and birthday cake *au rhum*, and drank, in sequence, Vouvray from Pierre Colnot, 1975, Château La Cardonne, 1972, and Perrier-Jouët, no date. All this for a hundred and fifty dollars a ticket, thanks to the fact that the Marriott people, who own Essex House, financed the entire event. The co-chairmen were Lily Auchincloss and Martin E. Segal, and either at table or out on the dance floor we caught sight of—here we go again—Brooke Astor, Leonard Garment, Jacqueline Onassis, Mary and Laurance Rockefeller, Mrs. John Barry Ryan, Alice Kaplan, Harold Prince, Joan K. Davidson, Senator Javits, Carole and Gordon Hyatt, Jerome Robbins, Kitty Carlisle Hart, Blanchette Rockefeller, Benjamin Sonnenberg, Jessica Zive, Ivan Chermayeff, Helen Tucker, Jane Clark, William and Evelyn Bernbach, Marilyn Meyerhoff, Margot and Hoyt Spelman, Mike and Jan Cowles, Whitney North Seymour, Philip Johnson, and George Trescher.

On Friday evening, the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies gave a black-tie cocktail party in its headquarters, high over West Fortieth Street, in celebration of its tenth anniversary. We pitched headlong into a veritable sea of architects, among them Philip Johnson ("This place is the contemporary Beaux-Arts, it's the contemporary Bauhaus, it's the very best thing of its kind!"), James Rossant, Ted Liebman, Peter Wolf, Frank Gehry, Ulrich Franzen, John Hejduk, T. Merrill Prentice, Jr., and James Stewart Polshek. To say nothing of such other guests as Faith Bushby, Paul Goldberger, Nancy Crampton, Lella and Massimo Vignelli, Jerry Walsh, Jennifer Montgomery, Marita O'Hare, John Margolies, Simone Swan, C. Ray Smith, Christophe de Menil, Armand Bartos, Andrew MacNair, Catherine Bernard, and Constance Mellon.

The evening was obviously just getting under way when we made our farewells and hastened north to the International Center of Photography, at 1130 Fifth Avenue, where Doubleday was giving a party in honor of Peter Beard and the publication of his latest book about Africa, "The End of the Game." Although the Center itself had been giving a series of Beard bashes all week (one of them was its annual benefit gala, co-chaired by Mrs. Onassis and Walter Cronkite), its director, Cornell Capa, seemed undiminished in energy and hospitality. He introduced us to Peter Beard, who, in turn, introduced us to half a dozen extremely good-looking young women, all of them hanging on Beard's every word. The walls of the Center were hung with his photographs of living and dead African animals and with charred artifacts of his windmill-residence on the great bluffs at Montauk, which burned to the ground last summer. John Sargent, the president of Doubleday and the host of the party, gave the impression of being a foot taller than and twice as broad-shouldered as anyone else at the Center; circling round him we noted Constance Mellon, William Cole, Michael Goldstein, Steven M. L. Aronson, and Shelley Wanger.

Slowing down a little, on Saturday evening we enjoyed a quiet dinner for eight at Mimi and Mortimer Levitt's house in the East Eighties, then proceeded to still another party for the Bill Peppers, this one given by Lucio Manisco, in his duplex in the East Sixties. Again we asked Pepper how "Marco" was doing, and again he smiled. "Francine du Plessix Gray says it's 'haunting, vivid, intensely felt,'" he said. We wished him luck with it, and dashed off for a nightcap at Norman Mailer's romantic marine villa on the heights of Brooklyn. The guest of honor that evening was Jan Cushing, and the occasion was her thirty-first birthday. Helping her to blow out the candles on her cake were, among others, Alexandra and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Tom Guinzburg, Amy and Milton Greene, John Carl Warnecke, James Brady, Darcy and John Damgard, Ruth Stapleton, Pete Hamill, Thomas Finletter, Constance Mellon, and—at last!—Freddy and George Plimpton. Where, we silently wondered, had *they* been all week? Somewhere above the dark harbor, a clock in a steeple groaned and struck. It was Sunday morning, and our journalistic partygoing was done.

THE SANDY FRAZIER DREAM TEAM



OFFENSE

Tight End: Sandy Frazier,
Canton Timken

Running Back: Sandy Frazier,
Akron North

Quarterback: Sandy Frazier,
St. Joseph High

Fullback: Sandy Frazier,
Stow High

Wide Receiver: Ian "Sandy" Frazier,
Gilmour Academy

Tackle: Sandy Frazier,
Washington High

Guard: Sandy Frazier,
Elyria Catholic

Center: Sandy Frazier,
St. Ignatius

Guard: Ian (Sandy) Frazier,
Warren G. Harding

Tackle: Sandy Frazier,
University School

Wide Receiver: Sandy Frazier,
John F. Kennedy

DEFENSE

End: Ian "Sandy" Frazier,
Bay Village

Tackle: Sandy Frazier,
Cleveland Heights

Middle Guard: Sandy Frazier,
Akron East

Tackle: Ian "Sandy" Frazier,
Hawken School

End: Sandy Frazier,
Mogadore

Outside Linebacker: Sandy Frazier,
Cuyahoga Falls

Free Safety: Sandy Frazier,
Kent Roosevelt

Deep Safety: Sandy Frazier,
Glenville

Middle Linebacker: Sandy Frazier,
Akron Garfield

Outside Linebacker: Sandy Frazier,
Kenston High

Deep Safety: Sandy Frazier,
John Adams

OFFENSE:

QUARTERBACK: 6′4″, 185-lb. senior Sandy Frazier led St. Joe's Vikings to their second straight all-city championship, amassing 1,593 yards in the air with an 87% completion ratio. Set state mark for rushing by a quarterback with 830 yards for the season.

Fullback: Stow junior Sandy Frazier (6′5″, 217 lbs.) broke all rushing records set at Stow in 1962 by star alum Larry Csonka. Frazier is tremendously quick for a big man.

Running Back: Suspended early in the season for disciplinary reasons, Akron North's Sandy Frazier came back in the final three games to beat Hoban, Buchtel, and Firestone with his spectacular catches and kickoff returns. He runs the hundred in 9.4, an excellent time for a man his size.

Wide Receiver: Sandy Frazier of John F. Kennedy caught 45 passes for touchdowns this season. Team captain in his sophomore year, he will make the Fighting Eagles squad of 17 returning lettermen a power in the '78 city championships.

Wide Receiver: The Lancers cruised to the Greater Cleveland Private School title behind the receiving and open-field blocking of 6′5″, 195-lb. junior end Ian "Sandy" Frazier. For a man of his size, he possesses outstanding quickness and agility.

Tight End: Canton Timken relied on their big junior tight end Sandy Frazier for his blocking on traps and sweeps, as well as for his pass-catching abilities.

His quickness is amazing, considering his height and weight (6′7″, 223 lbs.).

Tackle: Massillon's Washington High has produced more pro tackles than any other high school in the country, and 6′8″, 260-lb. junior Sandy Frazier is well on his way to joining that list. He moves with great agility for a tackle that large.

Tackle: University School's four-year letterman and team captain Sandy Frazier displays surprising quickness, despite his 6′2″, 230-lb. frame.

Guard: Ian (Sandy) Frazier of Warren G. Harding really made the Panthers' ground game roll. The 6′3″, 215-lb. senior is an excellent pulling guard, with his 9.8 speed.

Guard: Elyria Catholic senior Sandy Frazier, at 6′4″ and 240 lbs., is a lineman who can do it all. He has great mobility for a big man.

Center: St. Ignatius sophomore Sandy Frazier, at 5′11″, 212 lbs., was the dependable keystone of the Maize and Blue offense this year, which ranked third in total yardage in the state prep totals.

DEFENSE:

DEEP SAFETY: John Adams coach Paul Feldermacher calls 5′9″, 165-lb. junior defensive back Sandy Frazier "Pound for pound the best player I have ever coached." He wins the Dream-Team Headhunter Award for most tackles this season.

Deep Safety: 5′11″, 175-lb. senior Sandy Frazier of Glenville won the East Cleveland Thanksgiving Turkey Day Game with his 85-yard runback of an interception in the final seconds.

Free Safety: A player skilled at reading defenses who also loves to hit people, Kent Roosevelt junior Sandy Frazier was the headache of running backs throughout the greater Akron area, with his 6′7″, 210-lb. build coupled with his excellent speed.

Outside Linebacker: Sandy Frazier of Cuyahoga Falls, a 6′3″, 210-lb. junior, led the Suburban League in tackles per game. He is as fast and nimble as a man half his size.

Outside Linebacker: Kenston High's junior defender Sandy Frazier (6′4″, 215 lbs.) played with reckless abandon in the Class AA Divisional Championship, blocking three punts. Even though he is huge, he is also swift.

Middle Linebacker: A narrow choice in the Dream Team voting over Walsh Jesuit's outstanding MLB Sandy Frazier, Akron Garfield senior captain Sandy Frazier won out because even though he clocks a speedy 4.2 in the 40-yard dash, he is still extremely large (6′2″, 210 lbs.).

HIS TUNING OF THE NIGHT

All night he lies awake tuning the sky,
tuning the night with its fat crackle of static,
with its melancholy love songs crooning
across the rainy air above Verdun
& the Autobahn's blue, suicidal dawn.

Wherever he lives, there is the same unwomaned bed,
the ashtrays overflowing their reproaches,
his stained fingers on the tuning bar, fishing
for her voice in a deep mirrorless pond,
for the tinsel & elusive fish,
glittering like pennies in water,
the copper-colored daughter of the pond god.

He casts for her, the tuning bar his rod,
but only long-dead lovers with their griefs
haunt him in Piaf's voice
(as if a voice could somehow only die
when it was sung out, utterly).

He finally lies down & drowns the light,
but the taste of her rises, brackish,
from the long dark water of her illness
& his grief is terrible as drowning
when he reaches for the radio again.

In the daytime, you hardly know him—
he walks in a borrowed calm.
You cannot sense
his desperation in the dawn
when the abracadabras of the birds
conjure another phantom day.

He favors cities which blaze all night,
hazy mushrooms of light under the blue
& blinking eyes of jets.
But when the lamps across the way go under,
& the floorboards settle,
& the pipes fret like old men gargling,
he is alone with his mouthful of ghosts,
his tongue bitter with her unmourned death . . .

I watch from my blue window
knowing he does not trust me,
though I know him as I know my ghosts,
though I know his drowning,
though, since that night when all harmony broke for me,
I have been trying to tune the sky.

—ERICA JONG

• •

End: Bay Village High senior DE Ian "Sandy" Frazier, at 6′6″, 231 lbs., has the catlike quickness which makes him a really tough defender, when you consider how big he is.

End: Mogadore owes most of its 6–3 won-lost record to sophomore defensive end Sandy Frazier, who intimidated blockers with his agility, which was outstanding when operating in concert with his 6′5″, 223-lb. body.

Tackle: Ian "Sandy" Frazier of Hawken School is a player who you would think would move slow off the ball when you realized that he weighs in at 6′8″, 240 lbs., but that was not the case, as many prep-league opponents can attest.

Tackle: Cleveland Heights junior standout Sandy Frazier (6′3″, 219 lbs.) made game-saving tackles three times in goal-line stands when the Heights Tigers shut out the mighty Blue Bombers of Cleveland East. He is very large, in addition to being very fast.

Middle Guard: Akron East junior Sandy Frazier was the mainstay of East's defense, which allowed only 24 points all season. For a man of his quickness and agility, he possesses tremendous size.

—IAN FRAZIER

A FAMILY MAN

LATE in the afternoon, when she had given him up and had even changed out of her pink dress into her smock and jeans and was working once more at her bench, the doorbell rang. William had come after all. It was in the nature of their love affair that his visits were fitful; he had a wife and children. To show that she understood the situation—even found the curious satisfaction of reverie in his absences, which lately had lasted several weeks—Berenice dawdled yawning to the door. As she slipped off the chain, she called back in to the empty flat, "It's all right, Father. I'll answer it."

William had told her to do this, because she was a woman living on her own; the call would show strangers that there was a man there to defend her. Berenice's voice was mocking, for she thought his idea possessive and ridiculous. Not only that, she had been brought up by Quakers and thought it wrong to tell or act a lie. Sometimes when she opened the door to him, she would say, "Well! Mr. Cork," to remind him he was a married man. He had the kind of shadowed handsomeness that easily gleams with guilt, and this gave their affair its piquancy.

But now when she opened the door, no William. The yawn, with its hopes and its irony, died on her mouth. A very large woman, taller than herself, filled the doorway from top to bottom—an enormous blob of pink jersey and green skirt, the jersey low and loose at the neck, a face and body inflated to the point of speechlessness. The woman even seemed to be asleep, with her large blue eyes open.

"Yes?" said Berenice.

The woman woke up and looked unbelievingly at Berenice's feet, which were bare, for she liked to go about barefoot at home, and said, "Is this Miss Foster's place?"

Berenice was offended by the word "place."

"This is Miss Foster's residence," she said. "I am she."

"Ah," said the woman, babyish no longer but sugary. "I was given your address at the College. You teach at the College, I believe? I've come about the repair."

"A repair? I make jewelry," said Berenice. "I do not do repairs."

"They told me at the College you were repairing my husband's flute. I am Mrs. Cork."

Berenice's heart stopped. Her wrist went weak and her hand drooped on the door handle, and a spurt of icy air shot up her body to her face and then turned to flaming heat as it shot back again. Her head suddenly filled with chattering voices saying, "Oh, God. How frightful." "William, you didn't tell her?" "Now what are you, you, you going to do?" And the word "Do, do" clattered on in her head.

"Cork?" said Berenice. "Flute?"

"Florence Cork," said the woman firmly, all sleepy sweetness gone.

"Oh, yes. I am sorry. Mrs. Cork—of course, yes. Oh, do come in. I'm so sorry. We haven't met. How very nice to meet you. William's—Mr. Cork's flute! His flute. Yes, I remember. How d'you do? How is he? He hasn't been to the College for months. Have you seen him lately—how silly, of course you have. Did you have a lovely holiday? Did the children enjoy it? I would have posted it, only I didn't know your address. Come in, please, come in."

"In here?" said Mrs. Cork, and marched into the front room, where Berenice worked. Here, in the direct glare of Berenice's working lamp, Florence Cork looked larger, and even pregnant. She seemed to occupy the whole of the room as she stood in it, apparently memorizing everything—the bench, the pots of paintbrushes, the large designs pinned to the wall, the rolls of paper, the sofa covered with papers and letters and sewing, the pink dress which Berenice had thrown over a chair. She seemed to be consuming it all, drinking all the air.

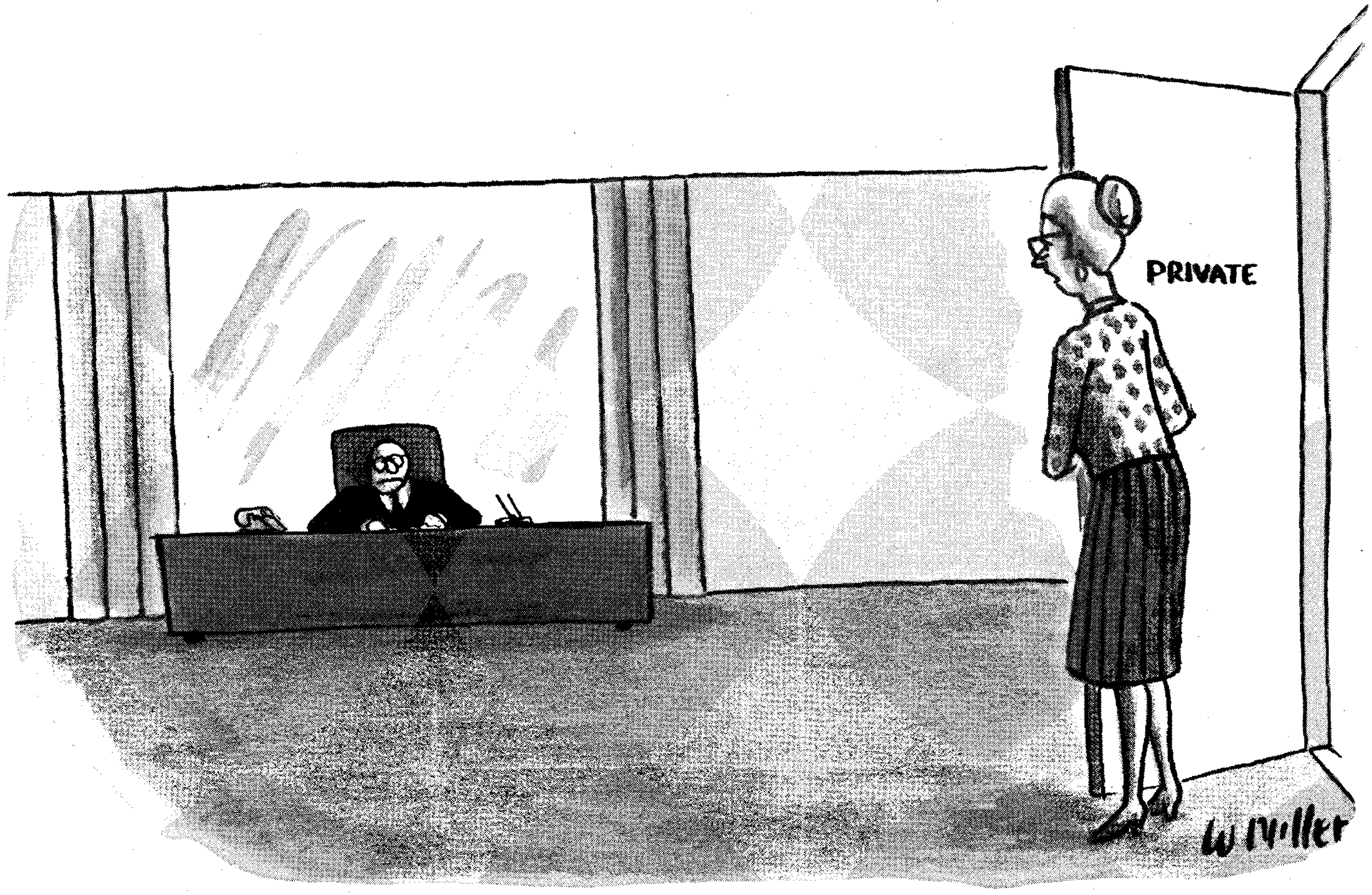
But here Berenice, barefoot amid the disorder of which she was very vain—which, indeed, fascinated her, and represented her talent, her independence, a girl's right to a life of her own—recovered her breath.

"It is such a pleasure to meet you," she said. "Mr. Cork has often spoken of you to us at the College. We're quite a family there. Please sit. I'll move the dress—I was mending it."

But Mrs. Cork did not sit down. She gave a sudden lurch toward the bench, and, seeing her husband's flute there, propped against the wall, she grabbed it and swung it above her head, as if it were a weapon.

"Yes," said Berenice, who was thinking, Oh dear, the woman's drunk, "I was working on it only this morning. I had never seen a flute like that before. Such a beautiful silver scroll. I gather it's very old—a German

"I wish you'd try not to do those A and B things, because you never get to B."



"Mr. Bradshaw, your son is here. He's given up living in the tepee and wants to join the firm."

• •

one, a presentation piece given to Mr. Cork's father. I believe he played in a famous orchestra in—where was it, Bayreuth or Berlin? You never see a scroll like that in England—not a delicate silver scroll like that. It seems to have been dropped somewhere or have had a blow. Mr. Cork told me he had played it in an orchestra himself once—Covent Garden or somewhere."

She watched Mrs. Cork flourish the flute in the air.

"A blow!" cried Mrs. Cork now in a rich, meaty voice. "I'll say it did. I threw it at him."

And then she lowered her arm and stood swaying on her legs as she confronted Berenice and said, "Where is he?"

"Who?" said Berenice in a fright.

"My husband!" Mrs. Cork shouted. "Don't try and soft-soap me with all that twaddle. Playing in an orchestra! Is that what he has been stuffing you up with? I know what you and he are up to. He comes every Thursday. He's been here since half past two. I know. I have had this place watched."

She swung round to the closed door of Berenice's bedroom. "What's in there?" Mrs. Cork shouted, and advanced to it.

"Mrs. Cork," said Berenice as calmly as she could. "I know nothing about your husband. I don't know what you are talking about."

She placed herself before the door of the room. "And please stop shouting. That is my father's room." And, excited by Mrs. Cork's accusation, she said, "He is a very old man and he is not well. He is asleep in there."

"In there?" said Mrs. Cork.

"Yes, in there."

"And what about the other rooms? Who lives upstairs?"

"There are no other rooms," said Berenice. "I live here with my father. Upstairs? Some new people have moved in."

Berenice was astonished by these words of hers, for she was a truthful young woman and was startled, even excited, by a lie so vast. It seemed to glitter in the air as she spoke it.

Mrs. Cork was checked. She flopped down on the chair on which Berenice had put her dress.

"My dress, if you please," said Berenice, and pulled it away.

"If you don't do it here," said Mrs. Cork, quietening and with tears in her eyes, "you do it somewhere else."

"I don't know anything about your husband," Berenice said. "I only see him at the College, like the other teachers. I don't know anything about him. If you will give me the flute, I will pack it up for you, and I must ask you to go."

"You can't deceive me. I know everything. You think because you are young you can do what you like," Mrs. Cork muttered to herself and began rummaging in her handbag.

For Berenice, one of the attractions of William was that their meetings were erratic. The affair was like a game; she liked surprise above all. In the intervals when he was not there, the game continued for her. She liked imagining what he and his family were doing. She saw them as all glued together, as if in some enduring and absurd photograph—perhaps sitting in their suburban garden, or standing beside a motorcar, always in the sun, but with William himself, dark-faced and busy in his gravity, a step or two back from them.

"Is your wife beautiful?" she had asked him once when they were in bed.

William, in his slow, serious way, took a long time to answer. He said at last, "Very beautiful."

This had made Berenice feel exceedingly beautiful herself. She saw his wife as a raven-haired, dark-eyed woman, and longed to meet her. The more she imagined her, the more she felt for her—the more she saw eye to eye with her in the pleasant, busy middle ground of womanish feelings and moods, for as a woman living alone she felt a firm loyalty to her sex. During this last summer, when William and his family were on holiday, she had again seen them glued together as they sat with dozens of other families in the airplane that was taking them abroad, so that it seemed to her that day after day, night after night, the London sky was rumbling with matrimony, thirty thousand feet above the city and above the countryside and the sea and its beaches—where she imagined the legs of their children running across the sand, William flushed with his responsibilities, his wife turning over to brown her back in the sun. Berenice was often out and about with her many friends, most of whom were married. She loved the look of harassed contentment on the tired faces of the husbands, the alert looks of their spirited wives. Among the married, she felt her singularity. She listened to their endearments and their bickerings. She played with their children, who ran at once to her. She could not bear young men who approached her, talking about themselves all the time, flashing with the slapdash egotism of young men, trying to bring her peculiarity to an end. Among families, she felt herself to be strange and necessary—a necessary secret. When William said his wife was beautiful, she had felt so beautiful herself that her bones seemed to turn to water.

But now the real Florence sat rummaging in her bag before her, this balloon-like giant, at first babyish and then shouting accusations. The dreamed-of Florence had vanished. This real Florence seemed unreal and incredible. And William himself changed. His good looks began to appear commonplace and shady; his seriousness became furtive, his praise calculating. He was shorter than his wife, his face now looked hangdog, and she saw him dragging his feet as obediently he followed her. Berenice resented that this woman had made her tell a lie, strangely intoxicating though it was to do so, and had made her feel ugly. For she must be so, if Florence was what he called beautiful. And not only ugly but pathetic and without dignity.

Berenice watched warily, as the woman took a letter from her handbag.

“Then what is this necklace?” Mrs. Cork said, blowing herself out again.

“What necklace is that?” said Berenice.

“Read it. You wrote it.”

Berenice smiled with astonishment. She knew she no longer needed to defend herself. She prided herself on fastidiousness. She had never in her life written a letter to a lover; it would be like giving something of herself away, it would be almost an indecency. She certainly felt it would be very wrong to read anyone else's letter.

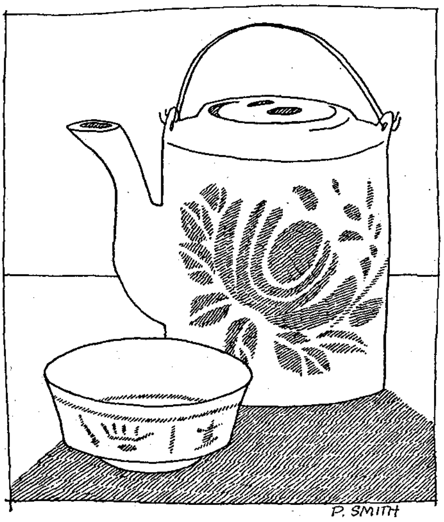
Mrs. Cork pushed the letter at her. Berenice took it in two fingers, glanced at it, and turned it over to see the name of the writer.

“This is not my writing,” she said. The hand was sprawling; her own was scratchy and small. “Who is Bunny? Who is Rosie?”

Mrs. Cork snatched the letter and read it in a booming voice that made the words ridiculous. “ ‘I am longing for the necklace. Tell that girl to hurry up. Do bring it next time. And darling, don't forget the flute!!! Rosie.’ What do you mean, who is Bunny?” Mrs. Cork said. “You know very well. Bunny is my husband.”

Berenice turned away and pointed to a small poster that was pinned to the wall. It contained a photograph of a necklace and three brooches that she had shown at an exhibition in a very fashionable shop known for its modern jewelry. At the bottom of the poster, elegantly printed, were the words “Created by Berenice.” Berenice read the words aloud, reciting them as if they were a line from a poem. “My name is Berenice,” she said.

It was strange to be speaking the truth. And it suddenly seemed to her, as she recited the words, that really William had never been to her flat, that he had never been her lover, and had never played his silly flute there—that, indeed, he was the most boring man at the College and that a chasm separated her from this woman, made so ugly by jealousy.



Mrs. Cork was still large with unbelief, but as she studied the poster despair settled on her face. “I found it in his pocket,” she said helplessly.

“We all make mistakes, Mrs. Cork,” Berenice said coldly across the chasm. And then, generous in victory, she said, “Let me see the letter again.”

Mrs. Cork gave her the letter, and Berenice read it. At the word “flute” a doubt came into her head. Her hand began to tremble and quickly she handed the letter back.

“Who gave you my address—I mean, at the College?” she said in an accusing tone. “There is a rule that no addresses are given. Or telephone numbers.”

“The girl,” said Mrs. Cork, defending herself.

“Which girl? At Enquiries?”

“She fetched someone.”

“Who was it?” said Berenice.

“I don't know. It began with a ‘W,’ I think,” said Mrs. Cork.

“Wheeler?” said Berenice. “There is a Mr. Wheeler.”

“No, it wasn't a man. It was a young woman. With a ‘W’—Glowitz.”

“That begins with a ‘G,’ ” said Berenice.

“No,” said Mrs. Cork out of her muddle, now afraid of Berenice. “Glowitz was the name.”

“Glowitz?” said Berenice, unbelieving. “Rosie Glowitz? She's not young.”

“I didn't notice,” said Mrs. Cork. “Is her name Rosie?”

Berenice sat down. She felt giddy and cold. The chasm between herself and Mrs. Cork closed up.

“Yes,” said Berenice, and sat on the sofa, pushing letters and papers away from herself. She felt sick. “Did you show her the letter?” she said.

“No,” said Mrs. Cork, looking masterful again for a moment. “She told me you were repairing the flute.”

“Please go,” Berenice wanted to say, but she could not get her breath to say it. And, “You have been deceived. You are accusing the wrong person. I thought your husband's name was William. He never called himself Bunny. We all call him William at the College. Rosie Glowitz wrote this letter.” But that sentence “Bring the flute” was too much. She was suddenly on the side of this angry woman, she wished she could shout and break out into rage. She wanted to grab

SAT. NOV
GARAGE SALE
(SPECIAL APPEARANCE
BY BILLY CARTER
LATER TODAY)

• •

the flute that lay on Mrs. Cork's lap and throw it at the wall and smash it.

"I apologize, Miss Foster," said Mrs. Cork in a surly voice. The glister of tears in her eyes and the dampness on her face had dried. "I believe you. I have been worried out of my mind—you will understand."

Berenice's beauty had drained away. The behavior of her two or three lovers had always seemed self-satisfied to her, but William, the most unlikely one, was the oddest. He would never stay in bed and gossip but was soon out staring at the garden, looking older as if he were travelling back into his life; then, hardly saying anything, he dressed, turning to stare at the garden again as his head came out of his shirt or he put a leg into his trousers, in a manner that made her think he had completely forgotten her. Then he would go into her front room, bring back the flute, and go out to sit on a decorative iron seat, painted white, under a tree in the garden. He looked comically formal sitting there, and she had once drawn a cruel caricature of him, with his long lip drawn down at the mouthpiece and his eyes lowered as the thin high notes, so sad and lascivious, seemed to curl away like wisps of smoke into the trees. Sometimes she laughed, sometimes she smiled, sometimes she was touched, and sometimes angry and bewildered. One proud satisfaction was that the people upstairs had complained.

She was tempted, now that she and this clumsy woman were at one, to say to her, "Aren't men extraordinary? Is this what he does at home? Does he rush out to your garden, bold as brass, to play that silly thing?" And then she would be scornful: "To think of him going round to Rosie Glowitz's and half the gardens of London doing this!"

But she could not say this, of course. And so she looked at poor Mrs. Cork with triumphant sympathy. She longed to break Rosie Glowitz's neck and to think of some transcendent, appeasing lie that would make Mrs. Cork happy again, but the woman was making everything worse by again asking to be forgiven. She said, "I am truly sorry," and, "When I saw your work in the shop, I wanted to meet you. That is really why I came. My husband has often spoken of it."

Well, at least she can tell a lie, too, Berenice thought. Suppose I gave her everything I've got. Anything to get her to go. She looked at the drawer of her bench, which was filled with beads and pieces of polished stone and crystal. She felt like getting handfuls of it and pouring it all into Mrs. Cork's lap.

"Do you work only in silver?" said Mrs. Cork, dabbing her eyes.

"Most of the time," said Berenice. "I am working on something now."

And even as she said it, the great appeasing lie came out of her, before she could stop herself.

"A present," she said. "Actually," she said, "we all got together at the College. A present for Rosie Glowitz. She's getting married again. I expect that is what the letter is about. Mr. Cork arranged it. He is very kind and thoughtful."

She heard herself say this with wonder. Her other lies had glittered, but this one had the beauty of a newly discovered truth.

"You mean, *Bunny's* collecting the money?" said Mrs. Cork.

"Yes," said Berenice.

A great laugh came out of Florence Cork. "The big spender!" she cried. "Collecting other people's money. He hasn't spent a penny on us for thirty years. And you're all giving this to that woman I talked to, who has been married twice? Two sets of wedding presents!"

She sighed and shook her head.

"You fools," she went on. "Some women get away with it—I don't know how. But not with my Bunny." She said this proudly and as if with alarming meaning. "He doesn't say much. He's deep, is my Bunny!"

"Would you like a cup of tea?" said Berenice politely, hoping she would say no and go.

"I think I will," Mrs. Cork said comfortably. "I'm so glad I came to see you. And what about your father?" she added, glancing at the closed door. "I expect he could do with a cup."

Mrs. Cork seemed wide awake now, and it was Berenice who felt dazed, drunkish, and sleepy. "I'll go and see," she said.

In the kitchen, she recovered, and came back trying to laugh. "He must have gone for his little walk," she said. "He must have heard us talking. He always slips out for his little walk in the afternoon, on the quiet."

"You have to keep an eye on them at that age," said Mrs. Cork.

They sat talking, and Mrs. Cork said, "Fancy Mrs. Glowitz getting married again." And then, absently, "I cannot understand why she says 'Bring the flute.' "

"Well," said Berenice agreeably, "he played it at the College party."

"Yes," said Mrs. Cork. "But at a wedding it's a bit pushy. You wouldn't think it of my Bunny, but he *is* pushing."

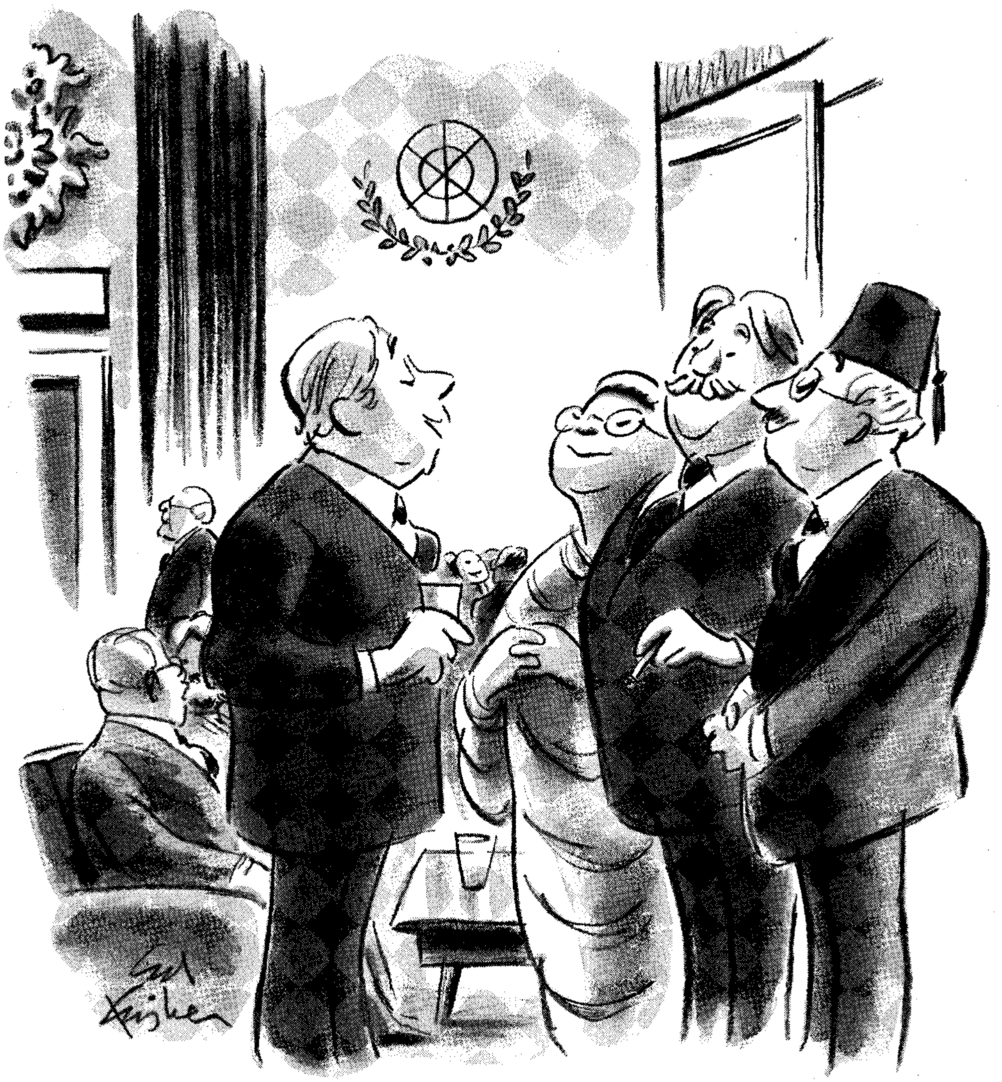
They drank their tea, and then Mrs. Cork left. Berenice felt an enormous kiss on her face, and Mrs. Cork said, "Don't be jealous of Mrs. Glowitz, dear. You'll get your turn," as she went.

Berenice put the chain on the door and went to her bedroom and lay on the bed.

How awful married people are, she thought. So public, sprawling over everyone and everything, always lying to themselves and forcing you to lie to them. She got up and looked bitterly at the empty seat under the tree in the garden, and then she laughed at it and went off to have a bath, so as to wash all those lies off her body. Afterward, she rang up a couple called Brewster, who told her to come round. She loved the Brewsters, so restfully conceited as they were in the burdens they bore. She talked her head off. The children stared at her.

"She's getting odd. She ought to get married," Mrs. Brewster said later. "I wish she wouldn't swoosh her hair around like that. She'd look better if she put it up."

—V. S. Pritchett



"A tension-lessening little thing happened to me on my way to the Assembly this morning."

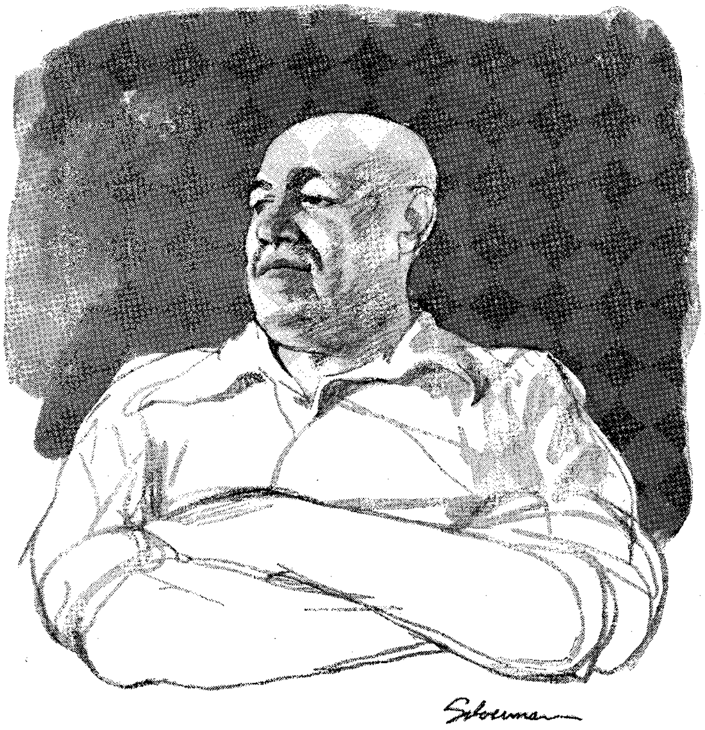
•

It was a freak accident, but that was only half of the explanation. A contractor trying to bore a sewer line accidentally broke a water main, leaving surrounding businesses and residents without service for more than an hour. Workers said they studied charts to avoid hitting the main but struck it anyway. "It was a freak accident," a utilities system spokesman explained. "It happens all the time."—*St. Petersburg (Fla.) Times.*

Takes all the surprise out of it.

PROFILES

PUTTING SOMETHING OVER SOMETHING ELSE



Romare Bearden

FOR the opening of a memorable Romare Bearden show at the Cordier & Ekstrom gallery in February, 1975, Arne Ekstrom engaged Danny Moore's five-man jazz group and a fine blues singer, Denise Rogers, whose resonant, earthy voice delighted the predominantly but by no means exclusively black opening-night crowd. The show was called "Of the Blues," and the pictures all sang in tune: "Carolina Shout," "Storyville," "New Orleans Farewell," "At the Savoy," "Kansas City 4/4," and fifteen other collage paintings, richer in color than any of Bearden's previous work, more luminous, more complex. The series did not illustrate the blues or chart the history of the blues or anything like that; each painting had come out of Bearden's memory and experience. Growing up in Harlem in the twenties, Bearden lived and breathed the music and came to know most of the great performers. Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, and Jelly Roll Morton were his early masters (to be joined later on by Duccio, Vermeer, Delacroix, and Mondrian). Ekstrom had urged him to paint the blues series, and the two men agreed that it had been a fine idea. During a break between sets by the musicians, Bearden answered a friend's question about the paintings. "One of the things I did was listen to a lot of music," he explained. "I'd take a sheet of paper and just make lines while I listened to records—a kind of shorthand to pick up the rhythm and the intervals." When Bearden was starting to paint seriously, in the thirties, he got a lot of help and encouragement from Stuart Davis. Bearden would go downtown to see Davis, who lived in Greenwich Village, and would usually find him listening to Earl Hines records. Once, he asked Davis why he liked Hines so much, and Davis said, "For his wonderful sense of intervals." Hines made the pauses between notes into something important; the silences were as expressive as the sounds. In Bearden's painting, the separations between colors, or between different values of a color, are expressive in this way. Like Hines, Bearden is a virtuoso of the interval.

A heavyset man of sixty-three, with features that look more Russian than anything else, Romare (he pronounces it "Rome-ery") Bearden has the unusual ability to appear at all times both perfectly composed and entirely spontaneous. He is so light-skinned that most people meeting him for the first time assume he is white. At this particular juncture, we seem to be stuck with the term "black," however, and Bearden is generally referred to as America's leading black painter. His work is in the Museum of Modern Art, the Metropolitan, the Whitney, and other museums. The Modern gave him a retrospective exhibition in 1971; the show subsequently went on tour, and ended up in the Studio Museum in Harlem, around the corner from Bearden's old West 125th Street studio. He has been elected to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters—the hallmark of acceptance by the cultural establishment—and he is a member of the board of the New York State Council on the Arts. His work is much in demand these days—a recent series of brilliant collage paintings on the theme of Homer's Odyssey, which he showed at Cordier & Ekstrom last spring, was so successful, aesthetically and otherwise, that he has already redone the series in watercolor—and while he and his wife, Nanette, continue to live very simply, in a fourth-floor walkup apartment on Canal Street, they have built a vacation house and studio on some property owned by Nanette's family on the Caribbean island of Saint Martin.

Most of Bearden's friends agree that he is painting better than ever. "His work has a kind of warmth and satisfaction that's new," according to Harry Henderson, a writer and editor with whom Bearden collaborated on "Six Black Masters of American Art," a book for young readers. "His new paintings lack the harshness of some of the earlier ones; they seem to glow. It's something that's come out of Romie—his proud feeling about what black people have achieved."

PITTSBURGH

THREE boys, aged ten to twelve, are shooting marbles in the back yard of a boarding house in Pittsburgh, in the neighborhood known as Lawrenceville, one day in 1926. A strange kid with braces on both legs appears out of nowhere and stands watching them. "What the hell you looking at?" says Bearden's friend Dennis. Dennis is a pretty rough kid. The newcomer doesn't reply, just stands there, and after a while Dennis gets up and belts him one. Then Dennis and Bearden's cousin Charlie and Bearden all start beating on the stranger—who still doesn't say anything, or even cry—until Bearden's grandmother happens to look out the window and comes out wielding a broom. She picks up the strange kid and carries him into the house. His name is Eugene. "And then he got to be our friend," Bearden says, telling the story many years later. "He'd had infantile paralysis, and he couldn't run with us—he couldn't even eat very fast—but he was always around the house."

Although Bearden was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, where his father's family came from, his parents lived in Harlem, and Harlem is where he grew up. He used to visit his Charlotte relatives in the summer, and later he began spending summers in Pittsburgh, with his mother's mother. She lived near the steel mills and took in boarders, as many as twenty at a time. This was the period of the first great black migration from the rural South to the Northern industrial cities. Bearden remembers his grandmother's rubbing new boarders at night with cocoa butter. "They didn't realize, when they first started, the terrific heat from those furnaces," he says. "They'd strip to the waist, and when the furnace doors opened, the flames would lick out like evil tongues and scorch them. But they were making forty or fifty dollars a week, which was a tremendous wage in comparison with what they'd been getting. I loved it there. I found it fascinating looking at the mills. For a while, I spent my summers in Pittsburgh, and then, after my first year of high school, in Manhattan, I decided I preferred living in Pittsburgh, so I went to school there."

Bearden was twelve the summer he met Eugene. Nobody knew anything about Eugene at first—where he lived or who his parents were. One day, he showed Bearden some drawings he had done, on sheets of brown paper. Bearden was enthralled. "He'd done one drawing of a house of prostitution not far from where we lived, run by a woman named Sadie. We always liked to go there and try to sell newspapers, because the music was so interesting—that kind of rolling piano. Eugene had drawn Sadie's house with the façade cut off, so you could see in all the rooms. And somebody had shot off a pistol, and the bullet was going all through the house. Women were on top of men, and the bullet was going through them, into the next room and the next, until it came down through the ceiling into the front parlor, and Sadie had her pocketbook open, and the bullet had turned into coins and was dropping into her pocketbook. I said to Eugene, 'You did this? Can you teach me to do it?' He said, 'Sure.' So I started taking drawing lessons from Eugene.

Chas Addams

"My grandmother set up a table in my room, and Eugene and I would go and draw every day. All his drawings were about what happened in Sadie's house, and I was just trying religiously to copy what he did. After a week or so, my grandmother came around wanting to see what we had done. She took one look, and she grabbed all those drawings and threw them into the furnace. She said, 'Eugene, where did you ever see anything like that?' Eugene said, 'My mother is a whore. She works over at Sadie's place.' My grandmother told him, 'Eugene, don't you go home tonight.' My grandmother finished making dinner for everybody, and then she got a big suitcase and all three of us went to Sadie's, and she knocked on the door. The music was going, and Sadie came to the door, and as soon as she saw my grandmother she knew what had happened. 'I didn't want this boy here,' she said. My grandmother said, 'I'm not coming in, but you let Eugene go up and get his clothes, because I'm taking him home to live with me.' So Eugene and I went up to where he lived, which was way up on the top floor; you could look down through the cracks in the floor into the room below. We brought Eugene back to live with us. His mother would come every Sunday to visit him. They'd sit in the front room, where there was an old German clock that had written on it 'Every Hour Wounds. The Last One Kills.' How I hated to look at that! Eugene never did any more drawings after he left Sadie's house. He died about a year later, and we went to his funeral. But I always thought that with his drawings he could have been another Lautrec. That was the first time I ever thought about drawing—and then for years I forgot about it."

"Are you home, Elizabeth? Elizabeth? Elizabeth, I've gone bonkers."

HARLEM

Bessye J. Bearden did not approve of her son's wanting to become an artist. This was the Depression, and people were starving. Bessye J. was an activist, a tremendously energetic and public-spirited woman—New York editor of the *Chicago Defender*, the widely read Negro weekly; chairman of her local school board (after having been the first woman appointed to a school board in New York City); national treasurer of the Council of Negro Women; a member of the executive board of the New York Urban League. She had dealt in real estate, and in 1935 she was appointed Deputy Collector for the Third New York Internal Revenue District. She was a political force in Harlem, having been the manager of several congressional campaigns, an organizer of the National Council of Negro Women, and the founder and first president of the Negro Women's Democratic Association—someone you came to when you wanted to cut through red tape and get action. Everyone in Harlem knew Bessye J., and Bessye J. knew everyone: Eleanor Roosevelt and Mary Bethune, councilmen and judges, editors and mayors, not to mention all the musicians and singers and actors who played at Connie's Inn or the Lafayette Theatre, half a block from the Beardens' apartment, which was on the third floor at 154 West 131st Street. (From a front window you could see the Tree of Hope, the famous old elm at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 131st Street, where out-of-work actors used to gather and talk.) Duke Ellington was a friend of the family, and bought an oil from Bearden's first formal exhibition. Fats Waller and his lyricist, Andy Razaf, and Razaf's wife, the singer Minta Cato, used to drop in regularly. Bearden remembers his mother as someone who was constantly in movement and among people. "Once, I came into the house and found her crying," he recalls. "I asked if she was sick. She said, 'No, I'm just by myself.' She had to be with people all the time." His father, Howard Bearden, worked for the New York City Department of Health as a sanitation inspector. He was an intelligent, sensitive man, and a drinker; he was very much in Bessye J.'s shadow.

Bessye Bearden had helped any number of young people get started in their careers—the actor Canada Lee, for one—and she and Howard felt that Romare, their only child, should stick to his original plan, which had been to become a doctor. After two years at Boston University, he transferred to New York University, where he majored in mathematics, with the idea of going on to medical school, but while he was at N.Y.U. he started drawing for the college humor magazine. He met E. Simms Campbell, the highly successful black cartoonist, who gave him advice and encouragement; he began contributing a weekly political cartoon to the nationally circulated *Afro-American*. Bearden was also being urged at this period to become a professional baseball player. He had been Boston University's star varsity pitcher, and for two summers while he was in college there he pitched for the Boston Tigers, a Negro team that often played exhibition games with semi-pro clubs. Bearden was told that if he wanted to "pass" he could easily play in the majors (this was before Jackie Robinson broke the color line), but he had no inclination to do that. His inclination, more and more, was to continue drawing.

It was the Depression, curiously, that gave many Negroes the chance to be artists. In 1935, Bearden went to a meeting of Harlem artists at the Y.M.C.A. on 135th Street. He was amazed to find forty or fifty there—he had been told that there were very few Negro artists. This was the beginning of the Harlem Artists Guild, headed first by the painter and muralist Aaron Douglas and then by the sculptor Augusta Savage. Bearden himself was ineligible for the Works Progress Administration art program, because of his family's income, but the knowledge that other Negroes were devoting themselves seriously to painting and sculpture made a strong impression on him. "I found that the W.P.A., even at the worst time of the Depression, gave artists a salary and materials to work with," Bearden says. "It gave minority artists what they could never have afforded otherwise." In 1936, a

THE THAMES AT CHELSEA

I

November. The sun, having risen on an empty stomach,
hovers in a chemist's window on jars of soda.
All things are obstacles, the wind discovers:
chimneys, trees, a man driven over the tarmac.
Gulls keep a vigil on fences, sparrows peck at something.
A transport without wheels crawls over the Thames
as though on a gray road, wandering aimlessly.
Toward the right bank Thomas More aims
a stare with the same desire that once tore at his mind.
His dim look is itself more solid than the iron
of the Albert Bridge, and, to put it honestly,
it's a better way of getting out of Chelsea.

II

The endless street, making a sharp slant,
runs to the river, ending with an iron arrow.
The body ladders down to earth from rumpled pants,
and trees stand queuing up from the narrow
sturgeon-rippled waves; that's the only type
of fish the Thames ever sees fit to offer.
A local rain darkens Agrippa's water pipe.
A man able to see a century into the future
would view a slowly browning portico
unspoiled by a pub sign hanging down below,
a line of barges, an ensemble of monotonous
fluting drains, and, at the Tate, an omnibus.

III

London town's fine, especially in the rain.
No tin plates underfoot, no cloth caps, no crowns.
In this climate only those who make
umbrellas have a chance to seize the throne.
On a gray day, when even a shadow has no strength
to overtake your back, and your money is getting tight,
in a city where, however dark the brick,
the milk, in contrast, stands sedately white,
by picking up a paper, one may know but never feel
the account of someone fallen under a wheel,
and reading a paragraph about the relatives' grief
think, with relief, "At least it isn't me."

IV

These words were not dictated to me at all
by love or the Muse but by a flat, searching voice
which had lost the ordinary swiftness of sound.
I answered, putting my face to the wall,
"How did you live in those years?"—"Like the 'h' in 'oho.' "
"Describe your feelings."—"I've been worried by costs."
"What in the world do you love most?"
"Rivers and streets—the lasting things of life."
"Do you remember the past?"—"Yes, it was winter.
I went for a sleigh ride, caught a cold from the air."
"Do you fear death?"—"No, it's like darkness, only thinner,
but even when you're used to it, you still can't see a chair."

V

The air lives a life that is not ours
to understand; it lives its own blue
windy life, starting overhead, and flowers
upward, ending nowhere. Looking out the window you
see spires and chimneys, rooftops of lead;
you see this: the beginning of a great, damp world
where a roadway, which reared behind us, heads
to its own premature end. Dawn curls
over the horizon. A mail truck trundles by.
There is no longer anything one can choose
to believe, except that while there's a bank on the right,
there's a left one, too: blessed news.

VI

London town's fine, the clocks run on time.
The heart can only lose a length to Big Ben.
The Thames runs to the sea, swollen like a vein,
and tugs pull bass notes to Chelsea. London's fine.
If not in height, then in breadth it lumbers
as boundlessly as it can down by the river.
And when you sleep, the telephone numbers
of your past and present blend to produce a figure—
astronomical. And your finger turning the dial
of the winter moon finds the colorless, vile
chirp, "Engaged," and many times this noise
is more inescapable than God's own voice.

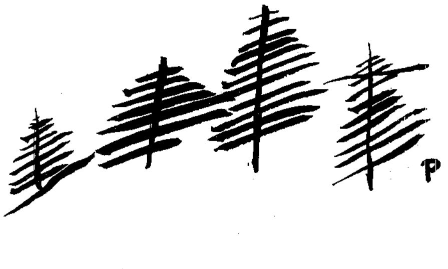
—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by David Rigsbee.*)

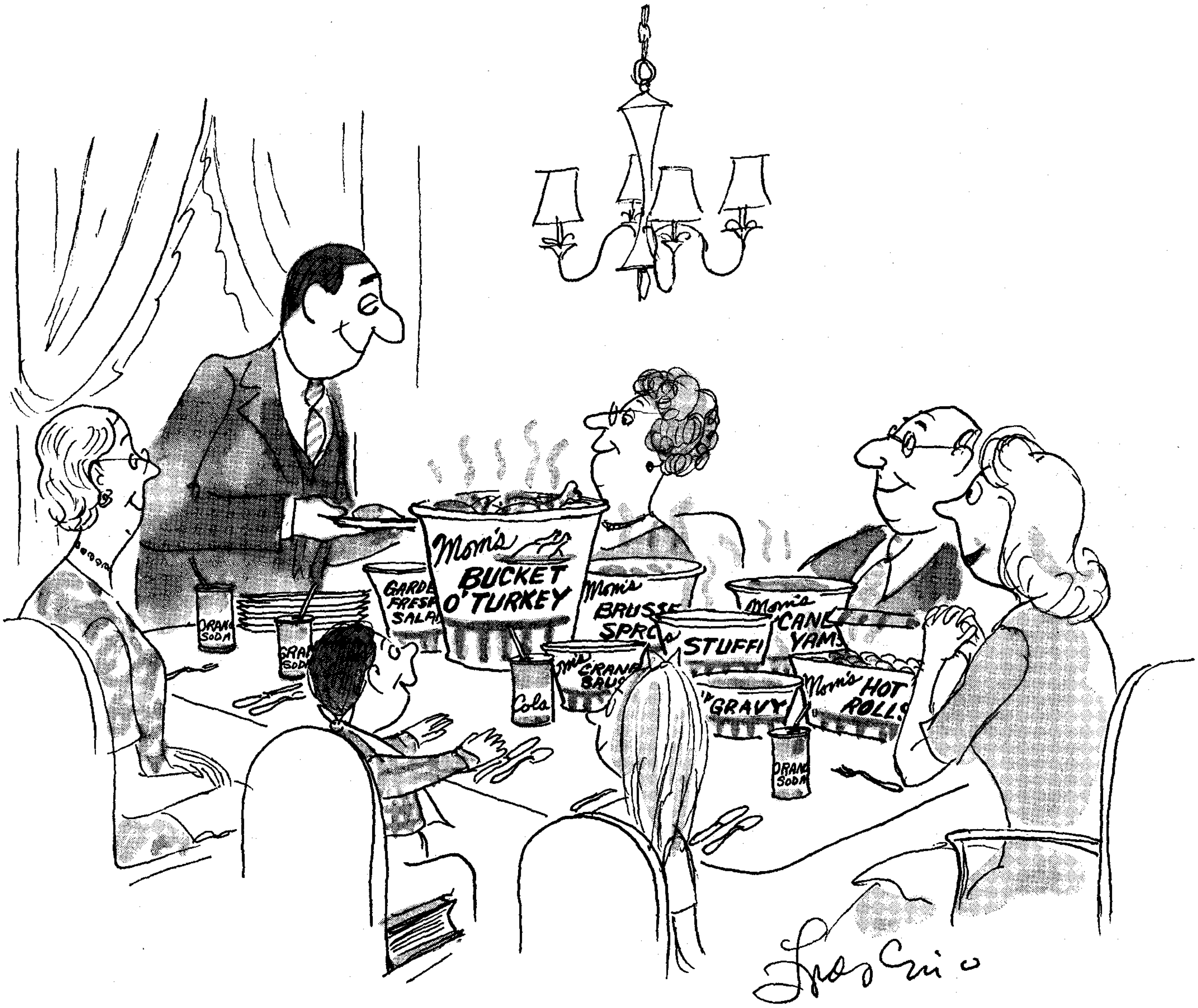
• •

year after he graduated from N.Y.U. with a bachelor's degree in science, he enrolled in the Art Students League, to study with the German expatriate George Grosz. Grosz's corrosive line drawings and watercolors of German society "made me realize the artistic possibilities of American Negro subject matter," Bearden once wrote. At first, he was still thinking mainly in terms of political cartooning, but Grosz changed his mind about that. It was Grosz, he said, who "led me to study composition, through the analysis of Bruegel and the great Dutch masters, and who in the process of refining my draftsmanship initiated me into the magic world of Ingres, Dürer, Holbein, and Poussin."

A year and a half at the League constituted Bearden's only formal training in art. In 1938, he took a job with the New York City Department of Welfare as a caseworker. He continued to live with his parents, but as soon as he could manage it he rented a studio at 33 West 125th Street, which was then on the edge of Harlem; across Fifth Avenue, the neighborhood was all white. Jacob Lawrence, another young painter, had the studio on the floor beneath, and soon afterward the poet Claude McKay moved into the building. "Things were still very lively in Harlem then," Bearden recalls. "So much of the life in those days was lived out in the open, on the street. People were still coming in from the South, and you still had the house-rent parties—somebody would need to raise money to pay the rent, so they'd throw a party, pass out little cards on the street, and you'd come and pay a quarter for admission, and there would be plenty to eat and drink and usually some good music, and that way you got to meet all sorts of people."



The Harlem artists were a close-knit group in the late thirties. They met regularly at "306"—306 West 141st Street, where Charles Alston and the sculptor Henry Bannarn lived, sharing a big studio that for a short



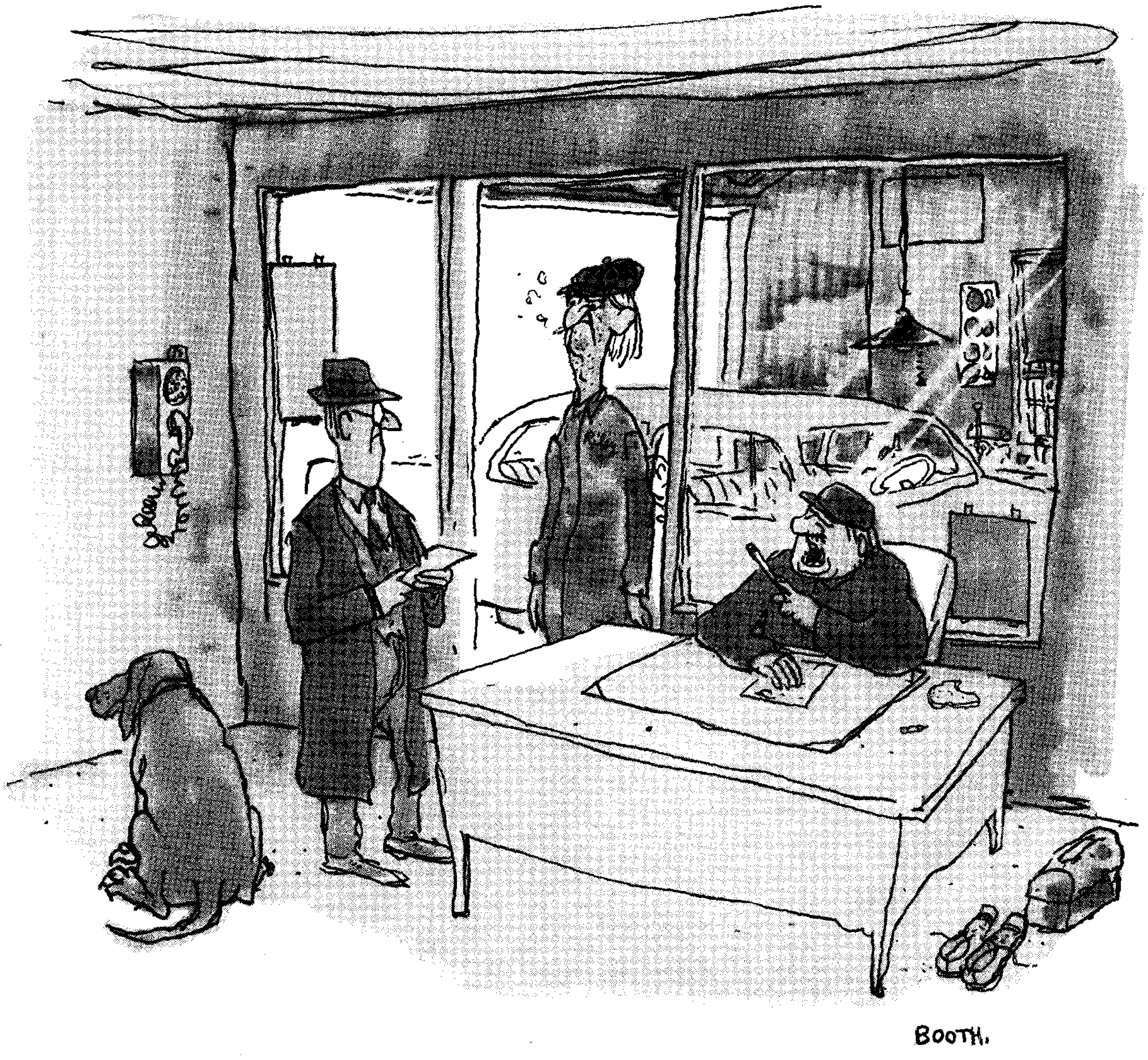
• •

time also doubled as a W.P.A.-sponsored art school. Alston, an accomplished painter, who was related to Bearden by marriage, kept open house for all the creative talents of the day. "There was always a hot discussion going on at 306," according to Alston. "Langston Hughes would drop by, and Claude McKay, and sometimes William Saroyan or Bill Steig or Carl Van Vechten, from downtown. Musicians, too—Andy Razaf, and Sammy Stewart, and John Hammond, the jazz musicologist, and lots of others." When Bannarn moved out, Alston shared the place for a while with Ad Bates, who was a dancer with the Doris Humphrey/Charles Weidman troupe, and who also worked as an artists' model at the Art Students League. Bates organized several art exhibitions at 306, including Bearden's first one-man show, in 1940 (mostly student work); later, he introduced Bearden to a number of white artists downtown, including Stuart Davis and Walter Quirt.

"There was a great interchange of people coming up to Harlem from all over," Bearden recalls. "You got to know all kinds of people—actors, musicians, underworld characters, intellectuals, society types. I met García Lorca once at a party. There was always a lot of movement from place to place, and it was so easy to know people." In those days, the center of Harlem was Seventh Avenue and 135th Street. Negroes had started to move to 135th Street about 1902. W. E. B. Du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, Augusta Savage, and other prominent people lived on 135th, although the really fashionable blocks were 138th and 139th between Seventh and Eighth, streets of handsome town houses, several of which were designed about the turn of the century by Stanford White for wealthy clients, and inhabited since the twenties by well-to-do black doctors, lawyers, and entertainers; they were known locally as Strivers' Row. The famous night clubs were all within a few blocks of 135th and Seventh. Negro customers were not allowed in the Cotton Club or Connie's Inn (once a year, the Cotton Club revue would play at the Lafayette, so the Harlemites could see it), but Charles Buchanan, the manager of the Savoy Ballroom, used to let the Harlem artists in free to dance there, and Bearden and his friends went several times a week.

Bearden, Alston, Bannarn, Bates, Norman Lewis, Ernest Crichlow, Francisco Lord, Vertis Hayes, Jacob Lawrence, and the other artists had their own special gathering places. They would usually drop in every night at a place called Joe's, on Seventh Avenue at 137th Street, and later in the evening would go on to Mom Young's, on 132nd between Seventh and Lenox, where for a quarter you could get a coffee can full of beer and a steaming bowl of gumbo or chili or whatever Mom was making that day. "Of course, it wasn't all good times and laughter," Bearden points out. "This was still the Depression."

Bearden worked for the city from



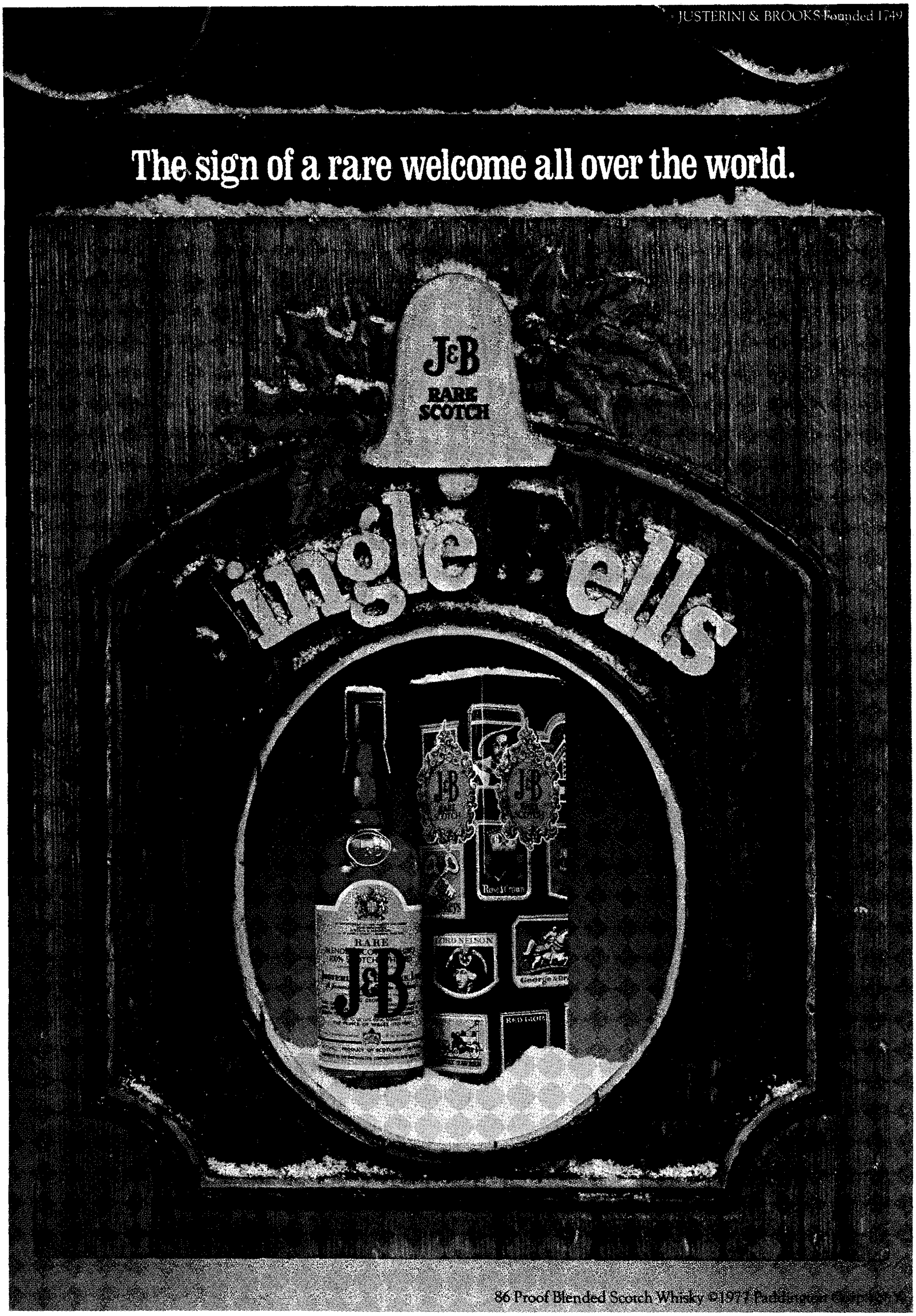
"If you can't get Riley to talk to you, Mr. Henderson, don't worry about it. He'll still fix your fuel pump. Riley, fix Mr. Henderson's fuel pump."

nine to five and painted for several hours in the evening. For a long time after his studies with Grosz, he had not been able to get started on his own. The same piece of brown paper, unmarked, had remained on his easel for weeks at a time. One evening, leaving the studio with Claude McKay, he heard the familiar sound of keys jangling—prostitutes jangled keys to attract business—and, turning around, saw what he describes as the smallest and homeliest woman he had ever seen. "She said, 'Two dollars, boys.' Then she said, 'A dollar?' Then, 'Fifty cents?' Then, 'A quarter?' Finally, she said, 'For God's sake, just take me.' She was so pathetic I told my mother about her, said she was in the wrong business, and my mother got a job for this woman—Ida. After that, Ida came every Saturday to clean my studio. And in the studio was my easel, with the piece of brown paper on it. When you're young, you have a lot of ideas and a lot of dreams, but you don't have the ability to realize them; I think that as you mature you don't have the same kind of ideas and dreams, because you let the work make its own fantasy. Anyway, Ida would come once a week to clean, and the brown paper was there on the easel, and one day she asked if it was the same piece of paper, and I told her that it was—that I didn't have my ideas together. She said, 'Why don't you paint me?' Well, the way I must have looked at her she could see what was going through my mind. 'I know what I look like,' she said. 'But when you can look and find what's beautiful in me, then you're going to be able to do something on that paper of yours.' That always sort of stuck with me, what she said."

When Bearden did find his way, it was with a series of paintings based on his childhood memories of the rural South. Painted in tempera on brown paper, they are characterized by strong, bright colors and stylized, highly formal composition. Most of the Harlem artists then were working in the predominating vein of social realism, influenced by Thomas Hart Benton and by the Mexican muralists. From the start, Bearden's paintings were more lyrical, and were concerned more with plastic values than with social themes. "Romie was never a poor kid," Charles Alston once said. "He was straight out of the middle class, and the urban middle class at that. Jake Lawrence grew up in the middle of real Harlem poverty, and there's always been something very simple and direct about his approach, but Romie's approach to art is more intellectual. He's read a great deal all his life, and he's been intensely curious about many different kinds of art."

Alston introduced Bearden to African sculpture, and Claude McKay took him to meet Charles Christopher Seifert, an elderly gentleman who had filled his comfortable Harlem home with books on African and Afro-American history. In 1935, Seifert took Bearden and a number of other young artists to see the first exhibition of African Negro art put on by the Museum of Modern Art. What Bearden got from this experience was not racial pride so much as a sense of the tremendous formal power and majesty of African art. Twenty years later, he used fragments of Benin heads and Dan masks in his own collage paintings.

The artist's life in Harlem had its bizarre aspects. Once, Bearden was commissioned to paint a portrait of an underworld figure's two children. Working from a photograph, he struggled nervously with the compositional problems, trying to make it look like a Degas. Then a friend of his came in and said he was going about it all wrong. Acting on his friend's advice (the promised completion date was fast approaching), he took the photograph downtown and had it blown up on pho-


JUSTERINI & BROOKS Founded 1749
The sign of a rare welcome all over the world.
J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
Jingle Bells
RARE
J&B
LORD NELSON
Royal Crown
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky ©1977 Paddington Corp. N.Y.

Jeep Wagoneer... a reflection of the man who drives it

Jeep Wagoneer–Built for the man in charge, demanding excellent performance no matter how bad the weather or how poor the road conditions. Wagoneer is specifically designed to meet not only his everyday transportation needs, but also for overcoming those *off-the-road obstacles leading to his country life*—the place where he really lives.

Jeep Wagoneer–Spaciously comfortable with all the most wanted options standard. They include automatic transmission, power steering, Quadra-Trac,® Jeep's exclusive automatic 4-wheel drive, power front disc brakes and a powerful 360 V-8 engine.

Jeep Wagoneer–Exceptional, commanding, unique. The vehicle that reflects a very special man's lifestyle.

Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation

Jeep®

We wrote the book on 4-wheel drive

tosensitized canvas; then he got a professional retoucher to put in the color, until, he says, "the two kids looked as if they were made up for Forest Lawn." When the father came, with his bodyguard, to claim the picture, he was so moved that he broke into tears and insisted on paying fifty dollars more than the agreed-on price. "Eramor," he said (Bearden had signed it with his first name spelled backward)—"Eramor, you're one hell of a painter." Another time, Bearden invited an exotic dancer to spend the night in his studio. Unknown to Bearden, her luggage contained an eight-foot python (her working costume), which got loose during the night and entwined itself around his easel. "Some people have looked at my work and said it was Surrealism," he said recently. "But these things were all around me all the time. The things I saw every day—the people, the music, the dancing. My models were as great as Lautrec's.

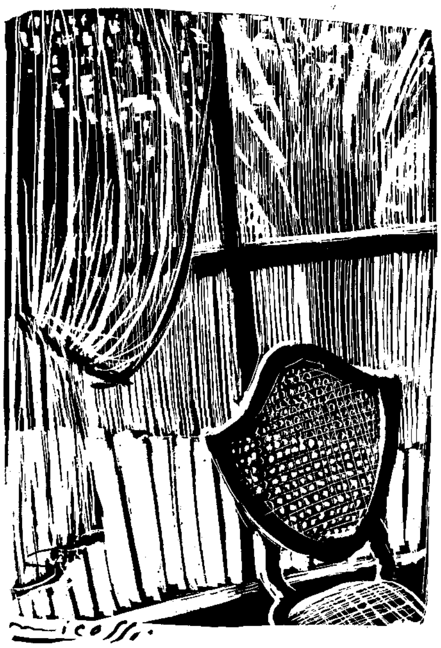
"I think the artist has to be something like a whale," Bearden has said, "swimming with his mouth wide open, absorbing everything until he has what he really needs. When he finds that, he can start to make limitations. And then he really begins to grow."

PARIS

Bearden lived in Paris for six months in 1950, and did not paint a single picture. He studied philosophy at the Sorbonne, under the G.I. Bill of Rights. He lived at 5 Rue des Feuillantines, near the Luxembourg Gardens, and spent a good part of his time just wandering around the city. Paris in the early fifties, he says, was very much like Harlem in the twenties. "There was that sense of something happening, and of life being lived out in the open, on the streets. Paris has never been a city for somebody who wants to find himself. It's too seductive. Of course, I thought I'd go right to the Louvre, but it got to be like something in Kafka's 'Castle.' I could never bring myself to go there. There was too much to see and do just walking the length and breadth of Paris."

By the time Bearden got to Paris, in early February of 1950, he was a fairly well-established artist, with half a dozen one-man shows to his credit. Caresse Crosby had seen his work in 1943, when she was trying to organize a group show of Negro artists, and decided on the spot to give him a solo show in her G Place Gallery, in Washington, D.C. Bearden was in the Army then; he served for three years with the 372nd Infantry, a Negro regiment, doing Stateside duty in a number of different posts before his discharge, in 1945, with the rank of sergeant. Soon after a show of Bearden's "Ten Hierographic Paintings" in Washington, Caresse Crosby introduced him to the New York dealer Samuel Kootz, who represented Adolph Gottlieb, William Baziotes, Robert Motherwell, Carl Holty, and several other first-generation Abstract Expressionists. Kootz gave Bearden three one-man shows between 1945 and 1947, and during this period his work also appeared in a number of important group shows and museum exhibitions. His paintings of the forties are rather austere in color and are figurative, usually being related to literary or Biblical themes. He painted a series called "The Passion of Christ," and other works were inspired by the Iliad, "Gargantua and Pantagruel," and García Lorca's "Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías." Close friends of Bearden's say that his mother's death, in 1943—she was in the hospital, recovering from an operation, when she contracted pneumonia and died—was a profound shock to him, and that the change is evident in the sombre, stained-glass quality of his "Passion of Christ" series. For Bearden, the Biblical allusion was not religious but humanistic—an attempt to reach beyond personal experience to universal archetypes that would be communicable to others. Bearden's first show at Kootz—the "Passion of Christ" series—sold out, and a number of important collectors, among them Sam Lewisohn, became regular purchasers of his work.

Still, the art market in the forties was not what it became in the late fifties and sixties, and Bearden could not make a living from his picture sales. He went back to work for the Department of Welfare in 1946, and again painted in his spare time. His new studio was in the Apollo building, at 243 West 125th Street, between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. The Apollo Theatre, next door, had succeeded the Lafayette as the leading Harlem showplace for big bands and headliners, and 125th Street, with the Theresa Hotel and the Harlem Opera House and the Apollo, had become the center of a rather different Harlem from the one in which Bearden grew up. There had been a race riot in Harlem in 1943, and during the war years the area was declared off limits to white servicemen. The atmosphere was less ebullient in the postwar years than it had been in the thirties. The Harlem Artists Guild was no longer active. Many of the artists had moved away, and Bearden's friendships with Baziotes, Holty, and others who showed at Kootz did not completely offset a feeling of loneliness and isolation. He had no particular interest in emulating the gestural Abstract Expressionist work of Jackson Pollock and Willem de Kooning, whose influence on New York artists was already immense; at the same time, he had not really found his own aesthetic alternative. He had heard a lot about Paris, of course, from Claude McKay and others, and late in 1949 he took a leave of absence from his job with the city and in 1950 went over to see it for himself.



Americans in Paris on the G.I. Bill used to congregate at the big cafés on the Boulevard du Montparnasse—the Coupole and the Sélect—or else at the ones around Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Albert Murray, a young black writer, who became one of Bearden's close friends, remembers meeting Bearden for the first time at the Coupole: "Romie was with Myron O'Higgins, the poet. I couldn't tell if he was a Russian or what—people used to say about Romie over there that, seeing him first, you thought it must be either Khrushchev or Jean Genet. But then he put his head back and laughed, and I thought, Nobody but a Negro man is going to laugh like that. Romie already knew everybody, it seemed. He was going to all the galleries, looking in all the shops, being part of Paris."

James Baldwin and Richard Wright were both in Paris then, and Baldwin read part of his first novel, "Go Tell It on the Mountain," to Bearden and a few others one night in Bearden's room on the Rue des Feuillantines. Bearden

"The automobile dilemma doesn't touch me. I gave up driving in 1965 and took up drinking."

• •

also knew a number of French artists and intellectuals, many of whom he had met in the atelier of the painter Jean Hélion. Kootz had given Bearden letters of introduction to Picasso, Braque, and Brancusi. Picasso was on the Côte d'Azur, and anyway, Bearden said, meeting him would have been like shaking hands with the Eiffel Tower. He did call on Braque, who was polite but formal, and on Brancusi, who became a friend. "I went to see him often in his studio, in the Impasse Ronsin," he said. "He wasn't working anymore. I used to go shopping for groceries with him. In the markets, at noon and again in the late afternoon, they would ring a bell five minutes before closing time. The prices would drop a little after the bell, and Brancusi would always wait until the last minute to shop. He had that quality of a real peasant."

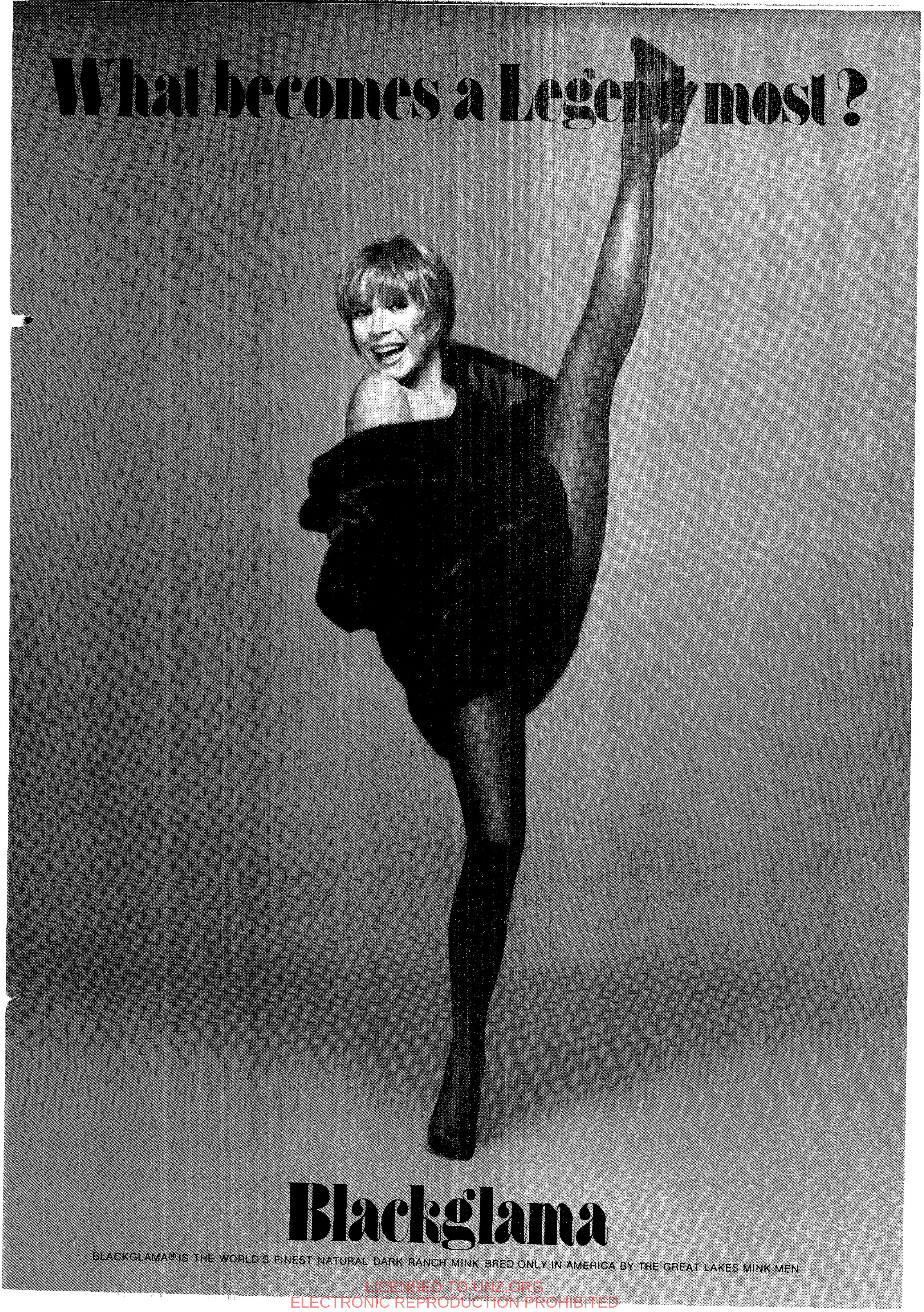
Although Bearden never met Matisse, he and his friends used to see him from time to time. "Once, I was sitting at the Dôme when Matisse walked by with a friend," Bearden said. "There was a rustle of excitement in the café, and all the waiters came out to see him, and as he passed they applauded. Matisse didn't notice at first, until his friend called his attention to it; then he turned and came back and shook hands with all the waiters, one by one. Oh, Paris was just wonderful for me. I liked everything about it. If you were an American, there was a way to get whiskey very cheap then and give parties for almost nothing. One night, a bunch of us were eating in a restaurant in Montparnasse, and we'd met some Russian musicians and asked them to come along to a party and play. On our way to the party, I heard jazz coming from an apartment, and it seemed to me that it didn't sound like French musicians playing, so I went up and knocked on the door, and there inside the room were Sidney Bechet and Roy Eldridge and Minta Cato, the singer who had been married to Andy Razaf, and a few others. I knew them! They were just having some fun by themselves. So I had them come along to the party. And it was a terrific party. Finally, at about three in the morning, they made us leave, and we ended up continuing the party out on the street—the music and the dancing.

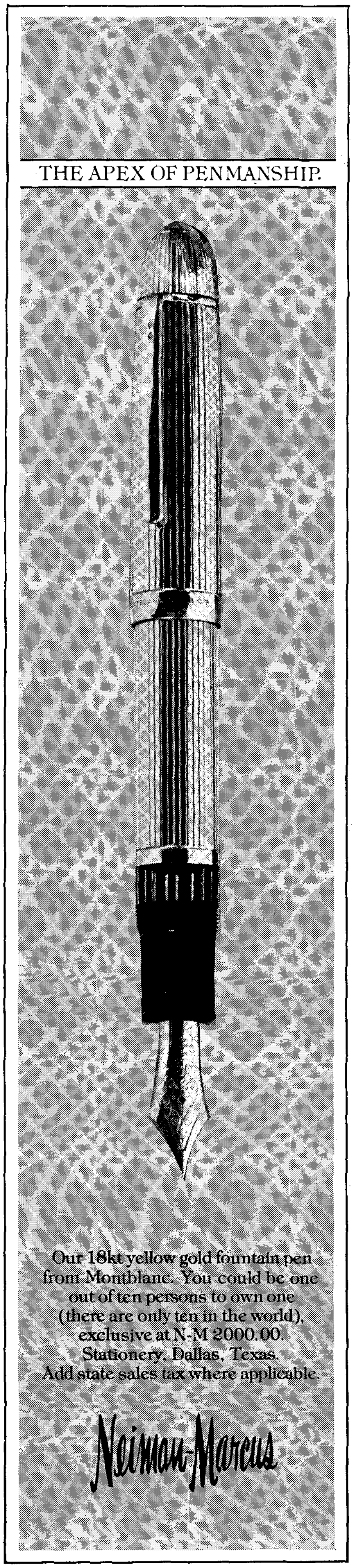
"Another time, I was having dinner with Sam Menashe, the poet, and another poet named Sam Allen, a guy I'd known in the Army, at a little working-class restaurant called Signe de la Bonne Étoile. It was a misty March night, and after dinner Menashe said we should go and look at Notre Dame; it was a perfect night to see it. When we got to the *quai* on the Left Bank opposite the Île de la Cité, Menashe took us down the steps to the cobblestone walk along the river, and we looked up at the cathedral from there. It was spotlighted, but in the mist the uppermost sections were barely visible, and the spires seemed to move endlessly up into the sky. For the first time, I really had a feeling of the Gothic cathedral as the hand of God, with a finger pointing to Heaven. I'd never had such a feeling of extension and height. A few days later, I was in a place called Chez Inez, run by Inez Cavanaugh, an American jazz singer, who was married to the jazz impresario Timme Rosenkrantz. I met a Chinese guy there who offered me one of his cigarettes, and I didn't realize it was hashish. I smoked French Gauloises then, and this didn't taste much different. Anyway, I smoked two of his hashish cigarettes, and I was thinking about Notre Dame, about going there again. I don't know how I got there—it seemed like right after I had the thought I was down there by the water looking at Notre Dame. And I thought I saw an angel walking across the Seine. It was late at night, and there was nobody around to talk to but a woman, a prostitute. I told her I'd just seen something amazing, an angel walking across the river. She said, 'Men are all alike.' I asked her what she meant. She said, 'Look up at Notre Dame. Don't you see all those angels holding up the whole goddam cathedral? Don't you think they get tired? And you're worried about one of them taking a little walk at night.' She said, 'Don't you want to come home with me?' I said no, I was going to go and paint a picture of that angel walking across the river. But, of course, I didn't do it. I couldn't *ever* do a painting in Paris."

Bearden went home in August of 1950. He had applied for a Fulbright grant, and had been told he must return to the United States in order to collect it. He expected the Fulbright to send him back to Paris right away; even so, it wasn't easy to leave. Albert Murray, who was staying another month before returning to a teaching job at Tuskegee, was with him the day before he left. "Romie spent the whole day buying paper," he recalls. "All kinds of drawing papers—rice papers, special sizes and surfaces, different colors. His eyes got more and more moist the later it got. 'This goddam Paris,' he kept saying."

NEW YORK

BEARDEN did not get the Fulbright, and it was many years before he returned to Paris. He tried to get started painting again, with little success. Painting seemed enormously difficult. In his studio in the Apollo building, surrounded by musicians and rehearsal studios, he began to think that maybe the thing to do was to write a popular song that would make a lot


What becomes a Legend most?
Blackglama
BLACKGLAMA® IS THE WORLD'S FINEST NATURAL DARK RANCH MINK BRED ONLY IN AMERICA BY THE GREAT LAKES MINK MEN


THE APEX OF PENMANSHIP.

Our 18kt yellow gold fountain pen from Montblanc. You could be one out of ten persons to own one (there are only ten in the world), exclusive at N-M 2000.00 Stationery, Dallas, Texas. Add state sales tax where applicable.

Neiman-Marcus

of money and get back to Paris that way. Although he knew next to nothing about the technical aspects of music (he had taken violin lessons very briefly as a child, and hated them), Bearden had a lot of friends in the music business. Fred Norman and Larry Douglas, professional arrangers, helped him get started, and over the next couple of years Bearden, who seems to be one of those people who can do almost anything they set their minds to, achieved some success as a songwriter. About twenty of his songs were recorded, one of which, "Seabreeze," became a substantial hit. By the mid-fifties, Billy Eckstine, Oscar Pettiford, and others had recorded it, and Seagram Distillers had used the song to promote a mixed drink.

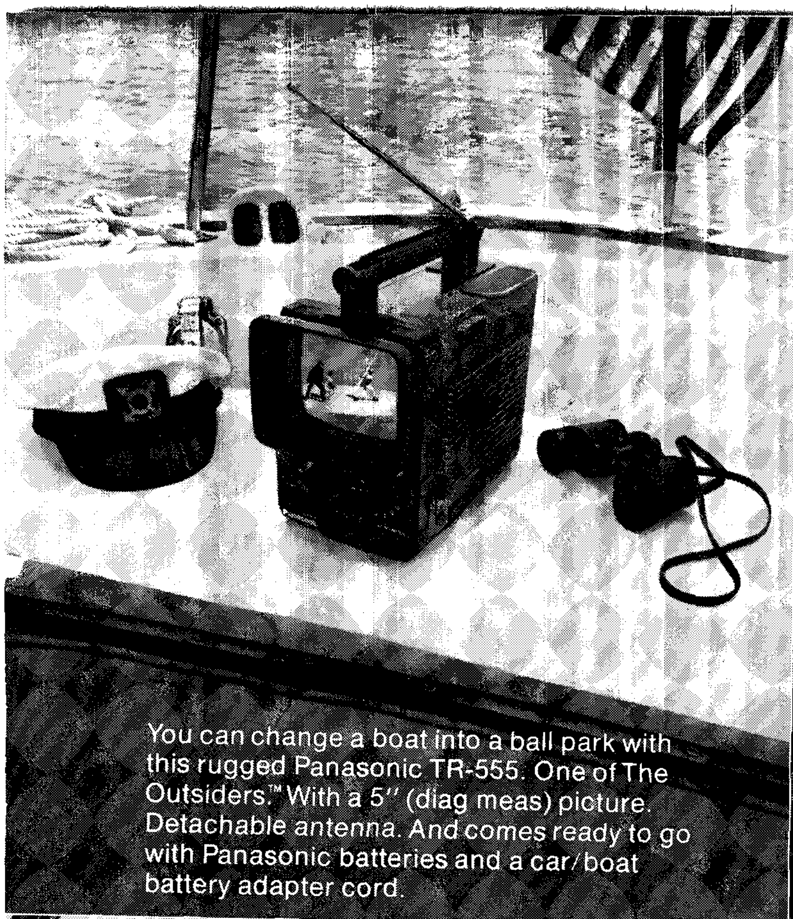
"I just turned away from painting," Bearden has said of this period. "And meanwhile the years were going by. One day, I went to see Hannah Arendt and her husband, the philosopher Heinrich Blücher, who were friends of mine. He said, 'You're wasting your life. In the first place, you don't even believe in what you're doing. Do you think Irving Berlin and Cole Porter could do what they do if they didn't believe in it?' Hannah said I was just going to wreck myself as a painter. I thought about that. But, you know, when you're serious about something, you don't really like doing it. Painting is so difficult; the canvas was always saying no to me. And all the time I was getting more and more nervous. One night, I thought I was going to die. I called my father and said I thought I must have cancer of the stomach. But when I went to the doctor he examined me and said nothing was wrong. A couple of weeks later, I felt sure I was going to have a heart attack. Then, one day, walking on the street, I suddenly felt I couldn't walk a step farther. The next thing I knew, I was in the hospital. I asked the nurse, 'Where am I?' She said I was in the psychiatric ward at Bellevue. A doctor came by, and I asked him what had happened to me. 'You blew a fuse,' he said. Just what Arendt and others had said was going to happen to me had happened."

n. gustafson

Gradually his life came back together. "I just had to be a painter; that was it," he concluded. "Some people are like that. I've always thought Delacroix could easily have been a great writer, while a man like Courbet could only have been a painter." Bearden feels that his marriage, in 1954, was what really gave him the strength to return to painting. He met Nanette Rohan at a benefit party in Harlem to help the survivors of a West Indies hurricane; she herself had grown up on Staten Island, but her parents came from Saint Martin. She and Bearden were married soon afterward. "I was on Miltown then," he recalls. "Nanette said if I was going to be a painter I couldn't be on pills, and she threw them all out. I never had any more nervousness after that."

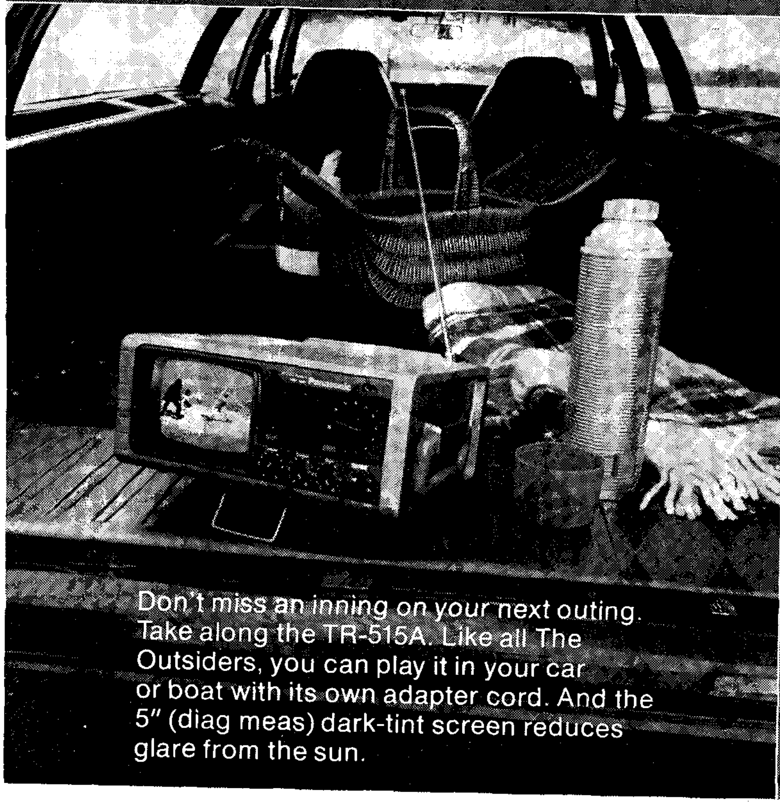
One of the problems that Bearden felt most acutely was the meagreness of his formal art training. Reading in Delacroix's "Journal" that Delacroix had spent a lot of time copying the work of Old Masters, he decided that this would be a way he could learn more about painting. He was reluctant to go to a museum and copy there, in public, but he found that he could take a reproduction of a painting to a photography studio and have it blown up in black and white and then copy that, substituting his own color scheme for the original. "I did that with Giotto, Duccio, Veronese, Rembrandt—right on up to Monet," he said. "I spent three years copying. The one I had the most trouble with was Rembrandt. It was that picture in the Metropolitan, 'Pilate Washing His Hands.' There were so many subtle rhythms and carefully planned relationships that I finally had to give up on it."

Another problem was color. Bearden found that color as he had been using it in the past tended to break apart the forms that he was dealing with—to weaken the overall structure. He became interested in exploring color for its own sake, and this led him increasingly into abstraction. At about this time, in the late fifties, he met a Mr. Wu, a scholar in the fields of Chinese art and calligraphy. Bearden arranged to study with him informally. What he learned about Chinese landscape painting had to do mainly with pictorial space: the open corner, which allows the viewer's eye to enter the painting, and the areas left unfinished, so that the onlooker may complete them in his imagination; the contrast of masses and voids; the Chinese perspective, in which distant mountains bulk much larger than the shapes in the foreground. He began painting on



You can change a boat into a ball park with this rugged Panasonic TR-555. One of The Outsiders.™ With a 5″ (diag meas) picture. Detachable antenna. And comes ready to go with Panasonic batteries and a car/boat battery adapter cord.

Watch them chasing flies out where the flies chase you. The TR-707 features a 7″ (diag meas) picture. Like all The Outsiders, it has an earphone. So you can keep the roar of the game to yourself. It's solid state. Solid fun.



Don't miss an inning on your next outing. Take along the TR-515A. Like all The Outsiders, you can play it in your car or boat with its own adapter cord. And the 5″ (diag meas) dark-tint screen reduces glare from the sun.

Before they start slugging homers, pop up the 5″ (diag meas) TV screen on your TR-535. And when the game's over, listen to your favorite station on the built-in FM/AM radio. Solid-state IC circuitry. Complete with Panasonic rechargeable Panalloid™ batteries.

Your second TV should go places your first can't.

The Outsiders from Panasonic. They're rugged. They can take it. And still deliver beautiful pictures. They all come with batteries. Some with Panasonic extra-heavy-duty batteries. Some with rechargeable Panalloid batteries. All work off car or boat batteries. And, of course, they work inside on electricity. Using less current than a 40-watt bulb.

The Outsiders by Panasonic. They should be your first thought for a second TV.

the Outsiders

Panasonic.

just slightly ahead of our time.

All TV pictures simulated.

The PURIST®
Button Down
by SERO

Our quality and leadership have never been denied even by our most unscrupulous rivals.

SERO®
NOTHING IS OBVIOUS
EXCEPT THE QUALITY

Sero Shirtmakers, New Haven, Conn. 06506

rice paper (the paper he had bought in Paris), gluing it to the canvas and then tearing away sections, tearing them upward and across the picture plane until some motif engaged him, then adding more paper and painting in additional areas. By the late fifties, Bearden was painting in a totally nonrepresentational style, but one that had little in common with the work of Pollock or de Kooning. Some of his paintings of these years have the ancient, eroded look of rock faces or weathered walls. Others suggest the architectural solidity of Cézanne.

Occasional commissions and sales were not enough to let Bearden paint full time. In 1952, he had gone back to work for the Welfare Department and had been assigned to keep track of the city's fluctuating population of gypsies. "I wasn't enthusiastic about the idea at first, but eventually I hated to leave them," he has said. "I began to know so many families. They were truly a culture within a culture. They had such a strong sense of identity—anyone who wasn't a gypsy they used to call *gageo*. They came from India originally, and migrated into Persia and Europe. There seem to have always been gypsy tribes—Rumanian gypsies, Hungarian gypsies, Spanish gypsies—each with its own separate identity. They did certain kinds of traditional work. Relining copper pots and kettles was one of their specialties, and, of course, fortune-telling. We used to have an immigrant population coming in that believed in gypsy fortune-tellers, and a lot of gypsies lived down on the lower East Side, around Orchard Street and the Bowery. But that faded out, and they moved to Queens and Coney Island. Their way of life was disintegrating. You don't have any longer the hundreds of small circuses and carnivals that they followed, and their old trades are no longer needed. Young people were marrying non-gypsies, which had never happened before. The children were being forced to go to school."

Bearden's job was to keep an eye on the gypsies—their movements in and out of the city, their problems and needs. Few of them could read, and they had little interest in the laws of the *gageo*. When a gypsy got into a fight, or was arrested for stealing or for a con job, Bearden would go to Police Headquarters and do whatever he could. The gypsies had their own system of justice, he found. "They had trials, and they abided by the judgments. For example, a bridegroom found on his wedding night that his

The PURIST®
Button Down
by
Ms. SERO

Our quality and leadership have never been denied even by our most unscrupulous rivals.

SERO®
NOTHING IS OBVIOUS
EXCEPT THE QUALITY

Sero Shirtmakers, New Haven, Conn. 06506

THE BANK OF NEW YORK
New York's First Bank-Founded 1784

The borrowing needs of an impressive number of the nation's top 1,000 corporations are served by The Bank of New York. In particular, the communications, manufacturing, natural resources and publishing industries depend on us.

A call from one of our calling officers would help you decide.

But it might also help you to know what we think is involved in being a good lender of money:

1) It's understanding. We conduct a complete financial review to determine what is necessary to meet your company's needs.
2) It's knowing our own price and profitability needs.
3) It's being with a client through good times and bad.
4) It's selecting our staff for professionalism — loyalty, integrity, solidity.
5) It's involving senior management. They're accessible to our clients, always there to see that our product is what we say it is.

You get to know a lot about lending money, as well as managing it, when you're New York's first bank and the oldest bank in the United States still operating under its original name.

The Bank of New York.

The bank that manages money.

SHOULD THE BANK OF NEW YORK BE YOUR BANK IN NEW YORK?

If you're a softie when it comes to shirtdresses, this one's for you. Classically tailored, but with delicate hemstitching on the front, back and sleeves. In Bright Cloud,® a performance tested fabric by Klopman knit of Qiana® nylon for the natural look. By Millissa Byrd for Schrader Sport in silver or peach, sizes 6 to 16, $48. Sportdress Collections.

Saks Fifth Avenue

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

bride had been badly burned from her neck to her ankles as a child, so he took her back to her family and demanded his money back. It was an arranged marriage, and money had been paid. He lost the case, because sexually she was fine."

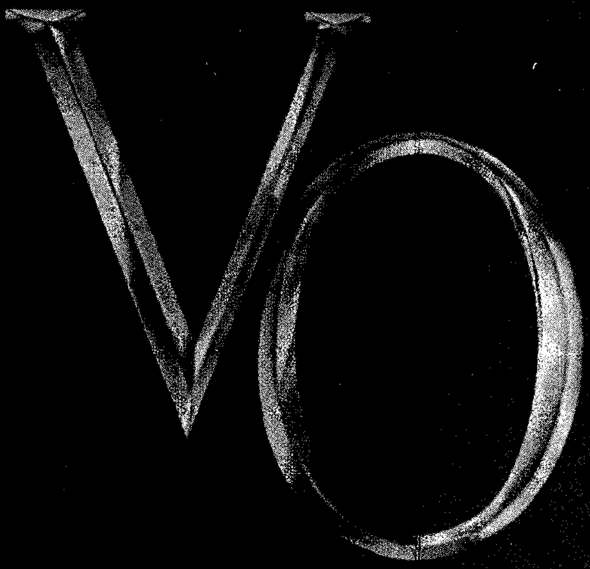
Not all the gypsies Bearden encountered were poor. "Once, I had to go and see a man in Brooklyn, a guy named Mike. He lived in a storefront, and his wife and children lived in another storefront nearby. He was a huge man, who must have weighed over three hundred pounds. He wore a white suit, like Mark Twain. And I made the mistake of asking him something about his job. He hit the ceiling. 'Look at my hands!' he yelled. 'I've never worked a day in my life!' His sons did repair work on milk-pasteurizing machines, and they supported him in style. He just sat there all day listening to music on his hi-fi, and every hour or so one of his daughters would come in with food—either Chinese food or barbecued spareribs. After he'd finished, he'd throw the ribs in the back room, where there were some of the biggest rats I've ever seen. He also had a rackful of guns, and now and then he'd take down a rifle and start shooting at the rats. Not at *them*, exactly; he'd wait until a rat got up on a piece of china—a cup or a plate—and then he'd try to shoot it out from under him."

Bearden worked with the gypsies off and on for fourteen years. Then, in 1966, his income from painting enabled him to leave the Welfare Department for good. The experience had always been interesting, but in the end it was rather saddening, and it helped to strengthen Bearden's own feeling that the path of separatism within a culture is basically self-defeating. Like his friend Ralph Ellison, the writer, Bearden has tried to make art out of the totality of his experience as an American. "Al Murray says that when a person comes to America from some other country, he becomes four things," Bearden said not long ago. "Even though his ancestry may be Greek or French, if he becomes an American he becomes part Anglo-Saxon, part Indian, part frontiersman, and part black. Those are the main cultural roots that make the American character. You see the evidence all the time. Athletes slapping each other's hands instead of shaking them—that started with blacks. And jazz music. I don't think any critic has ever gone into it, but Abstract Expressionism is very close to the aesthetics of jazz. That's the feeling you get from it—involvement, personality, improvisation, rhythm, color. In the twenties, Benny Goodman used to come up to Harlem a lot. He was teaching himself about jazz the only way he could, and he had to become a little black to learn it. By the same token, when I started copying and learning from those pictures by Vermeer and Delacroix and the rest, in a sense I was joining the white world. It's all a little more complicated than some people try to make out."

CANAL STREET

FOR the first two years of their married life, the Beardens lived on West 114th Street, in an apartment they shared with Bearden's father. They needed more space, and when a friend told them in 1956 of an artist's loft that was being vacated on Canal Street, they took it. The move to lower Manhattan in no way weakened Bearden's ties with the black community. In fact, it was in the Canal Street loft that the Spiral Group of black artists was formed, in 1963. The civil-rights movement was in full swing then, and the original purpose of the meeting at Bearden's loft was to discuss going down as a group to that summer's March on Washington. They decided at that time to work together on the common problems of black artists. With the exceptions of Bearden and Jacob Lawrence (who was out of town at the time, and did not join the Spiral Group), very few black artists had been able to show at any of the rapidly proliferating New York galleries. Many competent black artists had difficulty exhibiting their work in New York, and the opportunities for younger artists seemed almost nonexistent. The Spiral Group—the name, contributed by Hale Woodruff, was intended to suggest a movement up and out—included Bearden, Alston, Woodruff, Calvin Douglass, Norman Lewis, Merton Simpson, Emma Amos, Perry Ferguson, Richard Mayhew, James Yeargans, Earl Miller, William Majors, Reginald Gammon, Al Hollingsworth, and Felrath Hines. They rented a small room on Christopher Street, in the Village, where they met once a week and eventually put on exhibitions of work by the members.

At one of the early Spiral meetings, the idea of a collaborative effort came up—a painting on which several artists could work together. Bearden thought about this afterward, wondering how it could be done. The solution that occurred to him was collage. He cut a lot of pictures out of the maga-



The Standard of Giving.

VO
Seagram's
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
FROM CANADA

Give **Seagram's V.O.**

Bottled in Canada. Preferred throughout the world.

CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. GIFT-WRAPPED AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.

It's not just what you do. It's where you do it.

Do it. Down in the beautiful United States Virgin Islands. Swimming, diving, sailing. Fishing, golfing, playing tennis. Sightseeing and shopping. Sporting the day away. Then taking your tan on the town at night.

Day and night. Meeting the mix of people in the islands. It is they who keep things stylish and informal. Casual chic, so to speak. Getting to the islands is as simple as a nonstop flight from New York City. (Or Miami, or Washington, D.C.) With just enough time for brunch in the sky.

Down to earth, there's no need for inoculations or passports or visas. The language is English. The currency is the U.S. dollar. And the duty-free shopping quota is twice as much as any other island in the Caribbean.

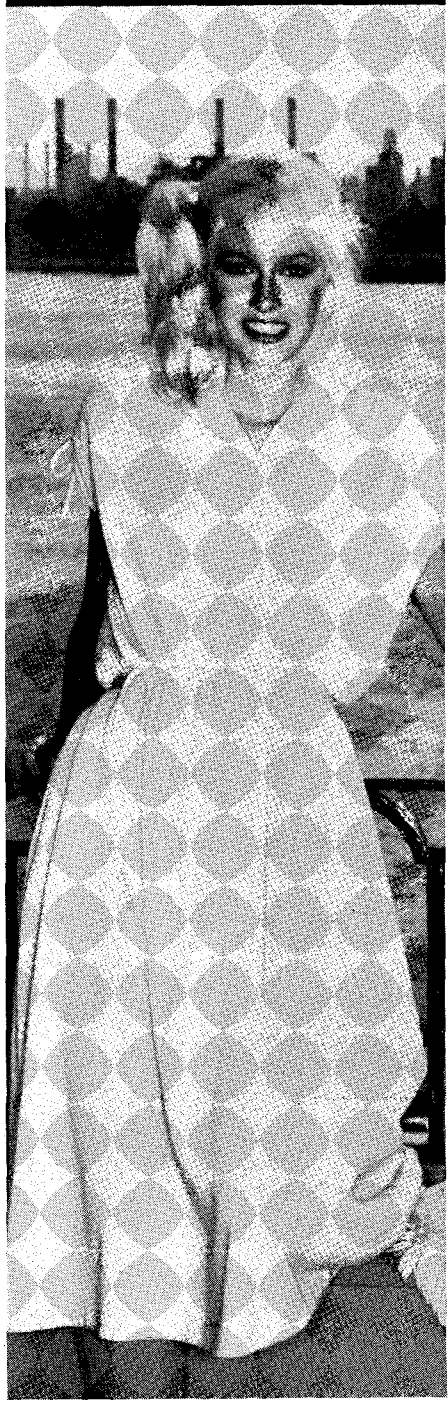
But then, no other islands are the United States Virgin Islands. For details, see your travel agent. The United States Virgin Islands. **What a life.**

United States Virgin Islands
St. Croix · St. John · St. Thomas

©1978 United States Virgin Islands Division of Tourism, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020.

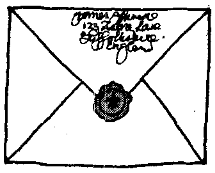
What's new in Kimberly?

Me.



Sophisticated. Subtle. And a little bit provocative. That's you in the new Kimberlys. Like this sensuous, fluid dress...a luxurious knit that only Kimberly expertise can give you. Tassel belted, with arm-baring drawstring shoulder and its own fabulous fringed shawl...dress about $120, shawl about $60 at trendsetting stores everywhere.

zines that Nanette liked to read—*Life*, *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *McCall's*, *Ebony*—and took them to the next meeting, but nobody responded to his idea. Bearden, however, was sufficiently interested to try a few experiments on his own. He made half a dozen small collages, pasting his cutouts to sheets of typewriter paper and filling in with drawing and watercolor. He chose pictures that suggested to him something out of his own experience—jazz musicians, landscapes, street scenes, African sculpture, urban black faces. Reginald Gammon saw them and suggested taking them to a photo shop to be photographed and blown up (as Bearden had done earlier with reproductions of the Old Masters). Bearden did this, but at first the results did not particularly interest him. The large photomontages were rolled up in a corner of the Canal Street loft when Arne Ekstrom came there early in 1964 to discuss Bearden's next exhibition, scheduled for the fall. Ekstrom had shown Bearden's abstract paintings in 1961, at what was then the Cordier & Warren Gallery, on Madison Avenue. He looked at some new abstract canvases that Bearden showed him. "I felt a lack of movement, a sort of lost momentum," Ekstrom recalls. "I had just moved into a new gallery, in the French & Company Building, and I was worried that the paintings wouldn't hold up in the large space there." Then he noticed the rolled-up photomontages in the corner, asked to see them, and said immediately, "That's your next show."



Bearden's "projections," as he and Ekstrom agreed to call them, were the basis for everything he has done since 1964. When they were shown at the Cordier & Ekstrom gallery that fall, Bearden's old friend and fellow-artist Ernest Crichlow said, "Romie, it looks like you've come home," and most of the others at the opening felt the same way. "It was not only an aesthetic but an emotional breakthrough for Romie," Crichlow said later. "There was something entirely fresh about them, about that vision." It was as though Bearden had reinvented collage, which became in his hands the ideal medium for the transmission of all he had learned as an artist and as a man.

The "projections," of course, were really prints. Each was issued in an edition of six, and sales were very encouraging. But Bearden wanted to find a more direct way of working in collage. He tried gluing his cutout photographs to canvas, but the glue made the canvas warp. It occurred to him that many of the Old Master paintings he had copied in the fifties had been on wood panels, so he did some research at the Metropolitan Museum, where a friend in the restoring room let him examine the backs of some of the old panel paintings, and afterward he went to John Schindler, a commercial designer who was a former classmate at N.Y.U., and Schindler helped him devise a Masonite panel with a special wood backing that would not warp. Then he was free to develop and deepen his new method, and also to work with color. All of Bearden's former discoveries seemed to come together in the new collage paintings: the shallow space of Byzantine mosaics, the strong forms of African sculpture, the spatial harmonies of Chinese landscapes, and, most significant of all, the carefully planned structure of Vermeer and the little Dutch masters. "Because many of the paintings I was doing were of interiors," he has said, "I began to look again at Vermeer and Pieter de Hooch and Jan Steen. I found that, especially with Vermeer and Steen, a lot of the work was controlled, like Mondrian's, by the use of rectangles over rectangles. I really think the art of painting is the art of putting something over something else, and in a way these new pictures of mine, while they used representational images, were more abstract than the work I'd been doing before. I would work with rectangular shapes that were in proportion to the overall rectangle of the whole painting. Delacroix said of the Dutch that in their purity and nobility of form they rival the Greeks. That was the quality I was trying to get. I wanted to make my formal language strict and classical, in the manner of the great Benin heads. But I also thought that by using photographs that way, almost cinematically, I could convey a sense of 'You are there'—a documentary feeling that would have something to do with the speed-fractured tempo of contemporary urban life."

The images that Bearden worked with were predominantly those of Negro life, but the way he fragmented and combined these images gave them another character and another dimension. Bearden felt that he did not have the right to use someone's photograph intact without permission. Superimposing the features of a Benin bronze on a contemporary black face, however, or

SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk-shipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

The makers of Cutty Sark, however, remain adamant on the subject of Scottish Scotch.

To this day, Cutty Sark is distilled, blended, and bottled in Scotland, using the water of Loch Katrine. This results in a Scots Whisky of uncommon smoothness which is worth every penny you pay for it.

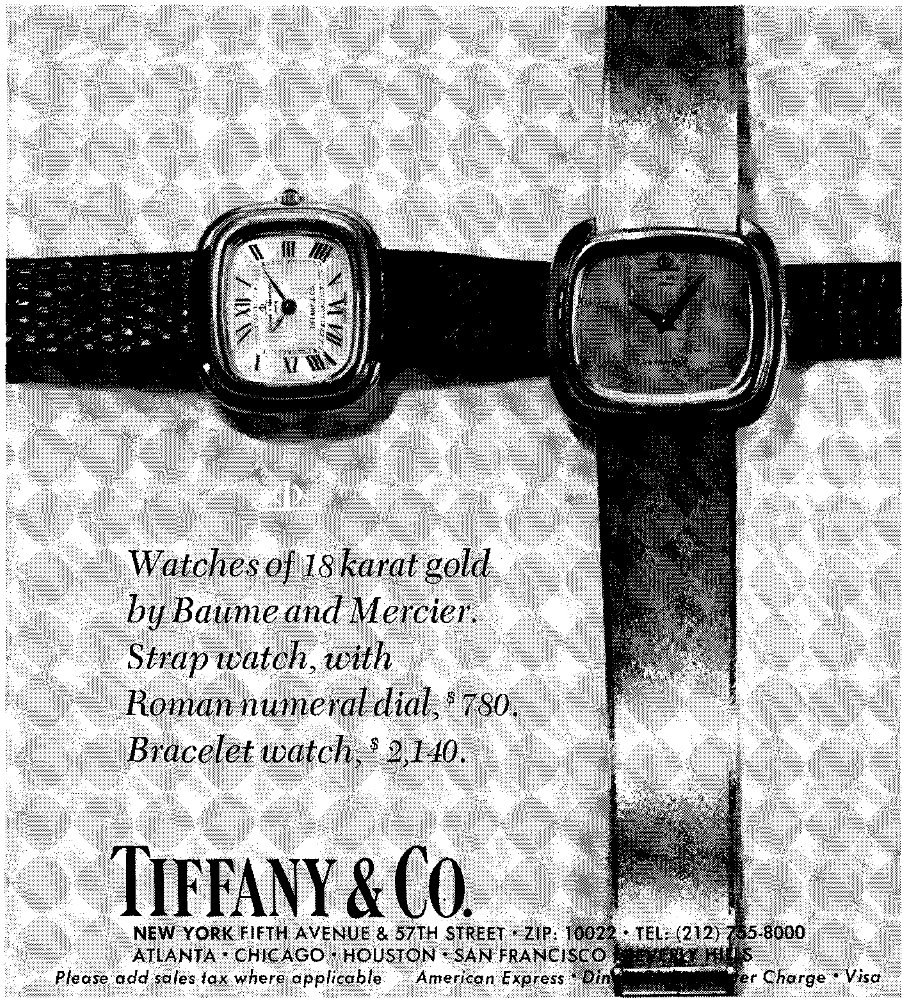
To recognise genuine Scots Whisky, you need look no further than the very top of the label on a bottle of Cutty Sark.

It spells out exactly what you're getting right there in black and yellow.

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision

CUTTY SARK

"CUTTY SARK," "CUTTY," THE CUTTY SARK LABEL & THE CLIPPER SHIP DESIGN ARE REG. TMS OF BERRY BROS. & RUDD LTD., LONDON, ENG.
86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y.


Watches of 18 karat gold
by Baume and Mercier.
Strap watch, with
Roman numeral dial, $ 780.
Bracelet watch, $ 2,140.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • ZIP: 10022 • TEL: (212) 755-8000
ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS
Please add sales tax where applicable *American Express • Din [illegible] er Charge • Visa*

Brooks Brothers

THE TRAVELLER

will welcome our new toiletry sponge bag of blue leatherette that contains 4 oz. plastic bottles of our exclusive Lime Lotion, Shampoo, Mouthwash and a deodorant stick. Its 7" x 11" size leaves space for his other personal items. **$21.50**

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44th ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

giving someone grass for hair and corn for teeth, or combining three or more photographs into a composite face whose features were jarringly out of scale changed more than the individual likeness. In Bearden's paintings, the Southern sharecropper's cabin and the Harlem street take on mythic overtones. This is quite deliberate on Bearden's part. A number of the paintings clearly echo major themes in Western art: the Annunciation, La Primavera, Susannah at the Bath. (Bearden's Susannah bathes alone in a cabin in the woods, watched only by a bird.) His "Woman in a Harlem Courtyard" alludes specifically to Pieter de Hooch's "The Spinner and the Housemaid." The prevalence of ritual (as Albert Murray has phrased it) in American Negro life became the dominant theme of Bearden's mature work.

Certain images recur throughout his paintings of the sixties. Trains, for example, and birds—"journeying things," Bearden has called them. "Trains are so much a part of Negro life," he explains. "Negroes lived near the tracks, worked on the railroads, and trains carried them North during the migration." The "conjur woman," another recurring image, was a strong presence in the rural South of Bearden's boyhood, and a link to the ancient mysteries remembered from Africa; even in Pittsburgh, living in the house in back of his grandmother's, there was an old woman much feared for her power to put spells on people, and in Harlem as late as the thirties there were people like Black Hermann, a performing magician who also sold roots and strange potions in his drugstore on Lenox Avenue.

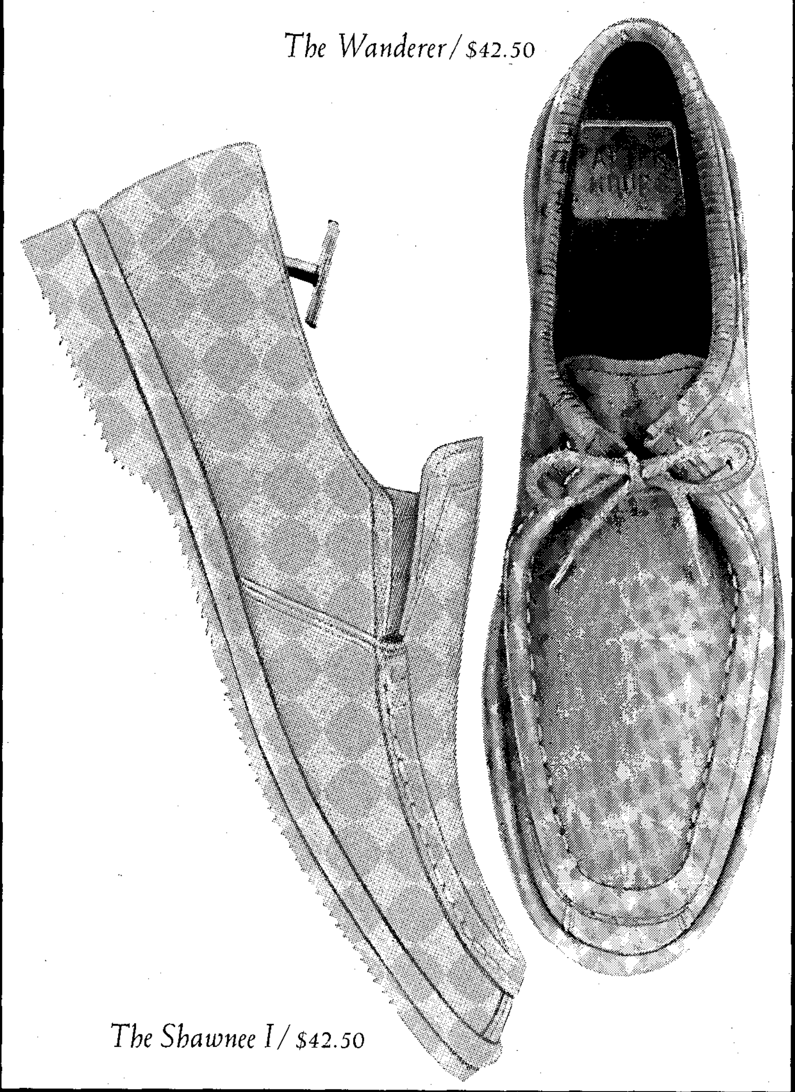
The blind guitarist of many Bearden paintings is a memory of a certain old Mr. Johnson, of Lutherville, Maryland. When Bearden was a boy, he sometimes visited his paternal grandmother, who after his grandfather's death had married a Methodist minister named Charles Cummings and moved from Charlotte to his parish in Maryland. A parishioner had a special cake she used to make, in several iron pans that had come down from the time of slavery; the cake looked like a watermelon, and had chocolate seeds, which she cut out and inserted by hand in the red batter. She would make a batch of watermelon cakes and get Romare to deliver them around town in a wagon he pulled. "Mr. Johnson, her husband, would always come along when I delivered those cakes," Bearden recalls. "He was blind, and he played the guitar. Whenever he heard somebody on the road, he'd ask who it was, and then he'd say, 'Get him over here. I had a dream about him last night, and he was laid out in his coffin so plain . . .' Of course, everybody made tracks as soon as they saw us coming." Mr. Johnson is also Tiresias, the blind prophet of Greek drama, the man with inner sight.

Inevitably, perhaps, in the emotional climate of the sixties, critics read social content into these powerful and evocative paintings. They saw "tormented faces," "vision of beauty and horror," and the travail and anguish of the Negro's existence; the work, as the *Times* noted, was "propagandist in the best sense." Bearden has made it plain that this was not part of his intention. "A lot of people see pain and anguish and tragedy in my work," he conceded a while ago. "It's not that I want to back away from this, or to say that those things are not there. Naturally, I had strong feelings about the civil-rights movement, and about what was happening in the sixties. But you saw that on television every night, you saw the actuality of it, and something was needed, I thought, other than to keep repeating it in art. I thought there were other means that would convey it better than painting."

Bearden believed, moreover, that the Negro was becoming something of an abstraction in the sixties, a sort of caricature of protest and injustice. For his own part, he wanted, as he said in 1964, to "establish a world through art in which the validity of my Negro experience could live and make its own logic." Bearden was concerned with art, not propaganda. "I have not created protest images," he said. "The world within the collage, if it is authentic, retains the right to speak for itself."

Standing on the terrace of Albert Murray's apartment, on West 132nd Street, one day in 1971, looking across at the rows of four-story buildings that make up the block on Lenox Avenue between 132nd and 133rd, Bearden conceived the idea for his largest painting. "The Block" is actually six pictures joined together, making an eighteen-foot work. When it was shown at the Museum of Modern Art, in Bearden's 1971 retrospective exhibition there, it was supplemented by an audio collage of street sounds that had been tape-recorded, but Bearden now feels that this was not a good idea. The painting needs no accompaniment. It shows not only the street and the houses but also (shades of Eugene) the rooms behind the façades, where people are eating, bathing, making love, attending

Give a Gift of
the Most Comfortable Shoe in the World



The Wanderer/ $42.50

The Shawnee I/ $42.50

AFTER HOURS

"After Hours" are carefully crafted of soft glove leather with full glove leather lining. Soft padded insoles, with thousands of tiny compressed air cells, provide remarkable comfort. Finely ribbed crepe soles ensure a quiet, non-slip walking surface. Bone, Black, Antique Brown, White, and Blue Smooth Glove.

Mail orders accepted at all locations. Add applicable sales tax and $1.50 for shipping & handling. West Coast $1.00 higher. Sizes 13, 14, 15 $2.00 extra per pair.

STYLE	QUANTITY	SIZE	WIDTH	COLOR

☐ Check enclosed
☐ American Express
☐ BankAmericard/Visa
☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. ________
Expiration Date ________

Name ________
Address ________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________

THE
Johnston & Murphy
SHOP

1344 Avenue of Americas, NEW YORK, NY 10019/White Flint Mall, NORTH BETHESDA, MD 20795 Woodfield Shopping Center, SCHAUMBURG, IL 60195/The Galleria II, 5085 Westheimer, HOUSTON, TX 77056/Plaza Frontenac Shopping Center, ST. LOUIS, MO 63131/408 North Rodeo Drive, BEVERLY HILLS, CA 90210/South Coast Plaza, COSTA MESA, CA 92626

There are perhaps a dozen incredible places you must see in the Orient.

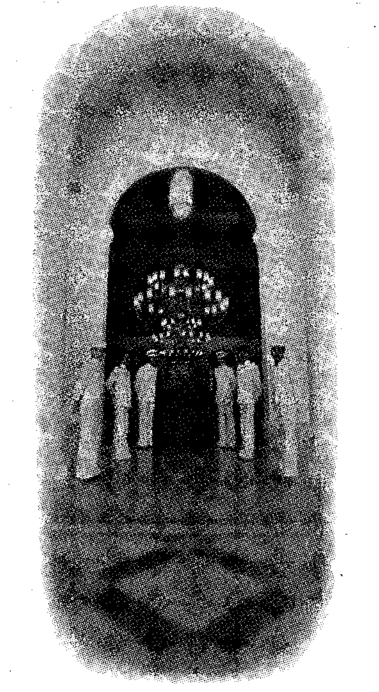
One of them is a hotel.

Most hotels have room service. Ours is a butler-on-call on every floor. Most hotels have a lobby where tour groups meet to go sightseeing. Our lobby is one of the sights sightseers come to see. A few hotels even have a little history. The Manila Hotel has played host to royalty, celebrities, military legends and 65 years that have changed the world (but not our traditions of excellence, and gracious Old World service).

While you check out all the famous sights of the Orient, why not check-in at one?

The Manila Hotel.

For reservations, please consult your travel agent.



Manila Hotel
Philippines

church (the block has two churches), getting their hair cut—just going about the ordinary business of life. The feeling conveyed is one of celebration.

WHEN the Metropolitan Museum was planning its ill-fated "Harlem on My Mind" show, in 1968, Bearden was asked to be a consultant. He agreed at first, but when he saw how the plans were developing he withdrew. "They were giving it a sort of light, sensational treatment," he has explained. "I thought it deserved something more in-depth than that. I was so mad I never even went to see the exhibition."

Bearden has done as much as anyone to celebrate the achievements of black artists, both living and dead. In 1966, he organized a show called "Art of the American Negro" in a transformed basement on 125th Street—the first time since the nineteen-thirties that an exhibition of Negro artists of such scope had been seen in Harlem. The following year, Bearden and Carroll Greene, a collector of nineteenth-century black American paintings, put together a huge exhibition called "The Evolution of Afro-American Artists: 1800-1950" in the Great Hall of City College, with a hundred and fifty works by fifty-five artists. This was something of an eye-opener to a large number of people, blacks as well as whites, who had never before seen paintings by Joshua Johnston, Robert S. Duncanson, Henry Ossawa Tanner (the first black artist to win a prize at the Salon des Artistes Français), and other nearly forgotten talents. A great deal of research had gone into organizing the show, and Bearden became something of a scholar in the field. With Harry Henderson, he has recently completed a book on the history of Afro-American art, to be published by Doubleday in 1978.

d. ehrenberg

An increasing number of young blacks are studying art in school and college these days, and more and more have been deciding to make careers as artists. Although the odds are heavily against success for anyone in this line, it still seems harder for a young black than for a young white artist to find a gallery willing to show his work, and with this in mind Bearden, Ernest Crichlow, and Norman Lewis started the Cinque Gallery in 1969. The Cinque (named for the African prince who led a successful revolt aboard the slave ship Amistad in 1839) operates under a grant from the New York State Council on the Arts, which pays all its administrative costs; it is now at 2 Astor Place, around the corner from Joseph Papp's Public Theatre, in space donated rent-free by Papp, and the artists who show there receive a hundred per cent of the proceeds of anything they sell. In its first years, the Cinque showed only young unknowns, but lately it has broadened its scope to exhibit older black and other minority artists who have been overlooked by the commercial galleries. Marcia DuVall, the administrative director, is besieged by artists who want to show there. Most of the younger artists who come in want to meet Bearden, she says. "I think Romie's success is maybe more of an influence than his work," says Chris Shelton, the Cinque's first administrative director. "They see one black man who's made it, and that makes them think they have a chance, too. Romie sees them all. When he gets home from his own studio at night, his phone never stops ringing. He spends most of his free time now helping other artists."

Sitting in Albert Murray's apartment not long ago, Bearden said he would feel better about the current crop of young artists if they showed more of an interest in aesthetic problems. "Most of the questions I hear now are about making it," he said. "I get very few who seem to have a real historical interest in the craft. Of course, this is a difficult time for artists. Valéry said that the invention of the machine destroyed man's patience. To sit down today and paint like van Eyck is impossible, or to do something like the Unicorn Tapestries, where, I'm told, there are more than a hundred different kinds of flowers and plants portrayed. Talent can even get in the way of an artist now, because every artist coming up must make a whole new tradition for himself. In the Renaissance, when there was such an explosion of skill, it was possible for men who were not great painters to paint great pictures just by leaning on the achievements of a Leonardo or a Raphael. That's not possible now. Only a great artist can make a great painting today. What's essential is that you make some statement, that you offer some vision of life. For example, Persia—Iran—seems to be largely a desert country. But in Persian miniatures I've never seen any desert. There's always the garden, which is in daylight, but at the top the stars are out. It's the vision of the oasis. Cézanne wasn't particularly talented, nor was van Gogh. It was only late in life that Cézanne got all he needed to do what he wanted to do, and when he confronted that mountain of Sainte-Victoire he had the means, he had his vision of the world. Now we seem to be at the end of an era, the romantic era. Even Mondrian was a kind of romantic, with his idea that the world could be transformed through art. The notion that everyone is creative is all romanticism, and that seems to be ending, but it's not clear what will take its place. There is a kind of interregnum now."

Murray put an Earl Hines record on the record-player, and the two men listened to it intently. In addition to novels, Murray has written extensively about jazz—his magnum opus in this field, "Stomping the Blues," came out last year. When the Hines record was over, he played some Fats Waller, and then some James P. Johnson, king of the old Harlem stride pianists. After that, he put on a very early side of Louis Armstrong, with a great, ringing Armstrong solo.

"One time, I was in Spain," Bearden said. "In Málaga. It was in 1950. For some reason, I went to a funeral. There was all that mournful music, and then, after the burial, somebody began to blow on a trumpet, another kind of sound entirely, and an Englishman who was standing next to me turned and said, 'You see, now life has taken over again.' I think that's what art is—it celebrates a victory. A blues singer up at the old Lafayette, she sings about waking up one morning, there's a letter from my man, he done left me, I'm going down to the river and God knows what I'll do—but then here comes Freddy Jenkins on the trumpet, playing with a mute in, and he does a funny kind of riff that turns what might have been tragic into something else, into farce, so you don't feel like going out and committing suicide after all. Life is going to triumph somehow."

—Calvin Tomkins

•

A 60-year-old woman survived the disaster with Sang Froid. Wearing a fur coat and holding on to her shopping bag and purse, she climbed calmly down a ladder from one of the hanging cars.

She told police "I feel fine" and refused to either go to a hospital or give her name.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Yeah, but what happened to Froid? He feel all right, too?

If you go down to the sea again—go in see-worthy separates like these. Sunny-day bright acrylic Vee'd, ribby cardigan and crewneck pull. Plus a perfect skirt by **bleyle** in ship-shape polyester knit. All imported by

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

FOR THE NAME OF THE STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE: HOOPER ASSOCIATES, 1451 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. In Canada: 1470 Peel St., Montreal, Quebec.

THE 1978
CARS THAT C
YOUR FAITH I

If you feel that car companies aren't building cars the way they used to, we've got news for you.

You're not alone.

A national poll shows that 64% of the American people think the quality of new cars has declined in the past ten years.

In the face of this widespread loss of confidence in new cars, we confidently introduce our new 1978 Volvos.

You see, another national survey shows that people who bought new Volvos were happier than people who bought new Impalas, LTD's, Sevilles, Cutlasses, Regals, Cordobas and 42 other cars from G.M., Ford, Chrysler and AMC.*

Volvo owners consistently gave high ratings to things you may think have vanished from cars altogether.

Things like workmanship. The feeling that their Volvos had been fit together instead of slapped together. The look of a paint job that's five coats deep. (Remember when a paint job was something you could remark about in a new car? With Volvo, it still is.)

Volvo owners also gave high marks to the comfort in their cars (higher, in fact, than Cadillac owners gave to Cadillacs). Which is what happens when a car's interior is intelligently-designed rather than merely decorated.

Inside a Volvo, there's enough leg, hip and shoulder room for five six-footers. A 12-outlet ventilation system keeps the air continuously fresh. Our orthopedically-designed bucket seats keep you comfortable for miles on end.

Out on the road, Volvo owners rediscover something else: driving. In an age of lowered speed limits and power-robbing pollution controls, Volvo has steadfastly refused to build a car that's boring to drive. Instead, we've developed fuel-injected, overhead cam engines that meet federal clean air requirements without sacrificing essential mid-range torque and acceleration. And many Volvos have "Lambda Sond"™ an emission control system that makes Volvo one of the most pollution-free cars in America.

For precise handling, Volvo has rack and pinion steering, and a spring-strut front suspension. And when it comes to brakes, Volvo has never stopped short of the best: power-assisted discs on all four wheels.

These are the basic attributes of a Volvo. But not all Volvos are basic.

You can choose one of our sedans or a wagon from our 240 series.

Or, for a more personal level of performance, our 242 GT sports sedan offers: a modified suspension system, 4-speed manual transmission with overdrive, wide base Pirelli radials, a front spoiler, fog lamps, and GT paint, upholstery and trim.

Our Volvo 260 sedans and wagons come with a V-6, and every comfort feature a demanding person could want, all at no extra cost.

And for the exceptionally demanding, we offer the elegant new Volvo 262 C. A limited edition Volvo built in collaboration with the master Italian designer, Bertone. The 262 C is hand-finished and among its virtues is an interior of rich glove leather and elmwood veneer.

Volvos start at $6,645.†

Which may sound like a lot. Until you consider that you get something very important for the money.

A car you can believe in.

**Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977. †Suggested retail price P.O.E., local taxes, dealer preparation, delivery charges and Lambda Sond™ units additional.*

VOLVOS.
ULD RESTORE
I CARS.

© 1977 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. LEASING AVAILABLE.

/OLVO. A CAR YOU CAN BELIEVE IN.

Only one motorized instant camera gives you brilliant color by Kodak.

Kodak
METERS
FEET
PRINT CONTROL
DARKEN
LIGHTEN
KODAK EK6 INSTANT CAMERA

Bzzz! It's automatic!

The instant motorized camera that hands you a big Christmas Bonus—brilliant color by Kodak. Because the Kodak EK6 camera is the only automatic instant camera that uses (PR-10) Kodak instant print film.

In minutes your good times come to color before your eyes—in pictures protected by an elegant Satinluxe™ finish. Pictures you can take using an optional Kodak instant (electronic) flash. Pictures that can be made into beautiful color copyprints and enlargements.

Give the EK6 camera . . . get something wonderful right back. Brilliant color by Kodak.

Kodak

NOW SAVE $10 on Kodak instant cameras and film. See your photo dealer for details.

Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"
...to save Christmas in pictures.

THE THEATRE

THE ODD COUPLE

IN "The Merchant," Arnold Wesker has written an ambitious and very intelligent play, and I'm sorry to report that it closed last week after a brief run at the Plymouth. Not unflatteringly, one could say of it that it is "The Merchant of Venice" as young Shaw might have done it instead of young Shakespeare, with Shylock proving to be a garrulous, lovable bibliophile, Portia a Fabian "new" woman, incandescently certain of her ability to remake the world, Jessica a rebel against the suffocating conventions of family life, and Bassanio a young bounder down from Balliol, his eye already firmly fixed on the main chance. As for Antonio—who, after all, is the merchant for whom the play is named, and who therefore deserves to be taken seriously—in Mr. Wesker's version he is a far more important figure than he is in the original. He is also far more attractive. Instead of despising Shylock for his Jewishness and spitting on his gaberdine whenever a likely occasion presents itself, he dotes upon him. He and the old moneylender are, in a word, chums. One might wonder how on earth the play can survive the transformation of its two chief adversaries into an odd couple. It does so thanks to a witty Weskerian stratagem: the pound of flesh that Shylock is entitled to exact as a forfeit if Antonio should prove unable to repay his loan is a mere prank, mocking the law for requiring that there be *any* sort of formal bond in a transaction between friends. The mild horror of the play lies in the fact that it is affection, and not enmity, that threatens Antonio's life.

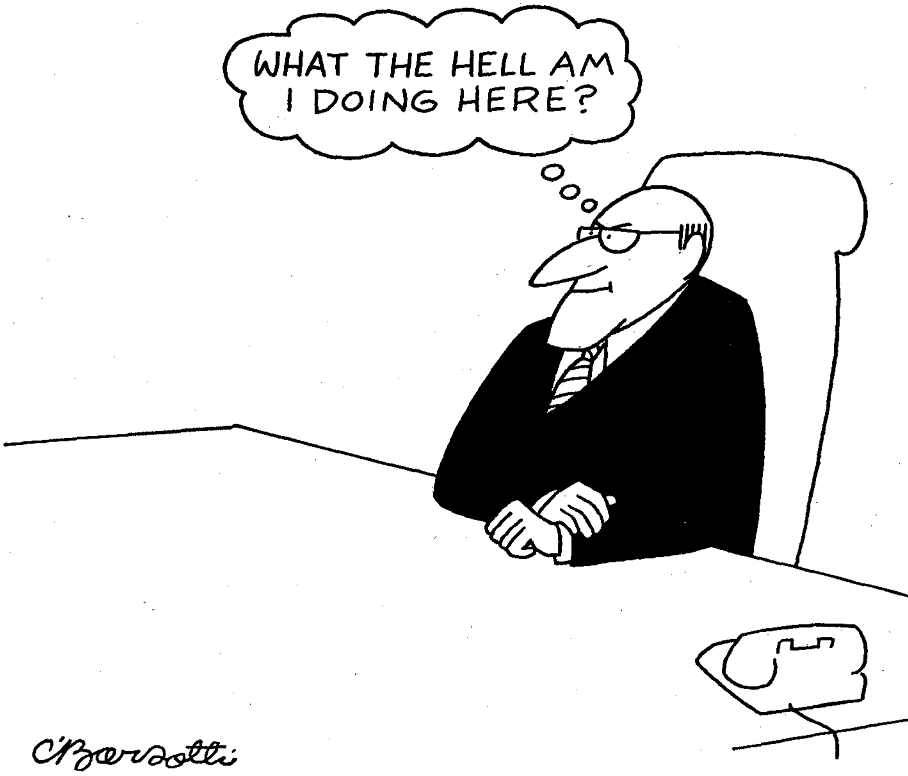
Like Tom Stoppard, Wesker enjoys turning received ideas upside down and giving them a good, hard pummelling. Provocative as this exercise was, a little of it went a long way. I admired the many ingenuities of "The Merchant," but I tired at last of the amplitude with which Wesker spun them out and showed them off to us; he became not Wesker as Shaw-Shakespeare but Wesker as Jack Horner, about whom one always feels that a corner was certainly the ideal place for him. Wesker has written extended passages on, for example, Johann Gutenberg and Aldus Manutius; despite their eloquence, I would have been glad to take a ruthless blue pencil to them.

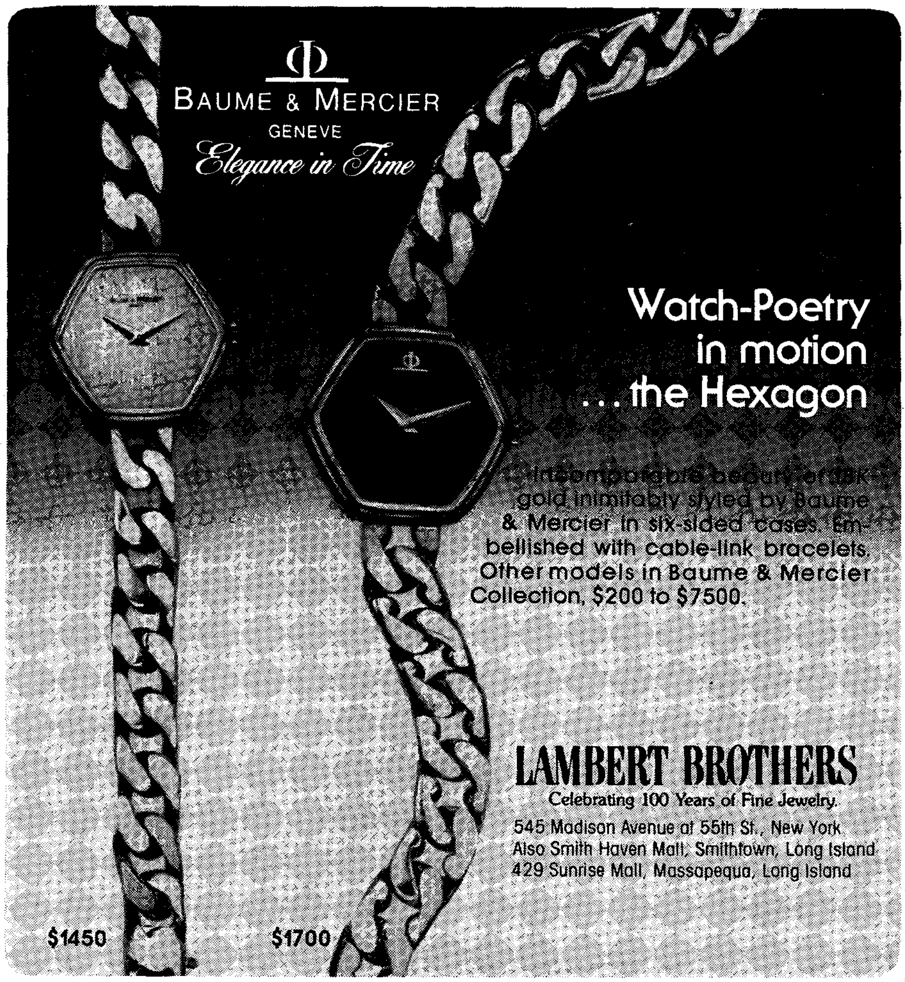
The production was an admirable one. Joseph Leon and John Clements were superb as Shylock and Antonio, and so was Roberta Maxwell as Portia. Jessica was played with convincing spunkiness by Julie Garfield, and the narcissism of Bassanio was skillfully sketched in by Nicolas Surovy. There were pleasing performances in negligible parts by Marian Seldes, Gloria Gifford, Riggs O'Hara, and William Roerick. The impressionistic Venetian setting and the sturdy costumes were by Jocelyn Herbert, the lighting was by Andy Phillips, and the direction was by John Dexter.

"GOLDA," by William Gibson (at the Morosco), is billed in the program as "a partial portrait," which may be a hint on the part of the author that we oughtn't to savage him for having failed to provide a complete portrait; indeed, there may well be a second hint tucked away inside the first, to the effect that he knows as well as we do that even a partial portrait doesn't necessarily amount to a play. The fact is that "Golda" *isn't* a play, and I doubt if it's a partial portrait; the flashbacks by means of which Mr. Gibson has sought to give us the life of Golda Meir strike me as fatally lacking the ring of authenticity. It is a comic-strip version of one of the most formidable women of our time, executed in crude, sticky colors, and with words issuing in balloons from the mouths of the chief characters—Moshe Dayan, Ben-Gurion, King Abdullah, and all the rest. Hagiography is difficult enough to practice when one's subject is dead, and it is surely impossible to practice when one's subject is still alive; in "Golda" Mr. Gibson has undertaken the impossible and has given us, simply and embarrassingly, the improbable. Whoever Mrs. Meir may be, she is not the composite of Eleanor Roosevelt, Will Rogers, and Molly Picon that we observe on the stage of the Morosco, achieving Israel's survival by a series of Jewish-funny, Jewish-sad soap-opera apothegms.

Having found little of value in the play, I find much of value in the performance of Anne Bancroft as Golda. What a gifted and valiant actress she is! Gerald Hiken is also deserving of praise in his role as Morris, Golda's neglected husband, but the rest of the very large cast remain the prisoners of Mr. Gibson's limited intentions. The dreary scenery and costumes are, to my astonishment, by Santo Loquasto, the lighting is by Jules Fisher, and the direction is by Arthur Penn.

—BRENDAN GILL


WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING HERE?
CBarsotti



BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE
Elegance in Time

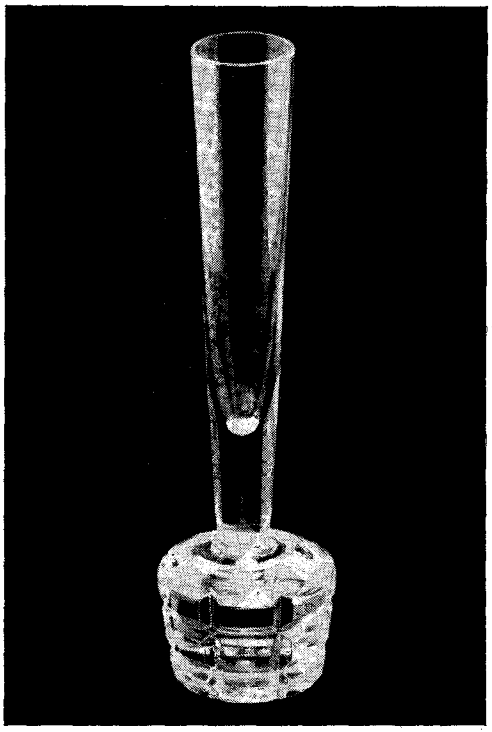
Watch-Poetry
in motion
...the Hexagon

Incomparable beauty of 18K gold inimitably styled by Baume & Mercier in six-sided cases. Embellished with cable-link bracelets. Other models in Baume & Mercier Collection, $200 to $7500.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Celebrating 100 Years of Fine Jewelry.
545 Madison Avenue at 55th St., New York
Also Smith Haven Mall, Smithtown, Long Island
429 Sunrise Mall, Massapequa, Long Island

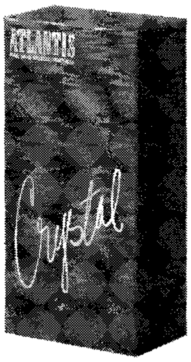
$1450
$1700

FULL LEAD CRYSTAL, HAND BLOWN, HAND CUT AND POLISHED BY CRISAL PORTUGAL.



Manuela Bud Vase, 6" tall. $17.
Crystal clear flute on a solid, deeply cut base. Small enough to hold a single bud gracefully - but with enough water to keep fresh. Exquisitely wrought for Block by Crisal, Portugal. Full lead, hand blown, hand cut and polished. A perfect reminder gift, packaged in its own fitted, silver-lined box.

BLOCK
BLOCK CHINA CORPORATION
11 EAST 26 ST., N.Y.C. 10010



ATLANTIS
CRYSTAL
MINIATURES

WRITE DEPT. NY 477 FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE, 25 CENTS.

FOOTBALL

Hail and Farewell

STADIUM PARKING

AT the Army-Navy match last month (it came out at Navy 23, Army 13), there were, in the aftermath, expressions of sorrow from the eternal followers of the defeated not so much about what had happened to their pet as about the departure—for all time—of a coach, Eric Tipton, who had done so much for so many years in behalf of his small charges. Small charges they were indeed, for the match involved two of the premier performers in the recently diminished ranks of the Eastern Intercollegiate Lightweight Football League, which was designed for the higher education of players who, since they scale from a hundred and fifty-eight pounds downward, are hardly ever likely to ascend to varsity rating. Columbia, pressed by shortage of funds, dropped out of the league this year, leaving but six survivors—further reason for expressions of sorrow. Now and then, there used to be gala Saturdays, on which eternal followers could, by rushing from one scene to another on a given campus, see all or part of the hundred-and-fifty-pound, freshman, junior-varsity, and varsity matches between the hours of, say, ten-thirty and four-thirty, fair weather or foul. But the devisers of collegiate schedules have since done away with such delightful surfeits, and the activities of the hundred-and-fifty-pounders have become far less noticeable, for they are now assigned to odd corners of the day or of the week. Tipton was at The Point for twenty years, and the squads he organized were for some years the enfants (literally) terribles of the league. This season's squad, under new management, has not done as well; even the Princeton lightweights, who had taken only one in twenty matches from Army, topped Army this fall, at 9–0. Cornell, Pennsylvania, and Rutgers are the other participants in the annual league round robin. The sport offered by the league is at neighborhood level: there is usually no stadium, and the audience is usually standing-room-only, there being no place for it to rest itself except its haunches; and there is no box office. It would be a pleasure to learn that some of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are laid out by

If you're looking for a fine hotel, consider The Preferred alternative.

American Express thinks you should consider The Preferred Hotels Association. Each of the 26 member hotels is individually owned and each is dedicated to fine service and gracious surroundings.

Each is known for its ambience, its discreet luxury and outstanding cuisine. If you are familiar with any of the member hotels, then you know the high standards they all share.

They also share a central reservation number to help make your travel planning easier. The toll-free number is 800-323-7500. In Illinois: 800-942-7400. In Canada: 800-261-6353.

A list of The Preferred Hotels in the U.S., Canada and overseas follows. The American Express® Card is welcomed in every one.

AMERICAN EXPRESS®

Preferred Hotels
800-323-7500
AMERICAN EXPRESS
3712 3456 78 95006
CHARLES P FROST
68
AX

Beverly Hills/Los Angeles
BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL
Boston
THE RITZ-CARLTON
Chicago
THE DRAKE
THE RITZ CARLTON
Denver
THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL
Detroit
HOTEL PONTCHARTRAIN

Houston
THE WARWICK
Indianapolis
THE HOTEL ATKINSON
Kansas City
ALAMEDA PLAZA
Milwaukee
THE PFISTER HOTEL AND TOWER
Minneapolis
THE MARQUETTE INN
THE NORTHSTAR INN

New Orleans
THE PONTCHARTRAIN
New York City
THE PIERRE
Philadelphia
THE BARCLAY
Roanoke, Virginia
HOTEL ROANOKE
Salt Lake City
THE HOTEL UTAH

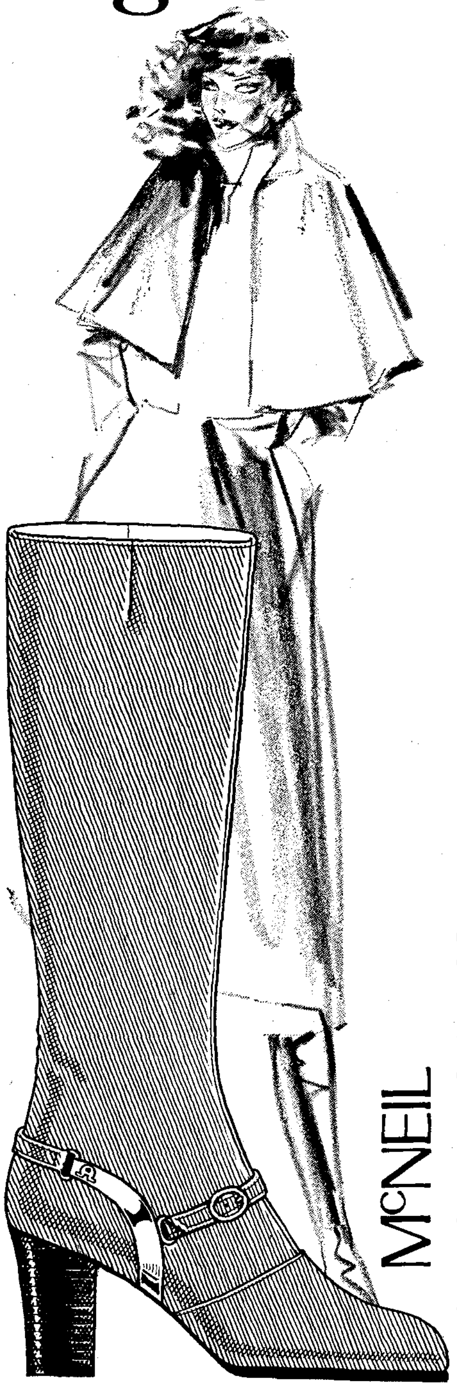
San Francisco
THE STANFORD COURT
St. Louis
THE CLAYTON INN
Washington, D.C.
THE WATERGATE HOTEL
THE EMBASSY ROW
CANADA
Calgary
THE INTERNATIONAL

Toronto
PARK PLAZA HOTEL
HOTEL PLAZA II
THE PRINCE HOTEL
Vancouver
GEORGIA HOTEL

These Preferred Hotels overseas also welcome the Card: Buenos Aires The Plaza **Dublin** The Gresham **London** The Dorchester **Lima** The Gran Hotel Bolivar **Lucerne** The Grand Hotel National **Madrid** Hotel Palace **Paris** Plaza Athenee

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.SM

Aigner



THAYER McNEIL

FTM brings you Etienne
Aigner's Big Red. A slim
stalk of a boot in the
famous designer's equally
famous signature red. $85

FLORSHEIM
Featuring Florsheim shoes for women

Fifth at 43rd • Madison at 54th • Third at 70th
PLaza 9-4805
And at other fine locations throughout
the country including
Riverside Square • Paramus Fashion Center
Boylston Street • Montgomery Mall
Water Tower Place • Northbrook Court
Bal Harbour • Post and Grant • The Galleria

the television marketeers to persuade certain varsities to rearrange schedules for the convenience of the cameras would trickle down to the hundred-and-fifty-pounders and help restore Columbia to its brethren.

ON their way out into the world beyond campus, upon occasion even Ivy Leaguers who may well have had nothing of the sort in mind are deflected from the careers they were intent upon when they matriculated into careers much more in the public eye than such standard Ivy League pursuits as the ministry, the halls of learning, the law offices, and Wall Street. Mostly, they are those who spent their fall afternoons on the football field while they were undergraduates. The theory is—and it has been a very long time dying—that Ivy Leaguers cannot stand up to the hard usage that is the lot of newcomers in the professional ranks. The theory, of course, does not go far enough down the line to consider the proposition that matriculators in the Ivy League institutions are not really enrolling there because they are planning to graduate into professional sports. But show up in those sports they do. Domres, a quarterback for Columbia during three of its good years, has been in professional football for some seasons now. He began with the Chargers, went to the Colts, then dipped into a sort of obscurity when, handed over to the Jets, he was visible only while he was holding the ball for attempts at conversion. His promotion to starting quarterback for the Jets, *vice* the damaged Todd, has not been precisely a success, but then neither have the Jets. Out in Cincinnati, two prize performers are McInally, the Bengals' punter and pass receiver (ex-Harvard), and Williams, a linebacker late of Dartmouth. Another Harvard is Szaro, who kicks for the Saints. At offensive tackle for the Bears is one more Harvard—Jiggetts, the Harvard captain two years back—and following him, as defensive back, came Fencik, one of Yale's best receivers, who is now in a reverse role. The last time this correspondent had a look at the Lions, Jauron, another Yalie, was still part of the defensive-back contingent. And now Dowling, heaver of many a famous Yale pass, has just joined up with the Packers. Harvard could use all three of its alumni again: a glance at the list of its graduates from the current varsity next spring makes sombre reading; as it is, to judge by their work afield this fall, it is reasonable to assume that they will be around and among the pros for some time. —J. W. L.

• •

CONIAGUI WOMEN

The Coniagui women wear their flesh like war
bear children
who have eight days to choose their mothers
the children must decide to stay
boys burst from raised loins
twisting and shouting
from the bush secret they run
beating the other women
avoiding the sweet flesh
hidden near their mother's fire
but they must take her blood as a token
the wild trees have warned them
"Beat her and you will be free"
on the third day
they creep up to her
cooking pot
bubbling over the evening's fire
she feeds them
yam soup and silence.

"Let us sleep in your bed," they whisper
"let us sleep in your bed," they whisper
"let us sleep in your bed."
But she has mothered
before them
she closes her door.

They become men.

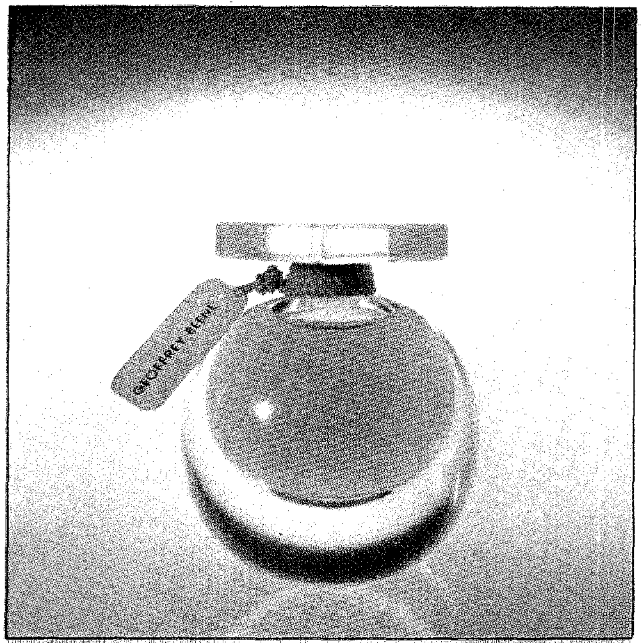
—AUDRE LORDE

Never buy a Bordeaux by the bottle. Buy a great, velvety Bordeaux by the label.

B&G
Mis en bouteilles dans nos chais du Dehez à Blanquefort Gironde
1975
PONTET-LATOUR
APPELLATION BORDEAUX CONTRÔLÉE
B&G
BORDEAUX RED WINE - PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Cont. 1 Pt. 8½ Fl. Ozs. - Alc. 11.5% By Vol
Shipped by Barton & Guestier - Négociants à Blanquefort Gironde - France
IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.
Sole Distributors in the U.S.A.

The B&G label.
B&G. 250 years of winemaking history from all the great wine regions of France:
Bordeaux, the Loire Valley, Beaujolais, Côtes du Rhône and Burgundy.
Now B&G brings you Pontet-Latour, a great velvety wine from Bordeaux.
Superb. But affordable.
Just buy it by the label. **B&G.**
Letters of recommendation from France.

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS, NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO. AD PREPARED BY TT&P, INC.


GEOFFREY BEENE

GEOFFREY BEENE

RED

PARFUM

AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

. . . AND ALL THROUGH THE BAUHAUS

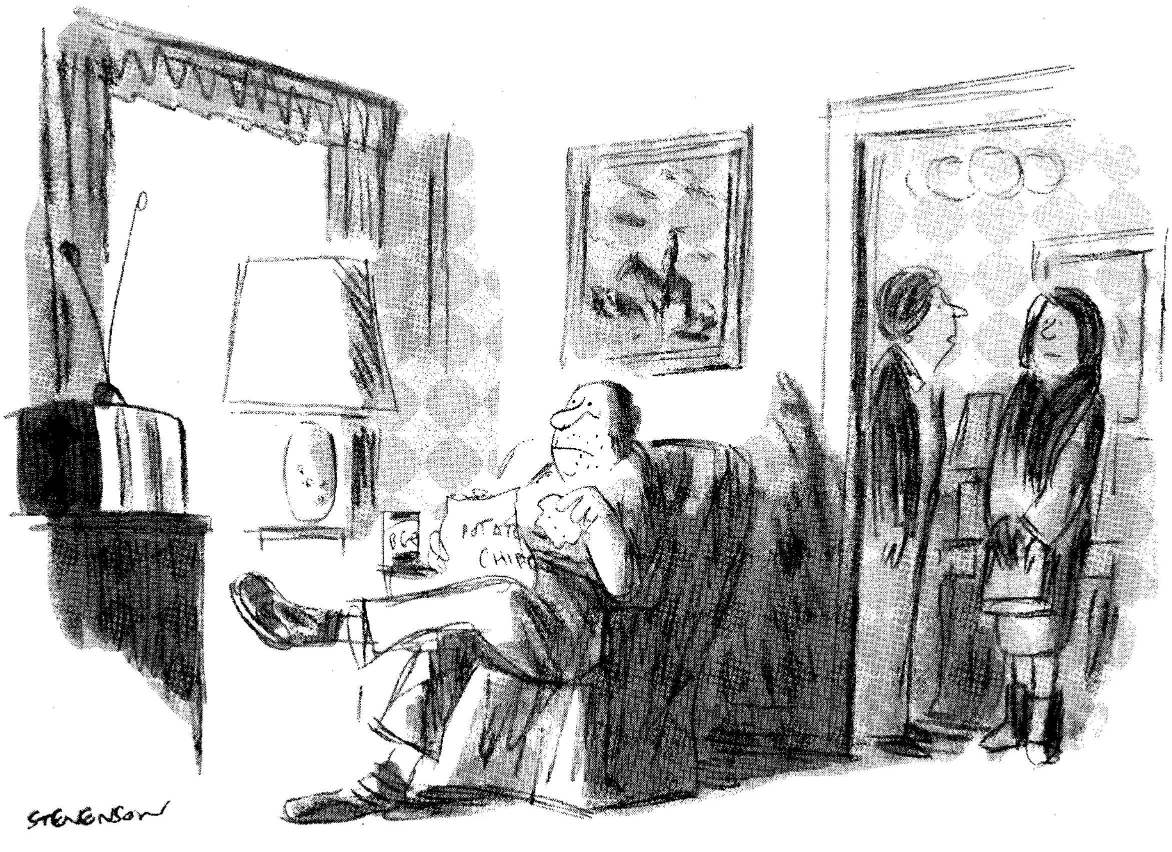
A REMARKABLE picture book came out here last year—a reprint of a work first published in England in 1974—called "The House Book," by Terence Conran (Crown; $30). It is a book of practical advice and example to householders, and it is extraordinary on many counts: for the beauty, interest, and abundance of its color photographs; for the ambitious vastness of its scope; for the consistent good sense of its text; and, perhaps most of all, for the vision of contemporary domesticity that it projects—a vision as full and as clear as the picture of the Victorian parlor that we all carry around with us. The illustrations (abundant because they are only occasionally full-page, and often six or eight to a page) are different from the usual stiff studies of Potemkin villages found in decorating books. In the "House Book" pictures, you get not only the clutter of daily life but the presence of actual families and couples doing the things that people do at home—eating, reading, talking, playing games, listening to music, sitting around, and even, in one startling instance (a picture of an avant-garde bedroom), acting seductive.

The "style" of these interiors—if one may use that word for what seems more like a reflection of collective unconscious tastes—is the by now familiar (but never so comprehensively and appealingly shown) gestalt of plain rectilinearities (storage units, large pieces of furniture, white walls) combined with textured roundnesses (bentwood chairs, baskets, Japanese lanterns, printed pillows, Persian carpets, folk-art figures, bowls of fruit, displays of pottery). It is the stern Teutonic idealism of the Bauhaus tempered with the amiable hedonism of English comfort. It is a meld of industrial technology and the vernacular and folk traditions, held together by the powerful glue of twentieth-century abstract art. It is functionalism come of age.

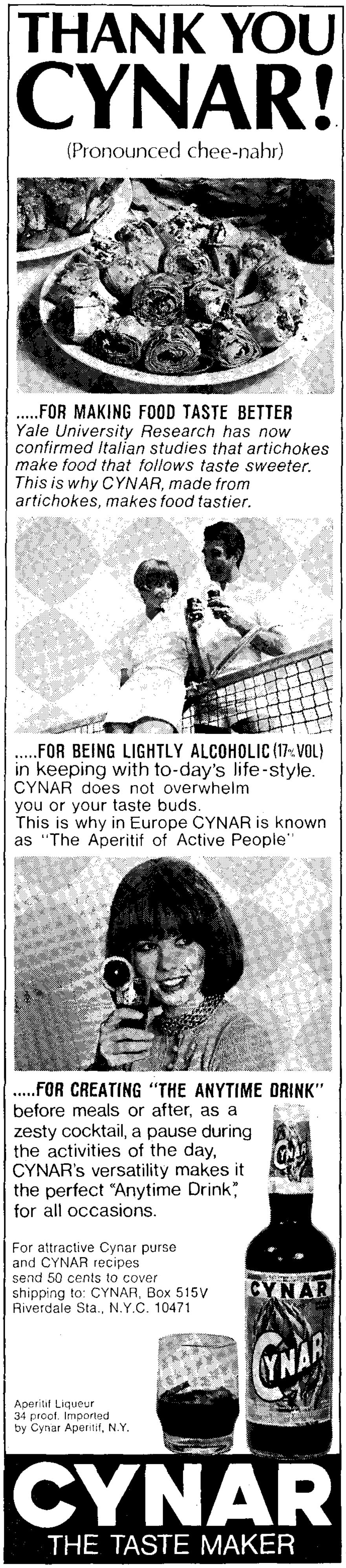
The passage of time not only has blunted the stark severities of the original modern style but has remedied a socioeconomic situation that made the ideological claims of functionalism look ridiculous and hypocritical. The Bauhaus furniture designs—which were protected by copyright, and were thus available only in their expensive original versions to a small number of rich patrons—have come into the public domain and can be freely (and, as it proves, cheaply) copied, and so are finally within the reach of the middle-class families for whom they were intended in the first place. It is fair to say that it is only now, when cheap copies of the Breuer and Corbusier and Prague chairs are being churned out and sold for not much money, that the Bauhaus idea of democratic, infinitely replicable machine-age design is being realized. To the degree that the copies match the original, the worth of the design has been proved; when an inexpensive copy can't approach the original, then the original has something the matter with it.

CONRAN'S book, as it turned out, was a mere prelude to the arrival here last month of a wonderful, enormous store on Third Avenue at 54th Street (in the new Citicorp Center), which is the latest and largest addition to a chain of shops that Conran has established in England and Europe and that he is planning to extend to other cities here and abroad. (The chain is known as Habitat, but because there was a company here with a prior claim to that name the local store is called Conran's.) The merchandise brings Design Research and the Pottery Barn immediately to mind, but this is a much bigger and more inclusive operation, and it introduces a number of merchandising techniques previously unknown here. For example, the store acts as its own warehouse: everything is on hand, so that when you buy a sofa or a table you don't have to wait for it. Further, you are encouraged to drag it home yourself, and thus avoid a delivery charge. This is possible because much of the furniture comes "QA"—which stands for "Quick Assembly" and means knocked down. Each piece is packed in a carton that contains, as a label claims, all the necessary tools for putting it together—namely, an Allen key.

Entering Conran's, one sees a large, lucid, pleasingly open space devoted to the display of furniture, mainly, with a few mitigating stands of stationery and desk items and such. Stacked here and there are orderly arrangements of



"It's hard to believe that only yesterday he was a no-nonsense, take-charge guy."


THANK YOU CYNAR!
(Pronounced chee-nahr)

.....FOR MAKING FOOD TASTE BETTER
Yale University Research has now confirmed Italian studies that artichokes make food that follows taste sweeter. This is why CYNAR, made from artichokes, makes food tastier.

.....FOR BEING LIGHTLY ALCOHOLIC (17% VOL)
in keeping with to-day's life-style. CYNAR does not overwhelm you or your taste buds. This is why in Europe CYNAR is known as "The Aperitif of Active People"

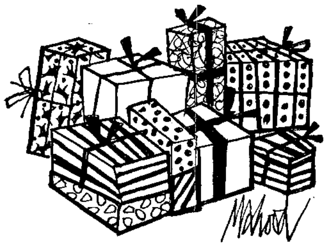
.....FOR CREATING "THE ANYTIME DRINK"
before meals or after, as a zesty cocktail, a pause during the activities of the day, CYNAR's versatility makes it the perfect "Anytime Drink" for all occasions.

For attractive Cynar purse and CYNAR recipes send 50 cents to cover shipping to: CYNAR, Box 515V Riverdale Sta., N.Y.C. 10471

Aperitif Liqueur
34 proof. Imported
by Cynar Aperitif, N.Y.

CYNAR
THE TASTE MAKER

chairs and sofas and tables and storage units—the wood light and naturally finished, the lines plain and square-cut, the upholstery blocky and cubistic, the colors beige, brown, black, dark red, and subdued blue. The furniture could almost be called unremarkable, but the tag attached to each piece is anything but. Unlike the laconic and cryptic messages one finds in other stores, the Conran tags tell you everything you could possibly want to know about the piece of furniture whose purchase you are debating: what it is made of, how it is constructed, and how it can be taken care of, as well as its measurements and its price—written in English, no less! For example, the tag attached to a light, round wooden table with an extension leaf that enlarges it from forty-seven inches to sixty-three reads, "The frame and legs are manufactured from good quality solid beech, and are secured to the top with metal nuts and bolts. The table top is crown-cut, ash-veneered chip-board with hardwood edge. On this round extending table, the leaf has to be stored separately." The piece (also available in black) comes in QA form and costs $210 ($220 in black). Displayed with it are the best-looking cheap copies of the Prague chair we have seen, priced at $57.50, for the armless version, and $60.50, for the one with arms. (The "real" Prague chairs not only cost a lot more money but, according to the Stendig Company, which is this town's chief purveyor of them, can't be had at any price without considerable delay; the long waiting list for them is the result of the Czechs' refusal to enlarge the quota they have set for America.) Conran's lovely, light dining chairs have caned seats and backs, and frames and slender tapered legs of steam-formed beech. Unlike other copies of the Prague chairs, these have no leg braces to interrupt their sleek plainness. Conran's Breuer chair—the chair with tubular chrome-steel cantilevered legs and a caned seat and back framed in natural or black-stained wood—is $50 without arms and $62.50 with. And Conran's Corbusier chair, of wicker and chrome steel, is $175 without arms. A variant of the director's chair, sold here for $35, has a naturally finished beech frame, an indigo or oatmeal canvas seat and backrest, and an outstanding degree of comfort for such an insubstantial piece. (It is thirty-five inches high, twenty-two inches wide, and nineteen inches deep, and it folds to a width of six and a half inches.) When one sits down and leans back, the backrest accepts and maintains the angle of the back it is straining against—a curious feat of simultaneous resistance and compliance. The feat is achieved by an ingenious piece of engineering: the backrest, which is a piece of canvas attached to two vertical stretchers, is hinged to the armrests, so that it swings loose.



If Conran's furniture seems simple, uncomplicated, and unassuming, that is the idea. For it is merely the background, the foil, the sandwich bread for the filling of rugs, lamps, bowls, pitchers, baskets, pillows, crockery, glassware, sheets, towels, comforters, toys, and games that are the core of the Conran style and are supplied on the second floor. There one finds a supermarket (literally, with shopping carts, baskets, and checkout counters) of functional home furnishings. And again—though there is little that one hasn't seen before at places like D/R—one is constantly aware of a sharp difference between this store and its predecessors. The difference may simply be this: that while one has the sense at D/R of being in a place that's special—a rarefied little haven for the happy few who prefer good taste to vulgarity—at Conran's the tone is as matter-of-fact and straightforward as a hardware store's. Conran's is concerned less with the question of what is good design (that seems to be settled for the moment) than with the most efficient, inexpensive, and agreeable way to sell things to people. Anybody, Conran seems to be saying, can fill a store with nice, tasteful things, but only the storekeeper who takes the trouble to grasp and master the art of modern merchandising will stay in business. A large measure of Conran's own Grand Mastery (he began as a furniture designer, opened his first shop in 1964, and today, at the age of forty-six, is the head of a thirty-four-branch multimillion-dollar business) is his empathy with the shopper—his acute sensitivity to the small, almost imperceptible annoyances of shopping, which he then proceeds to correct. For example, it is a fact of shopping life that whenever we see soup bowls or cups and saucers that are exactly what we need they belong to a set that can't be broken up. Conran, accordingly, sells no sets of anything; all his china is sold by the piece, and, indeed, one has the pleasure of seeing patterns here that are sold only by the set elsewhere. One such is the cozy red-and-white ironstone pattern, by William Adams & Sons, called English Scenic and depicting such rural imagery as horses grazing near ruins or a foal nuzzling its mother near a prosperous-looking farm, each enclosed in a lush floral border. (Stuff like this wouldn't have got past the doorman at the Bauhaus, and has yet to reach D/R; Conran seems to be saying what's the harm of a few cottagey English things in the functionalist house? An English Scenic dinner plate is $3, a salad plate is $2, a cup is $2.35, a saucer is $1.50, a small pitcher is $5.25, and a bigger one is $7.50; high-sided round bowls are $3.25, and smaller, shallower bowls are $1.95. Also from Adams is some nice plain white stoneware, priced at $2.95 for a dinner plate, $1.75 for a salad plate (these have pleasingly wide rims), $2.50 for a cup, $1.25 for a saucer, and $5.25 for a quart pitcher. An unusual blue-and-white pattern—reprinted from a stencil found in an old French restaurant-china factory—has an Art Nouveau character both in the stylization of its blue anemone motif and in the way the anemone appears in only one place, leaving a great deal of circumambient white space; the misty, blurry, pulled look of the blue flower is effective and strange. An oversized soup plate in this pattern is $6.25, and an undersized one is $2.25; a luncheon plate is $2.50, an oval platter is $6.50, and a salad plate is $1.75; a small, shallow cup is $1.75, a more capacious one is $2, and a saucer is $1.75.

ACT 1
LASZLO

There is a large and good mug selection. A most satisfying and handsome mug, of an ample, heavyset character, comes from Poland—off-white glazed earthenware with a single inch-thick blue stripe, done with one sure-handed stroke, an inch and a half below the rim. It is $1.85. In the cozy-cottage genre, there is a brown-and-white mug from Staffordshire printed with an old-fashioned basket of roses and sprouting a widely arching ear; $1.10. A plain, squat lemon-yellow mug, also English, is ninety-five cents. A massive-looking (and feeling) dun-colored stoneware pitcher from England makes a fine sight on the shelf, looking like an antique and sure to become one. It holds two quarts and costs $10.35. A big, substantial compote of green-tinged hand-blown glass will be an equally fine sight filled with fruit in the middle of a table. It comes from Spain and has a characterful irregularity in its lines; $12.25.

A wine rack of commendable unaffectedness—it folds like a clothes rack and is made of the plain light wood that clothes racks are made of—holds ten bottles and is priced at $5. Another excellent buy—at $2.10—is an ochre glazed-earthenware high-sided oval baking dish, which holds a pint and a half and has an appearance of homey comfortableness. But a rectangular pale wicker basket with a handle over the top—the sort that one associates with peasant women gathering mushrooms—has the surprisingly high price of $17.95. It is imported from Poland, and because of its unwieldy shape it takes up more room in the shipping carton than it ought to, so it costs more than it ought to. A classic English teapot, with a rich dark-brown glaze and a nice plump shape, comes in two-, four-, and six-cup versions for, respectively, $3, $4, and $5. A classic English pudding basin, which means a bowl shaped like a flowerpot, is of off-white glazed earthenware and costs $2 in a size to accommodate an individual serving and $4.25 in a size to see duty as a mixing bowl. A classic French terrine, which means a rectangular container with a domed cover whose knob is decorated with a raised leaf ornament, is of white vitrified china and costs $14.50; it holds about a quart. A bulbous, cheerfully red enamel teapot from Poland, trimmed with black and with a white inside, is $6.95, and a matching mug is $1.50. In the same ware (sold also in indigo blue and dark brown) there is a teakettle for $9.95 and a tall coffeepot for $5.15. A standing colander of white enamel with dark-blue trim is $4.75; it is a lovely sight.

In Conran's fabric section are some appealing small-figured cotton prints of an Arts and Crafts character priced at around $3.50 a yard; some of them have been made up into pillows (large, square, rather hard and lumpish, but comfortable), which cost $9.50. These patterns also appear in wallpapers priced between $3 and $7 for an eleven-yard roll. A wallpaper-tool set ($4.98) and wallpaper paste ($1.49 a quart) are

Just You and Lilly

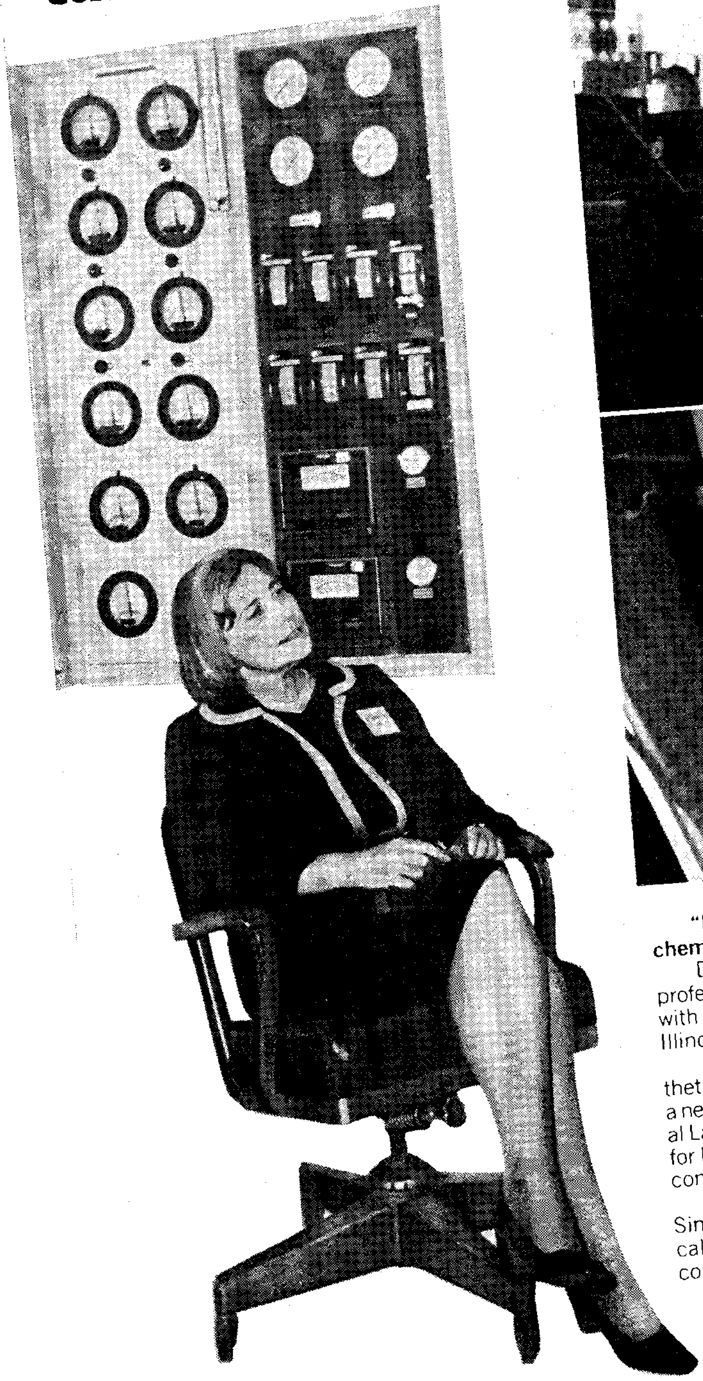
The famous Lilly patch skirt in polyester/cotton wraps in back, ties in front. This unique reversible skirt is dazzling with one-of-a-kind colorific patches!
Sizes: S-M-L $125.00

Lilly Pulitzer

Send check, money order, Master Charge number to: Lilly Pulitzer, Inc., Mail Order Dept., 2901 N.W. 34th Street, Miami, FL 33142. Add $2.00 postage and handling. Florida residents add 4% sales tax.

Write for free catalog, including locations of all Lilly shops.

The womanly art of directing research on turbine engines.



“I was born into science. I knew the word chemistry before I learned to talk.”

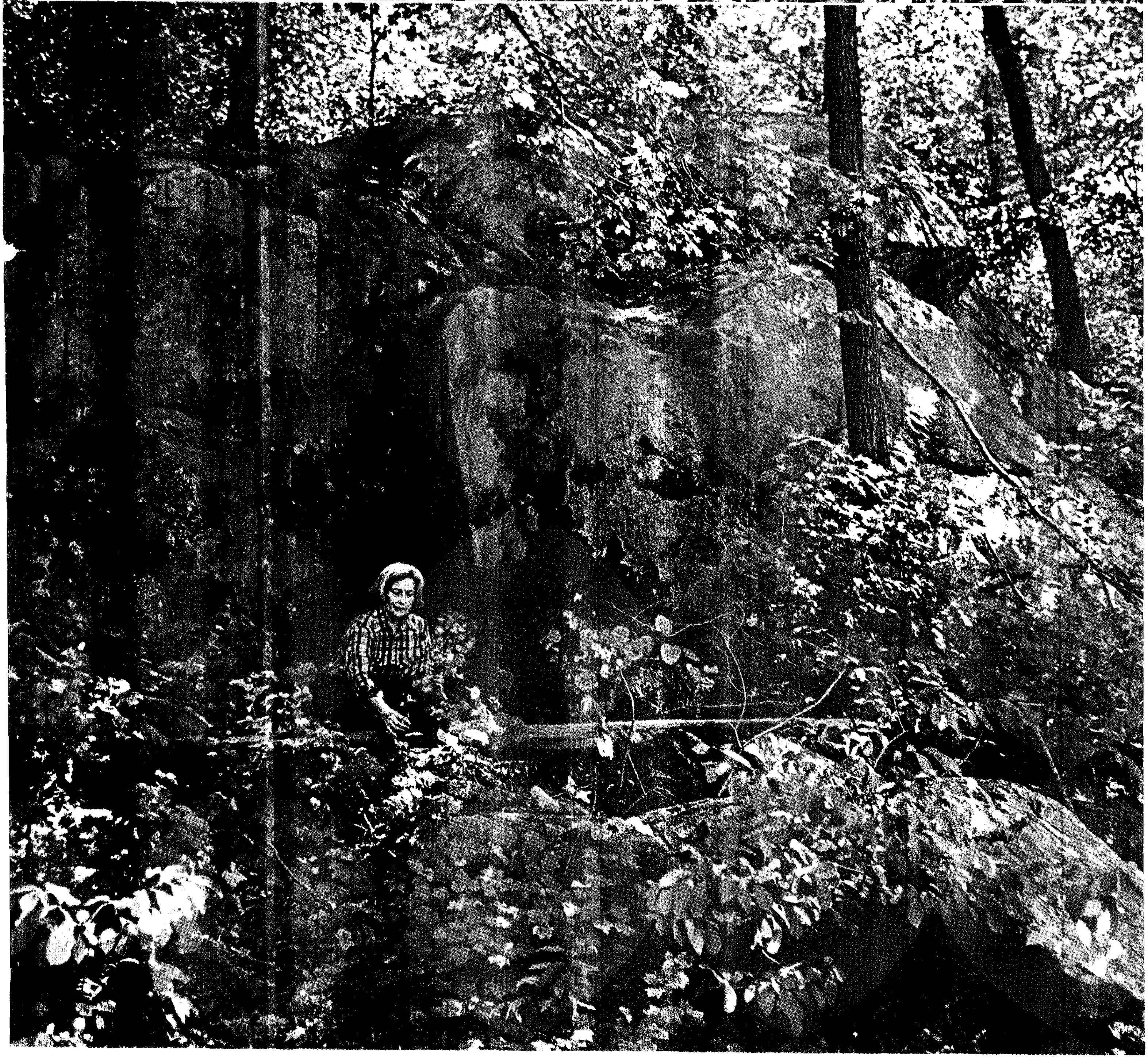
Dorothy M. Simon, daughter of a chemistry professor, B.S., Southwest Missouri State College, with the highest honors. Ph.D., the University of Illinois.

Researched the chemical properties of synthetic fibres for the DuPont Company. Isolated a new isotope of calcium at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. Won an international reputation for her research at NASA on the problems of combustion.

Today, as Vice President-Research of AVCO, Simon directs research at the seven technological divisions of that diversified, high technology company.

“Being a scientist was fun. So is business. Now my job is creating research investments that will make money for the company. It's a very different kind of challenge.”

At AVCO, Simon initiated the development of the gas turbine engine that powers the new battle tank to be built for the U.S. Army by Chrysler Corporation. Other projects at various AVCO divisions include electronic control systems for aircraft engines, high-temperature composite materials, and classified defense work. Instead of waiting for her Muse, Simon manages the creation of product ideas systematically. She recently conducted a three-day technology meeting that generated ideas for a wide assortment of new products that AVCO may develop and market in the next ten years.



Simon is living proof that obstacles to careers for women can be overcome. She believes women should have management careers, and is writing an assessment of women's struggles for executive authority.

"Men tend to lead by asserting authority, but women manage through the participative mode, by helping people develop their capabilities and solve problems. Now men are beginning to do the same. In science and engineering you have to manage participatively because your staff knows more than you do."

Simon was married for many years to Sidney L. Simon, formerly a Vice President of Sperry Rand. Recently widowed, she lives in southern Connecticut. Weekends are for walking her beagles Adam and Eve (relatives of the Lyndon Johnsons' Him and Her), visiting friends, reading and work.

"I read SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN because it gives me a broad overview of new fields in a logical and concise manner. The picture that you get is fair and integrated—and done very well. Without SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN I would have to read one hundred different journals. I've been reading it since I was twelve years old."

In a society that lives by innovation, discovery is our most important product. SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the magazine of discovery, attracting a growing number of newsstand buyers and subscribers. Each month it reaches two million people who make the future happen.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

415 MADISON AVENUE NEW YORK N.Y. 10017

Dine in a Botanic Garden circa 1818.

Here is the authentic beauty of old botanic prints, recreated from 19th-century Natural History books—and combined with exciting contemporary shaping!

"Botanic Garden" not only offers you a distinctive look as a total collection, it gives you a unique look *within* the collection.

Because the dinner plate comes in six different botanic-print designs. And the salad plate, in yet another six designs. Ditto, the bread-and-butter plate. And the cup.

Set a complete table for six and never repeat a single design!

It's like owning individually hand-painted dinnerware! At a fraction of the cost. Five-piece place setting, $26.50. Dishwasher-safe and oven-safe.

Another beauty of this collection: lots of marvelous accessory pieces to use for dining or as great decorative accents throughout your home—like canisters and cachepots that double as planters.

See "Botanic Garden" at fine stores everywhere. For brochure, write Kosta Boda USA Ltd., Dept.G, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10010.

"Botanic Garden," made in England by

PORTMEIRION

See "Botanic Garden" at these and other fine stores.

ARIZONA
Phoenix ...... The Scandinavian (Scottsdale)
CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles .... Bullock's Wilshire
Sacramento .... Grebitus
San Diego .... The Perfect Pan
San Francisco .... Caravansary
San Francisco .... Tiffany & Co.
COLORADO
Colorado Springs .... Whickerbill
Denver .... International Villa
Vail .... Krismar
CONNECTICUT
Hartford .... Luettgens Ltd.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, D.C. .... Garfinckel's
FLORIDA
Coconut Grove .... Pampered Chef
Coral Gables .... Bon Apetit
Ft. Lauderdale .... Anita Kott, Inc.
Ft. Lauderdale .... The Buttery
GEORGIA
Atlanta .... Charles Willis, Inc.
Atlanta .... Tiffany & Co.
IDAHO
Sand Point .... Insight
ILLINOIS
Chicago .... Marshall Field & Co.
Chicago .... Tiffany & Co.
INDIANA
Indianapolis .... N. Theobald, Inc.
IOWA
Iowa City .... Hands Jewelers
KANSAS
Prairie Village .... The Gallery
Wichita .... Cooper's
LOUISIANA
New Orleans ..... David Andersen of Norway
MARYLAND
Baltimore .... The Stieff Company
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston .... Cooley's (All stores)
MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor .... John Leidy Shop
Dearborn .... Murphy's Landing
Grosse Pointe .... Sign of the Mermaid
MINNESOTA
Wayzata .... Five Swans, Inc.
MISSOURI
St. Louis .... The Garden Gate Shop
St. Louis .... Scandia
NEBRASKA
Omaha .... The Afternoon
NEW YORK
Albany .... Mayfair, Inc.
Buffalo .... Pitt Petri, Inc.
New York City .... Tiffany & Co.
Syracuse .... H. J. Howe, Inc.
NORTH CAROLINA
Chapel Hill .... The Pace
Charlotte .... The Gutmann Galleries
Greensboro ...... Schiffman's Inc. (All stores)
OHIO
Akron .... Shulans Jewelry
Cleveland .... Potter & Mellen
Columbus .... The Place Setting East
Toledo .... S. & J. Emporium
OREGON
Eugene .... Northland Gifts
Gresham .... Cloud Tree & Sun
Portland .... Stevens & Sons
PENNSYLVANIA
Bryn Mawr .... Londinium Ltd.
Pittsburgh .... The Studio Shop
RHODE ISLAND
Providence .... Ross-Simons (All stores)
TENNESSEE
Memphis .... Gift & Art Shop
Memphis .... Robert Crump's Hancock House
Nashville .... Michael Corzine
TEXAS
Dallas ..... Russell O'Neil-In Good Company
Houston .... The Carlton House
Houston .... Gazebo Gifts
Houston .... Tiffany & Co.
VIRGINIA
Richmond .... Thalhimers (All stores)
WASHINGTON
Seattle .... Frederick & Nelson
Seattle .... Grand Central Mercantile
WISCONSIN
Milwaukee .... George Watts & Son, Inc.

PORTMEIRION
Distributed exclusively by Kosta Boda

thoughtfully supplied for the amateur paperhanger.

WE took a friend along with us on one of our expeditions to Conran's, and he astonished us by the intensity of his dislike for the store. All that we had found agreeable and ingratiating he found ominous and sinister. This place is the Enemy, he declared. It represents uniformity, standardization, mechanization, a Brave New World of sterile sameness, a totalitarian regime of Good Taste. Everything here is pre-selected, predigested; nothing reflects individuality, eccentricity, life, delight. Even the toys are Tasteful. Let me out of here, he cried. Take me to a five-and-ten, buy me a Barbie Doll, show me a toaster cover with a picture of the Pope printed on it, bring me plastic doilies, cute spoon rests, Maybelline eye-shadow kits . . .

Our friend's caricature (it is reminiscent of the caricatures of modernism in the thirties—the description, say, of Margot Beste-Chetwynde's new country house in "Decline and Fall") has some truth in it, as all caricatures do. What bothers him—as it bothered Waugh and other conservatives—is the political radicalism inherent in the functionalist aesthetic: modern design implies Socialism. You can't get around it, though God knows we try, with our various mitigating personalizations, our "warm" fabrics and carpets, our "organic" ferns and fig trees, our "vernacular" utensils and artifacts, our shelves crowded with folk art and ethnology and archeology. With all this stuff we clothe but cannot hide the fact that we are living not in farmhouses or Greek peasant huts or potty Victorian collectors' parlors but in a technological democracy where things do seem to be getting more and more the same, in order that economic differences may be less sharp. However, as our habitations grow more and more alike (our clothes already are alike), *does* it necessarily follow that we ourselves will be less individual and distinguishable from one another? The notion that a house reflects the personality of its occupant is new to this century—houses traditionally reflected the *class* of their occupants—and may well be a spurious one. Does what we own and how we arrange it actually constitute a kind of Rorschach test of our foibles?

The fact remains that most of us do amass things and do arrange them, and whatever this says or doesn't say about us personally, it quite clearly points to a general human need to do something beyond keeping our houses tidy and snug—to a common urge to embellish and beautify. This decorative impulse seems to exist wherever man is—even among the most primitive peoples, as archeology and anthropology show. No sooner does a man make a tool or a utensil than he sets about doing something "extra" with it—something that doesn't make it work better or make it easier to use, something that has no connection whatever with its function but simply serves to mark it with the hand of its maker, showing it to be his own. (Early ornament may well have been a way of taking possession, of showing what was one's own by means of marks; in time, the marks became more interesting than the host objects.) When the modern movement began to stir, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it was in opposition not to ornament itself but to a situation that seemed very bad to people like Ruskin and Morris: the fact that machines were being used to make ornament of the kind that had always been made by hand and was beautiful precisely because of the manifest presence of a living hand in each piece of carving or pottery or tapestry—because of all the signs of human thought, feeling, decision, and error that handwork betrays and that machine-made ornament is a travesty of. Two divergent positions came out of this stricture—that of the Arts and Crafts movement, which repudiated the machine and sought to revive the medieval handicrafts, and that of the Bauhaus, which said that the machine cannot be repudiated and sought to make its products honestly reflect their inhuman origin and stand forth plain, unornamented, brusque, cold. But everybody agreed that mixing ornament with machinework was horrible and wrong.

However, the machines have gone on serenely churning out ornament. The leading furniture made in this country today is a garish meld of imaginary aristocratic styles; the most popular of these is an evocation of dark, heavy, carved Latin opulence and is called Mediterranean. For every plain modern piece made, there are thousands of these ersatz pieces. What have we done wrong, where have we failed? the late Bauhaus masters may well be asking themselves as they survey (from the Art Deco Valhalla they have probably gone to) the deluge of Mediterranean and the trickle of modern. How

How to have a merrier Merry Christmas.

Tell them you'd love sterling.

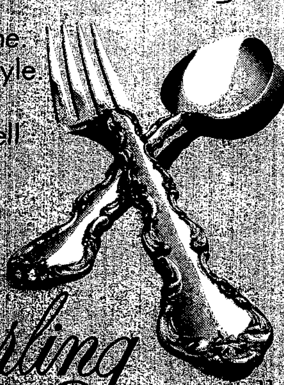
Sterling is the perfect gift from anyone. It won't chip, break, tear or go out of style. And no colors, sizes and all those other mysterious "whats" to worry about. Just tell them the pattern.

You could receive the first four place settings for Christmas, another for your birthday, anniversary and so on.

You've waited long enough for your sterling. Tell them. They'll understand.

Sterling says it all

Sterling Silversmiths Guild of America
Riverside, Connecticut 06878



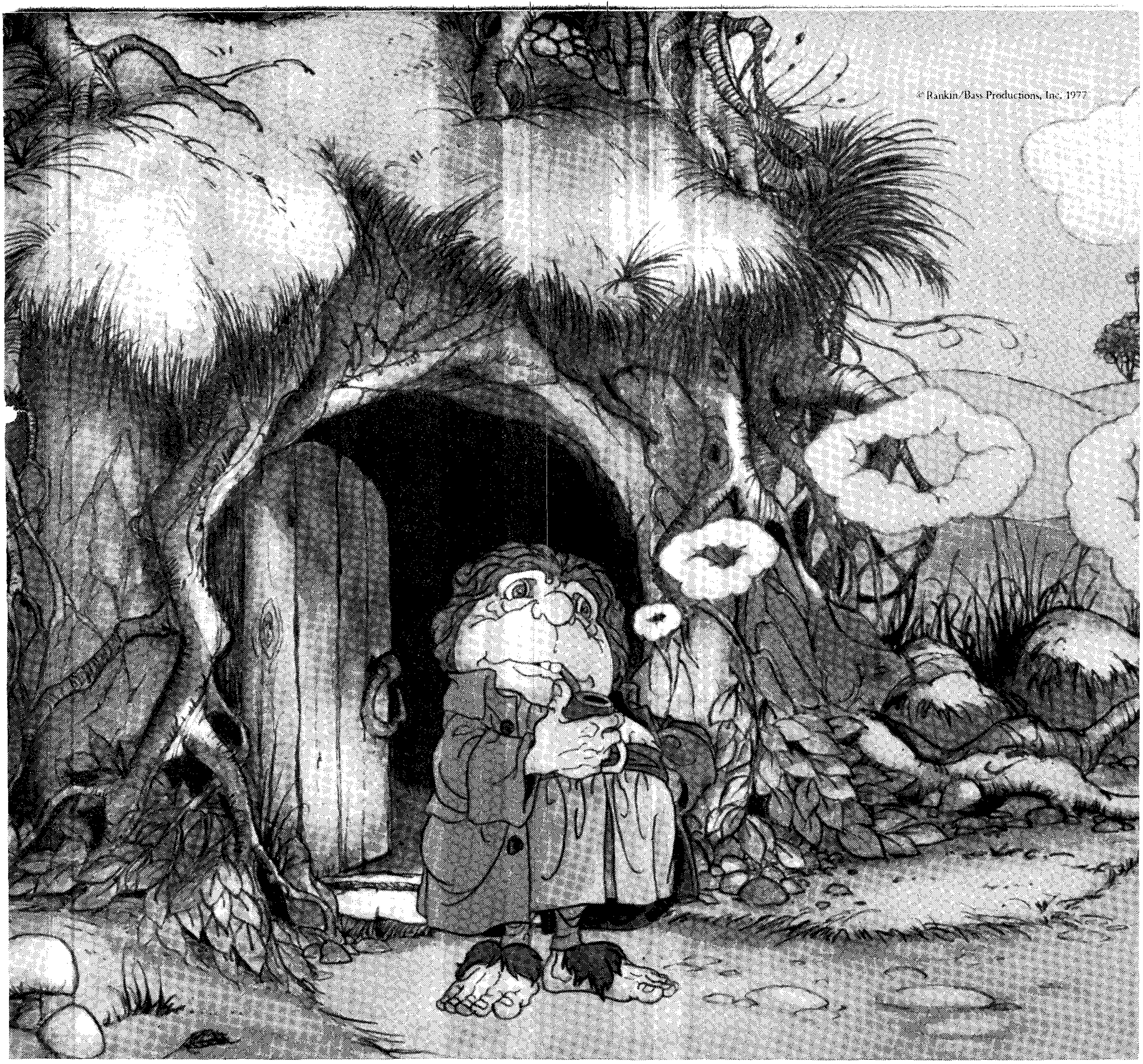
THE PRECIOUS JEWELS OF NEIMAN-MARCUS

Piaget: thinning agent. The ultimate in thin, these Piaget watches are masterpieces in precision and styling. All 18kt yellow gold with sapphire crowns and sleek lizard straps. Hand-crafted in Switzerland for all time, from 1360.00. Precious Jewels Salon, Dallas, Texas and all N-M locations

Neiman-Marcus

can people prefer this shoddy fakery to the good, plain, simple, rational objects we offered? The answer (one that Morris could have given) is that people themselves are not plain and simple and rational. They are also fanciful and crotchety and irrational, and it is to these aspects of humanity that Mediterranean and other forms of kitsch speak. Indeed, these forms can be said to be the folk art of the technological age. The person living in a Harlem tenement who prefers a plastic Renaissance sofa covered with fake damask to a solid-wood plain modern sofa covered with some tastefully drab fabric does so not because of his innate bad taste or his lack of education or his childishness but because he possesses a highly developed imagination and sense of fantasy, a capacity for make-believe, that the bleakness of his real life has given him. His illusion that his sofa is beautiful (and needs to be protected by a plastic cover) is like the illusion one has at the theatre when one is sitting at the proper distance from the stage—far enough away not to see that the scenery is only painted flats, that the characters are only actors wearing garish makeup and sweating, that the actress playing the ingénue is forty. When we pity the poor, we should take care to pity them for the right thing—their lack of money—and not for their way of compensating for their poverty.

OUR friend who dislikes Conran's and likes kitsch likes it in a different way from the working-class person for whom it is made and to whose fantasy it is attuned. The things our friend likes at Lamston's and in the flea markets he haunts in quest of kitsch objects from the twenties, thirties, and forties take on a different aura when brought home to his brownstone than they had in their original tenement setting. They assume the self-importance of the Found Object, and some of the older pieces are even beginning to acquire the patina of antiquity, to partake of a strange, surreal beauty. An arresting example of this kind of Readymade Surrealism is on view at a shop called Truffaldino, 392 Bleecker Street (between 11th and Perry), in the form of a row of variegated small ornaments that hang on a line near the entrance and look like rare totemic objects, such as might appear in a painting by Max Ernst. Closer inspection shows them to be celluloid rattles for babies. They are priced from $6 to $15 (the lower price is for what the owner calls "late" examples), and



© Rankin/Bass Productions, Inc. 1977

Xerox presents 90 minutes with one of literature's most celebrated heroes.

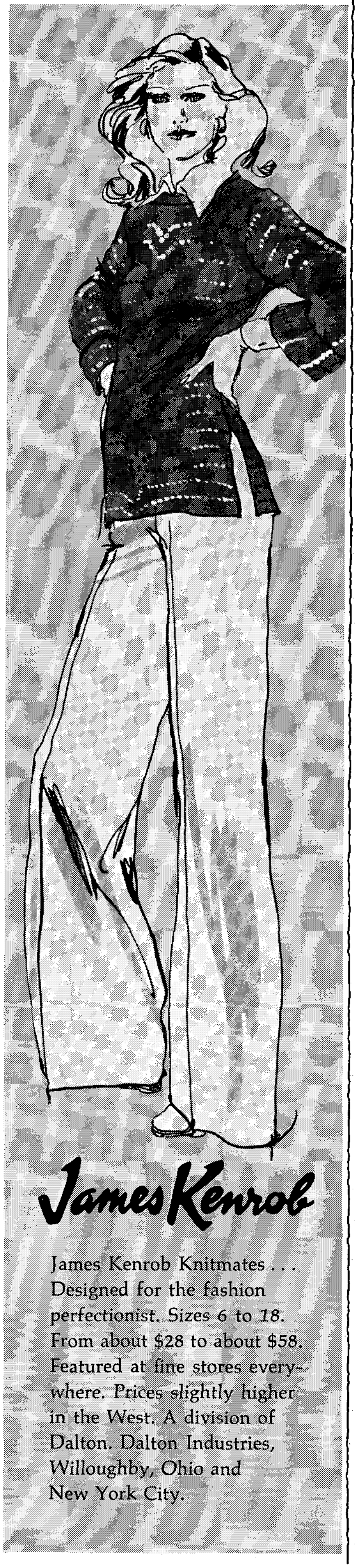
Bilbo Baggins, the reluctant adventurer created by J.R.R. Tolkien and idolized by millions of readers of all ages, comes to television in a spectacular animated special from Rankin/Bass Productions.

Everyone will want to see how the timid Bilbo finds the courage to confront the fearsome Gollum, the mighty Great Goblin and, finally, the awful Smaug.

Once you've seen this Xerox presentation, you'll never again believe animated specials are only for children.

"The Hobbit."

Sunday, November 27, NBC-TV Network.



James Kenrob

James Kenrob Knitmates . . .
Designed for the fashion
perfectionist. Sizes 6 to 18.
From about $28 to about $58.
Featured at fine stores every-
where. Prices slightly higher
in the West. A division of
Dalton. Dalton Industries,
Willoughby, Ohio and
New York City.

are considered "collectible" because celluloid today has gone the way of pinchbeck. The eye that arranged the objects in this shop—which specializes in turn-of-the-century toys, dolls, puppets, games, carnival pieces, posters, advertising cards, and various other forms of paper ephemera—is one that has feasted on Duchamp and Magritte and Ernst, has relished their mystery and irrationality, and has imparted to the place a marvellous orderly strangeness. A piece that struck us as something more than trumpery touched with the glint of surrealism—something approaching true folk art—is a black rag doll, in a red dress of worn, rough-textured fabric, who stands upright because of a gravel-filled bottle secreted beneath her skirt. The doll's bald head has expressive stylized features stitched on it in white thread, and small round white eyes that are the heads of hatpins; wisps of brown cloth form her fluttering hands ($125). Another strong work of anonymous art is a papier-mâché striped gray cat, poised for fight, defensively arched and angrily looking over its shoulder, realistic in its observation and yet executed by stylization ($120). A board game of 1919 called Psychology of the Hand Simplified has a handsome cover illustration of an outstretched hand and within its box some nonsense about the type of person that a palm-reading reveals one to be, Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and Apollo being the available models ($22). Tantra diagrams ($35), Mexican cutout paper lace ($2 to $20), Greek and Italian votive offerings ($2 to $20), and large cardboard teaching cards from Dutch elementary schools of the early twentieth century, which have the elegant blocky stylization of abstractions by Picabia ($25), are other items that we can imagine in a modern living room taking the sting out of its Good Taste.

EXAMPLES of another type of Found Object from the past—the sort of thing that is treasured more for its verbal than for its visual content—abound in a nice antique shop named Ann Phillips, 899 Madison Avenue (73rd). A small octagonal plate, for instance, charms us not by the beauty (or ugliness, as the case may be) of its picture—a young woman and a boy walking hand in hand down a garden path—but by the fatuity of its message: "For it was ever our delight/ To love each other day and night/ Nor would I do a thing to spite/ MY SISTER." The plate belongs to a series; another one shows an elderly woman with spectacles standing in front of a cottage and comforting a crying child, and its legend is "Who took me in a coach to ride/ Because I grieved when Puggy died/ And brought me sugarplums beside/ MY GRANDMOTHER." (The verse causes one to reëxamine the picture and notice a dead dog lying on the ground.) These are $125 each, and are dated 1835. A small chipped plate with the alphabet in raised lettering around the rim is part of an American Sports series and shows, in faded red, a player who has hit a single decorously making his way toward first base ($75), and a plate showing a pathetic scene of a cluster of people weeping in a parlor explains their misery with the placid observation "Intemperance produces starvation" ($45). A small framed color print depicting Queen Victoria at two stages in her life—one oval showing the slender, straight, clear-eyed, innocent, confident young woman of 1837, and the other oval showing the fat, slumped, dejected, disabused widow of 1897—is decorated with a bow and flowers, and is priced at $35.

OUR next stop—a shop named The Lands Beyond, 1218 Lexington Avenue (83rd), which deals in pre-Columbian artifacts—caused us to reflect on the anomalies of pricing in this town. If a baby rattle from the twenties costs $15 and a chipped plate from the mid-nineteenth century is $125, how can a clay bowl that was made in 400 A.D., is ornamented with handsomely eroded geometric decorations, and was found in a burial ground of the Michoacán culture be only $70? This crowded small shop, which doesn't draw the uneducated eye from the street, proves to be a treasure trove of art for which the term "primitive" or "folk" seems inadequate. A stone statue that strongly resembles ancient Cycladic sculpture is one of those astonishingly modern abstract figures. Of skipping-stone flatness and Brancusi-like calm starkness, its empty face is marked only by a pair of diagonal runnels indicating eyes, which are repeated below as indications of arms—symmetries that move one by their daring. The piece was made between 250 B.C. and 100 A.D. by the Mezcala people of Guerrero, and is

For the American body, the Scandinavian morning ritual.

Ø A wise man once said, "The morning is the rudder of the day." How you begin your day has a great effect on the rest of your day.

From Scandinavia, where men take care of their bodies as a mark of self respect, where to look good means to look healthy, we suggest you begin your day in the following manner:

Kanøn Soap and hot, steaming water. With fistfuls of thick, zesty foam. Kanøn Soap is briskly scented and hard milled to last longer. To stand up to the way a man uses soap. And it has special emollients to help the skin. Next, a bracing cold rinse. Followed by a rough towel, rigorously applied.

Then, while the skin is still alive from the shower, the uniquely invigorating experience of Kanøn Pump Spray Cologne. Its cooling mist carries forward the benefits of the shower. And its manly scent deftly completes the process.

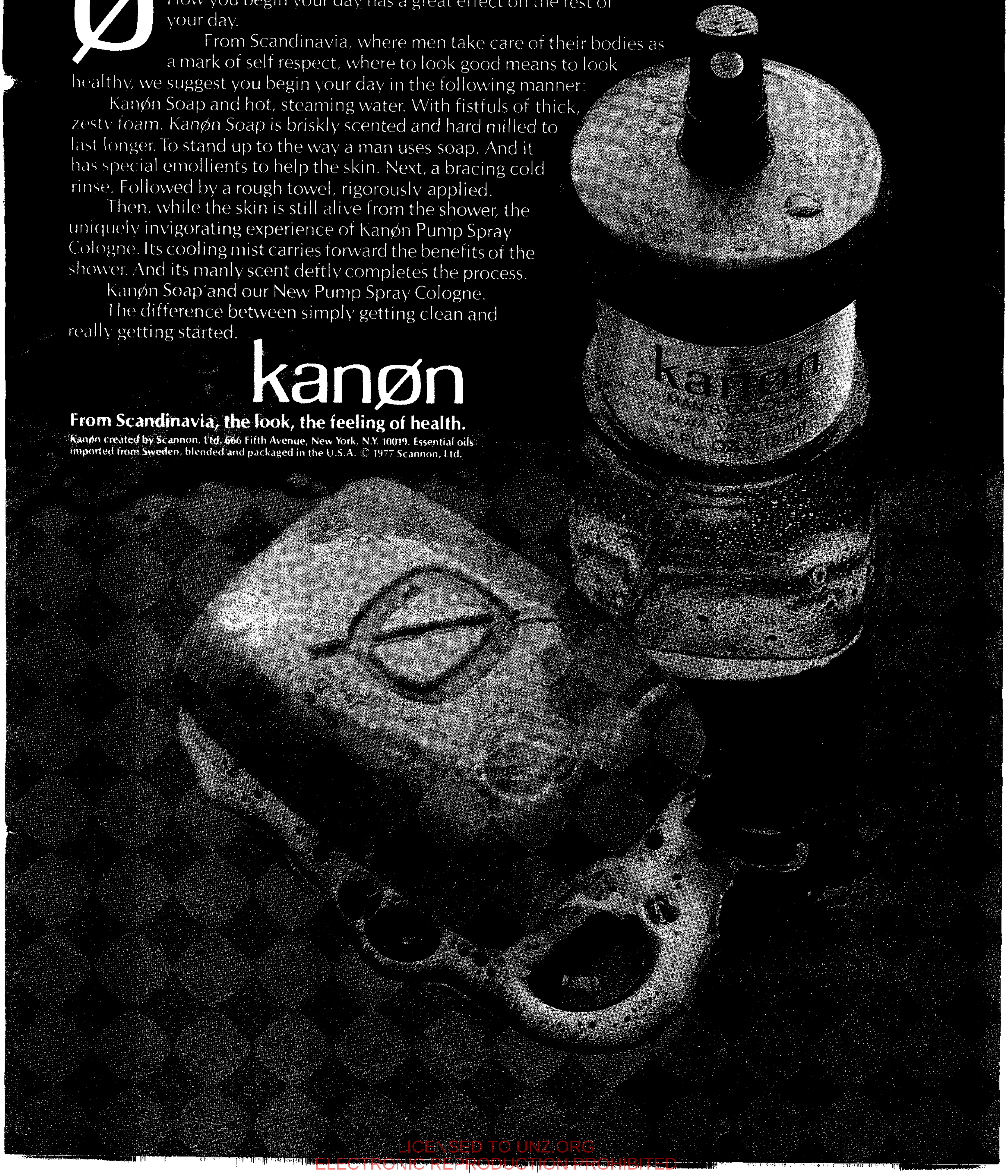
Kanøn Soap and our New Pump Spray Cologne.

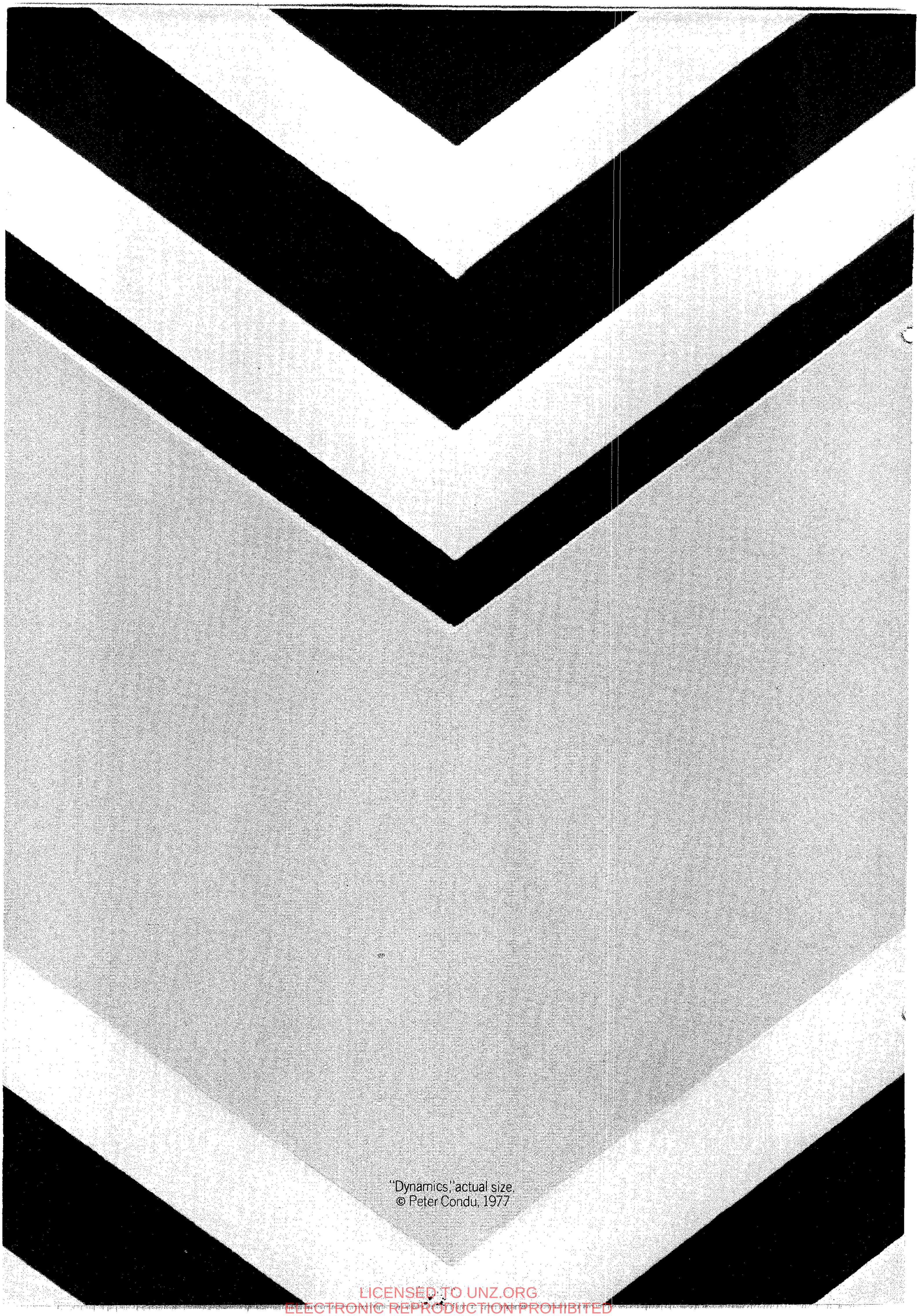
The difference between simply getting clean and really getting started.

kanøn

From Scandinavia, the look, the feeling of health.

Kanøn created by Scannon, Ltd. 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019. Essential oils imported from Sweden, blended and packaged in the U.S.A. © 1977 Scannon, Ltd.





"Dynamics," actual size.
© Peter Condu, 1977

OUR COLOR.
SOMETIMES WE USE LESS OF IT TO GET MORE OUT OF IT.

MARTEX

Sometimes we use a profusion of color to achieve a certain look. But there are also times we use color with great restraint. When just two or three bright, clear colors can give us a design that's spare and clean and entirely pleasing. Like the colors you'll find in our "Dynamics."

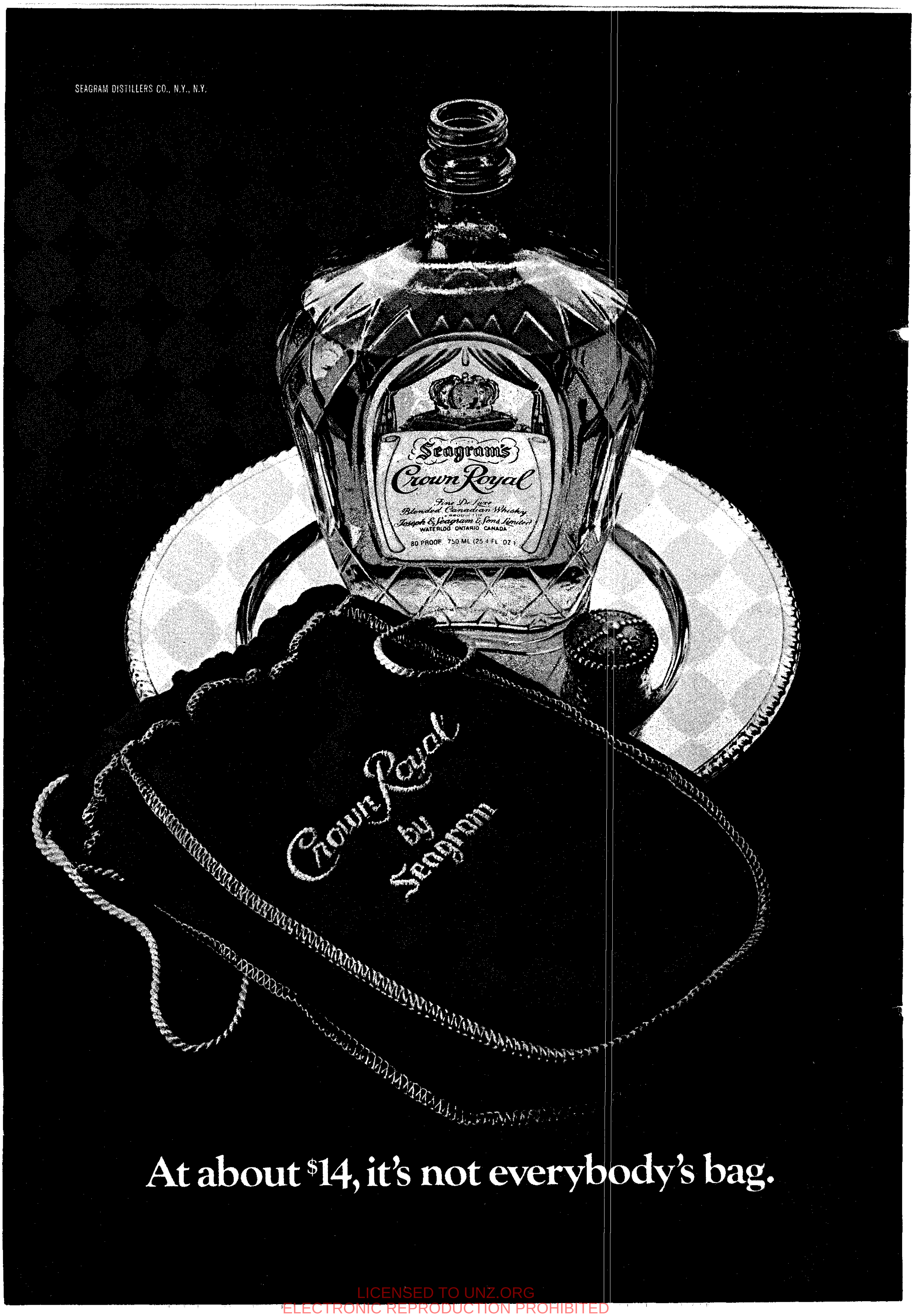
It's just one of our ways with color. It's one of the ways we design fabrics for your bed.

Sheets and pillowcases in 50% Dacron® polyester, 50% cotton. Also, comforters, Vellux® blankets, towels, shower curtains and accessories.

For decorating with sheets and towels, send for "All About Your Home," Volume II. Mail $1.50 to Martex, P.O. Box 1951D, Birmingham, Ala. 35201.

West Point Pepperell

MARTEX® WE DESIGN FABRICS THAT HAPPEN TO BE SHEETS.


SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.
Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
80 PROOF 750 ML (25.4 FL OZ)
Crown Royal
by
Seagram
At about $14, it's not everybody's bag.

priced at $845. Wooden masks retrieved from Peruvian mummy bundles of 100 to 1400 A.D. are further examples of dramatic stylization. They have marvellously strong, staring painted faces of Picasso-like abstractness, and some are also decorated with hair (real) and headdresses (fabric); the masks are between $400 and $750. Small flat clay pieces, uncolored, from the Colima culture (400 to 800 A.D.) have the simplicity and engaging directness of child art, yet each figure is charmingly differentiated from the others by detailed variations of dress or genitalia. These little figures, measuring from four to eight inches, are from $55 to $90.

ANOTHER underpriced genre is the Photo-Realist painting that is being done at Bloomingdale's, on the fifth floor, in a department called Copy Cat. A sixteen-by-twenty-inch oil painting (whose equivalent done by a name Photo-Realist, like Ralph Goings or Richard Estes, would cost thousands of dollars) is only $224 as done by one of Bloomingdale's anonymous drudges, provided there is only one figure in it. The price goes up for each additional person. A customer brings in a snapshot, which is enlarged and reprinted in sepia and then mounted on heavy cardboard and painted over in oil. The woman who runs the department (which was in existence long before Photo-Realism emerged on the art scene and may well have been one of the unconscious influences that brought the style into being) showed us a vividly colored painting of a girl in a graduation dress, and then showed us the original murky black-and-white photograph, in which another girl also appeared. This second girl, considered extraneous by the commissioners of the painting, had been removed, and where she had hidden a part of the subject's skirt the artist had painted in, all on his own, the missing segment of lacy ruffles. "That cost extra, of course," our guide explained, and went on to tell us that two people in a sixteen-by-twenty-inch painting are $267, that three are $350, and that in all cases the painting takes about eight weeks to complete, with gift certificates available for Christmas giving.

UP in Bloomingdale's housewares department we were glad to see a tableful of that nice English Cornishware whose wide blue and off-white horizontal stripes have such an air of cheerful comfortableness. Covered round casseroles in this pattern are $14, for one that holds thirty ounces; $18, for a fifty-ounce pot; and $25, for a

DISCOVERY '78

American
Museum of
Natural
History

A dozen special opportunities to reach beyond the well traveled paths. Discover the wonders of the natural world and ancient cultures with museum experts.

A new tradition in vacations. . . .

Discovery Tours

Mediterranean-North Africa and Aegean Cruise
Fly to Rome; then board m.t.s. *Orpheus* for a leisurely cruise of the Mediterranean and the Aegean; an explorer's view of Italy, Sicily, Tunisia, Malta, Greece and Turkey
SEPTEMBER 17 TO OCTOBER 6, 1978

European Waterways Cruise
Sail aboard the *Argonaut* through waterways of Portugal, Spain and France, observing varied birds and flowers . . .visiting historic cities and towns . . . vineyards and chateaux
MAY 12-28, 1978

Egypt, the Nile and an Ancient Culture
Fly to London, then Cairo. Board the flat-bottomed m.s. *Delta* for an extraordinary cruise up the Nile to Assuan
JAN. 27 TO FEB. 16, 1978 OCT. 22 NOV. 11, 1978

Wildlife Tour to Alaska
Air hop through Alaska for an unforgettable introduction to majestic landscapes and abundant wildlife
JUNE 20 TO JULY 7, 1978

Four Intensive Small-Group Study Tours
Take part in any of four intensive Study Tours for those with a special interest in archeology and anthropology.

Mexico JANUARY 4 TO 23, 1978
Maya Meso FEBRUARY 4 TO 26, 1978
South America MARCH 4 TO 25, 1978
Morocco MARCH 17 TO APRIL 1, 1978

Natural History Museums of Europe
Fly to London. Tour the most distinguished museums of natural history in England, France and Germany in the company of our own Museum Director and with special programs at each stop.
APRIL 28 TO MAY 14, 1978

Kenya Safari
Fly to London, then to Nairobi. See the spectacular animals and landscapes of Africa from the best vantages.
FEBRUARY 25 TO MARCH 17, 1978

Galapagos Islands Cruise
Fly to Quito, and sail on a comfortable ship to these unforgettable islands. See the unique natural life that Darwin observed.
APRIL 15-27,1978

For a free brochure and itineraries call
the museum (212) 873-1440
Or write to Ellen Stancs at
The American Museum of Natural History,
81st Street & Central Park West
New York, N.Y. 10024

seventy-ounce specimen. A Cornishware measuring pitcher with markings inside for cups, millilitres, pints, and ounces is $11; a pudding basin is $6; and a big mixing bowl with a spout and a capacity of a hundred and twenty ounces is $12. In Bloomingdale's linen department, a pleasing new sheet pattern designed by Mollie Parnis has appeared, under the name Acapulco. Small bouquets and sprays of red, blue, yellow, and orange flowers (with bits of dark green thrown in to suggest foliage) are widely scattered on a white background, the pattern being of a sketchy, thirties character rather than of a rustic calico one. The pattern has all the clean freshness of the cotton on which it is printed. A flat or fitted double sheet is $16.50, and a pillowcase is $6.50.

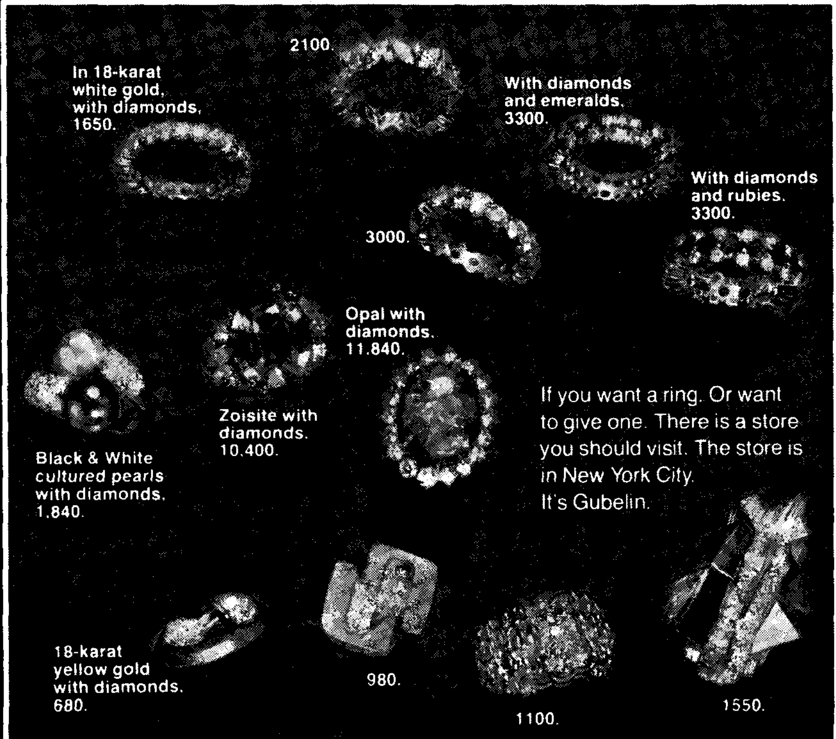
Soft, light, quilted comforters made up by Lord & Taylor in fabrics called Bordeaux and Normandy do indeed evoke old French farmhouses. The Normandy comforter is a dark-blue-and-beige small-check gingham on top and beige on the underside, with a prettily ornate oval quilting pattern to alleviate the plainness of the fabric. The Bordeaux comforter, also navy and beige, has a lovely dense fruit-and-flower pattern on top and beige strewn with tiny blue sprigs underneath, with a simple lozenge quilting pattern. Prices are $60, for a twin comforter; $75, for a double-bed one; and $105, for a king-size one. Pillows, with or without ruffles of contrasting fabric, are available in these materials for $10.

IN Macy's Cellar (as the former bargain basement is now called), there is an enclave devoted to things of a decidedly (or in some cases merely vaguely) Oriental character. We found much to admire in it. A Japanese white or celadon porcelain teapot of serene rounded tallness has a gracefully curving spout and a bamboo handle, and costs $12.50. Earless teacups of the same porcelain (available only in white, however) are $1.50 in either straight-sided or rounded shapes. A powerful Chinese cleaver, with a wooden handle and a carbon-steel blade, and a thick, round light-wood chopping block with a hanging rope are sold as a set for $19. Some particularly attractive pot holders of Sino-French derivation, made of puffy quilted off-white cotton, are printed with red or dark-blue stylized drawings of creatures identified as "La Vache" and "Le Poisson," or with captioned scenes, such as one that shows a lady eating Chinese food and being observed by a cat: "*Le petit chat et la madame mangent le déjeuner*

iittala: design from finland

Ovalis...
classic oval vases
in three sizes.
Signed by
Tapio Wirkkala,
the giant
of Finnish design.
A beautiful,
special gift.
Look for
the iittala mark.

iittala finland
iittala USA
225 Fifth Avenue
New York, NY 10010
(212) 689-7430

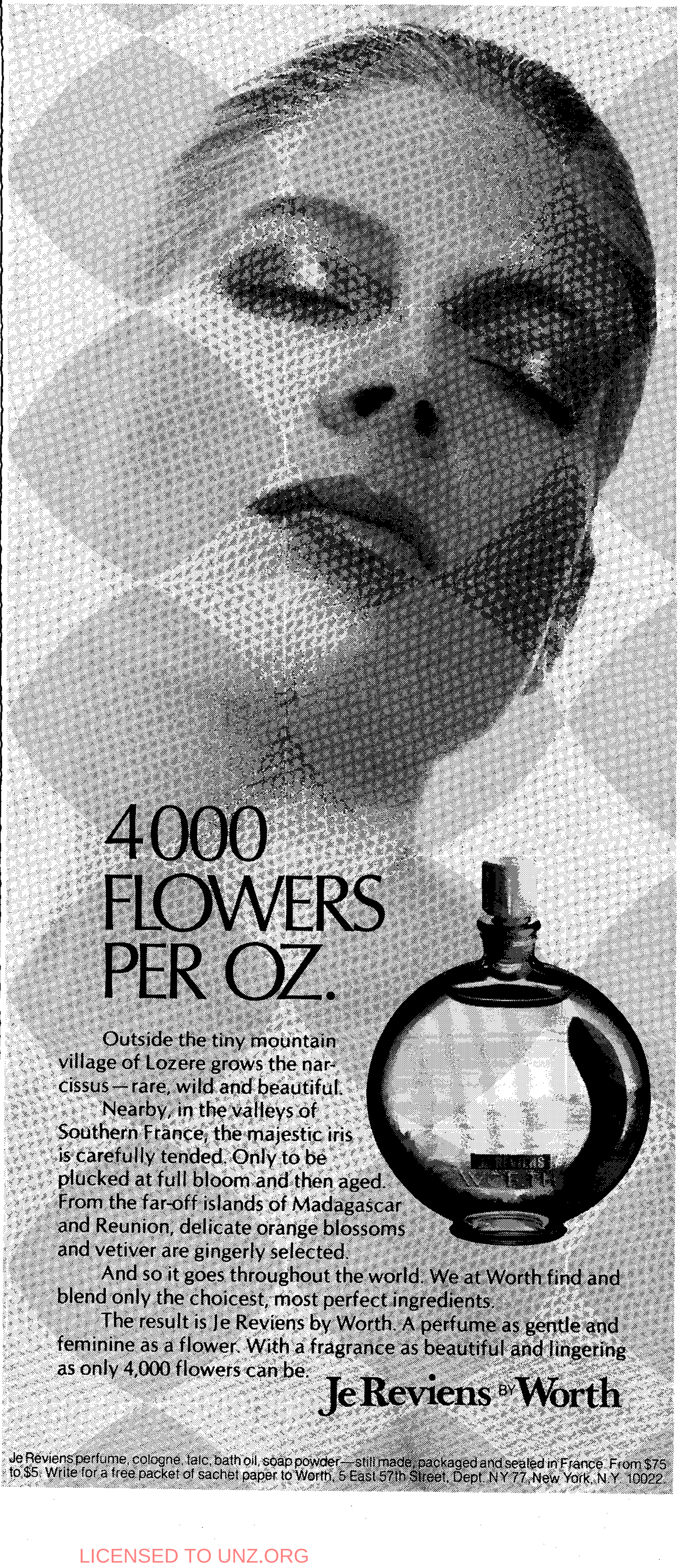

In 18-karat white gold, with diamonds, 1650.
2100.
With diamonds and emeralds. 3300.
With diamonds and rubies. 3300.
3000.
Opal with diamonds. 11.840.
Zoisite with diamonds. 10.400.
Black & White cultured pearls with diamonds. 1.840.
If you want a ring. Or want to give one. There is a store you should visit. The store is in New York City. It's Gubelin.
18-karat yellow gold with diamonds. 680.
980.
1100.
1550.

GÜBELIN
745 Fifth Ave. N.Y.C. 212-755-0054
(Bet 57th & 58th St.)
Lucerne • Zurich • Geneva • Berne • Basel • St. Moritz • Lugano • Burgenstock
American Express card honored.

doux." These are seven by eight inches, and cost $3.

IN the basement of Kam Man Food Products, a bustling Chinese supermarket at 200 Canal Street (Mott), housewares of a most authentic austerity are sold amidst teas, noodles, condiments, sweets, mosquito coils, and folk remedies packaged in papers and boxes of a most delightful gaiety and ornateness. A cough syrup called Fritillaria Verticellata & Loquat, for example, comes in an old-fashioned densely printed box (dark green, beige, and red on white), with Chinese characters of various sizes, etched pictures of a junk and a locomotive, and, set in ovals, portraits of the two quietly dignified men who must be the Smith Bros. of China. Within there is a glass bottle bearing an attractive orange-and-white label and filled with a dark-brown, viscous, familiar-tasting cough syrup. Two sizes are offered, for ninety cents and $1.50. Among the housewares, we were drawn to a shelf piled with rounded clay casseroles glazed a dull, dark brown—handsomely crude, obviously handmade—on whose domed lids a clot of Chinese characters sometimes appears. A casserole holding about four quarts is $6.50, and one holding about three quarts is $5.50. Enormous round shallow baskets—some measuring as much as twenty inches in diameter—made of loosely woven bamboo strips are priced around $4, and square-cut baskets eight inches high and ten inches across, with two small loop handles sticking up at the rim, are $3.50. Oiled-paper parasols with painted wooden handles are decorated with traditional painted motifs; when they are opened and the light comes through, they turn into objects of delicate beauty. Red, blue, and green are the colors, and $2.75 is the price.

AT Gimbels, in a section called Kitchenworks, devoted to restaurant supplies, we found an octagonal glass saltshaker with a stainless-steel top which is one of those perfectly ordinary, perfect things of their kind (seventy-five cents); a glass sugar dispenser with fluted sides and a conical stainless-steel top ($1.59); and a small, skinny, fluted juice glass (forty cents). A stoneware pattern that has been around for years but that we "saw" for the first time at Gimbels this year is the Arabia company's Ruska, which partakes of the quality of primitive art in the sombre dark-brownness of its surface—shaded and mottled, as if iron had corroded on



4000 FLOWERS PER OZ.

Outside the tiny mountain village of Lozere grows the narcissus—rare, wild and beautiful.

Nearby, in the valleys of Southern France, the majestic iris is carefully tended. Only to be plucked at full bloom and then aged. From the far-off islands of Madagascar and Reunion, delicate orange blossoms and vetiver are gingerly selected.

And so it goes throughout the world. We at Worth find and blend only the choicest, most perfect ingredients.

The result is Je Reviens by Worth. A perfume as gentle and feminine as a flower. With a fragrance as beautiful and lingering as only 4,000 flowers can be.

Je Reviens BY Worth

Je Reviens perfume, cologne, talc, bath oil, soap powder—still made, packaged and sealed in France. From $75 to $5. Write for a free packet of sachet paper to Worth, 5 East 57th Street, Dept. NY 77, New York, N.Y. 10022.

POLO
by Malia

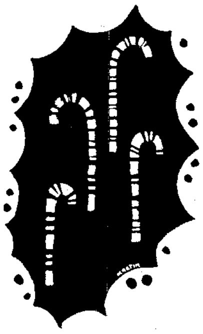
This high-spirited polo print scores a winning look in an original design by Malia in 100 percent combed cotton. Red or green, hemmed with black and white stripes. Sizes 4-16. About $50. The look is classic. The fabric is ours alone.

Malia

Available at:
Frost Brothers—San Antonio, Tx.
Jerome's—Oklahoma City, Ok.
Garfinckel's—Washington D.C.
Nowells—Chapel Hill, N.C.
Liberty House—Honolulu, Hi.
For Further information, write Malia
P.O. Box 419, Honolulu, Hawaii 96809
In Canada, 1470 Peel Street, Montreal H3AIT3

it—and in the massive stolidity of its shapes. The pieces, however, are not as heavy as they look, and they have the cold, dully smooth feel of slate. A forty-two-piece set for eight is $308, and individual pieces are priced at $9.50, for a wide-rimmed dinner plate; $5.50, for a squat, straight-sided cup; $10.50, for a capacious mug whose rim delicately attenuates and curls outward; $50, for a round covered casserole; $22, for a thirteen-inch round platter; $24, for an oval platter; $26, for a round serving dish; and $17, for a quart pitcher. Other sources of Ruska (at slightly varying prices) are the Pottery Barn, Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Altman's.

THE Bridge Company, 212 East 52nd Street, which is as famous for the truculence of its owner as for the excellence of its kitchen supplies, has lately been disappointing its masochistic devotees by the absence of Fred Bridge and the presence, instead, of an attractive, soft-spoken, friendly, kindly woman, who turns out to be Mrs. Bridge and says that she is minding the store while Fred is tending to a new branch of the business in Chicago. In all other respects, however, the store is the same unpretentious, serious, well-stocked source of tools of the cooking trade which began as a restaurant-supply store, maintains its wholesale connections, and thus can offer its retail clients the same heavy-duty equipment that it offers to restaurants. The white restaurant china made in France by the Pillivuyt company is especially attractive, evoking French bistros and giving food itself that serious French appearance. A large luncheon plate with a wide rim is $2.25, and a bread-and-butter plate is $1.25; shallow bowls (called "bakers") start at $2.40, for a small fruit dish, and make their way up through various sizes to a substantial bouillabaisse-size soup plate, for $10; and round bowls that sit on a base start at $6, for a cereal bowl, and go up to $20, for a large fruit or salad bowl. Dinner plates in this china are currently out of stock, alas. Some appealing shallow oval earthenware baking dishes attested to be "*véritable poterie de Bourgogne*" are glazed a warm brown on the outside and beige-yellow within. They are $12.95, for a dish fourteen inches long; $15.95, for a dish seventeen inches long; and $19.95, for a dish eighteen and a half inches long.

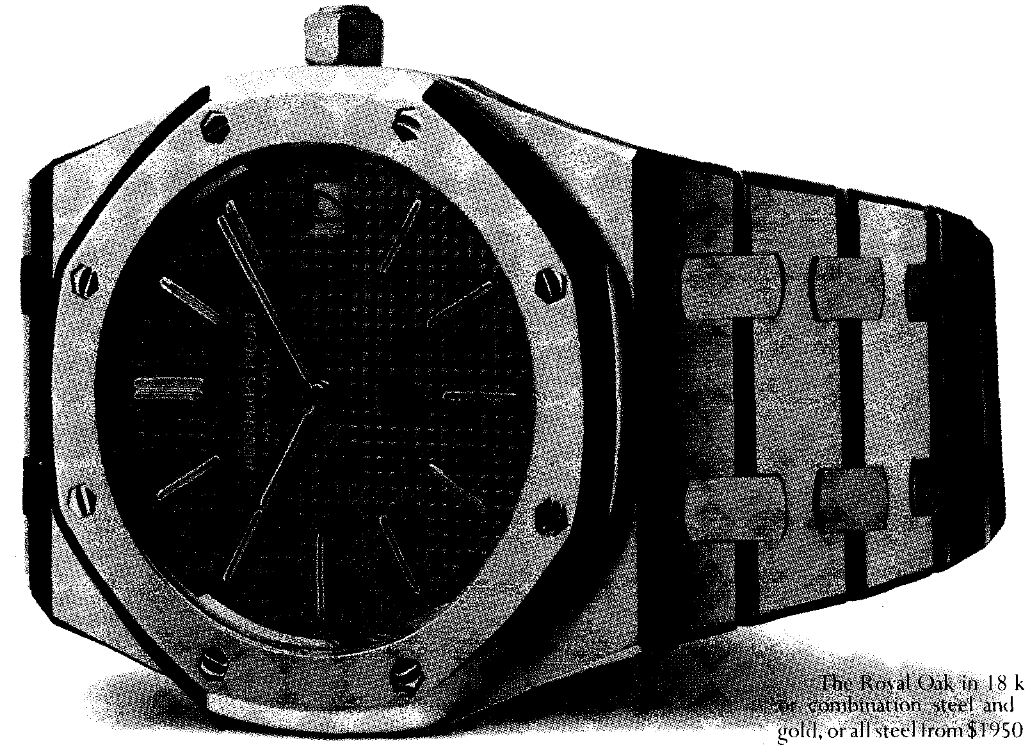


We found a pile of the dinner plates that Bridge is out of at (of all places) Henri Bendel. Although these come from New Castle, Pennsylvania, they resemble the French restaurant china in every other respect, being substantial, wide-rimmed, and handsomely white, and they cost $6.50 for each eleven-inch-diameter plate. Bendel's gleaming dark-brown glazed-earthenware bowls with handles and pouring spouts evoke scrubbed kitchen tables, homespun blankets, corn pudding, and homey things like that; the price is $24, for a bowl nine inches in diameter, and $60, for a super-substantial version, thirteen inches in diameter.

Tiffany's blue spongeware has a similar homey rusticity (which, for some reason, it loses in its yellow and green versions). It gets its name from the Early American process of dabbing color on stoneware with a sponge to achieve a mottled effect, and Tiffany continues the tradition with nicely shaped plates and cups and bowls and serving pieces. A round soup tureen of enormous size and presence and an eighty-dollar price tag has a domed lid, a ladle, and a base like a colander's. A small, squat casserole with a flat lid evokes the mottled tinware that spongeware may have derived its inspiration from; it is $20, and a taller version is $25. An example of the moderate-priced china that Tiffany has lately let in among its more typical *luxe* offerings is a plain white Japanese service of delicately thin porcelain; a five-piece place setting is $21, a dinner plate is $4.50, a dessert plate is $4, a bread-and-butter plate is $2.50, and a cup and saucer are $10. At the other extreme, Tiffany offers a dessert plate that we nearly dropped out of nervousness on seeing its—*its*—price: $85. The plate comes out of what Tiffany calls its "private stock" and is decorated with a beautiful and strange painting of exotic orange and yellow flowers and a bonsai-like tree trunk, all set within a pea-green border on which three Oriental latticework designs appear, with everything done in the rapid, free, sinuous watercolor strokes of a clear master of this art.

LOVELY, delicate paintings of flowers (and a few birds, insects, and small animals) fill the pages of a book called "The Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $14.95), a facsimile edition of an illustrated nature journal kept

"You'd think," he taunted, "that for $5,800 they'd have concealed the bolts."



The Royal Oak in 18 karat gold, or combination steel and 18 karat gold, or all steel from $1950.

"Actually," I pointed out, "those tiny, hexagonal bolts as you call them, are part of the design. Eight of them. In 18 karat gold. Locking the distinctive, geometric bezel to the face of the watch. Tightly as a porthole."

For all his outward flippancy, he was fascinated.

And as we spoke his glance was continually drawn to the watch on my wrist. To the gleaming, clean cut surfaces, linked together in perfect symmetry. Royal Oak is a completely individual watch.

Its character is unmistakable, whether it's worked in 18 karat yellow gold. Or steel. Or even a striking combination of gold and steel. Or scaled down to the unexpectedly feminine ladies' versions.

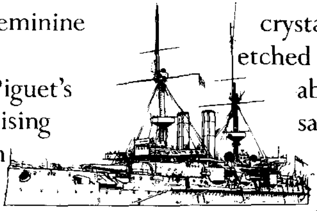
Like many of Audemars Piguet's designs, its bold, uncompromising beauty owes more to function than to passing fashion.

The Royal Oak is highly accurate. Water resistant to a depth of 300 ft. It is also highly individual. As with a fine work of art, each Audemars Piguet Royal Oak has its own number engraved on the back.

Not simply to show its exclusivity, but to provide a future indication of its history to its makers, Audemars Piguet.

So they will know at a glance not only when the watch was made, but also which craftsman assembled it, high in the Jura mountains of Switzerland. Polishing each part first with diamond paste, then with the pith from an elder tree, and finally with the softest doeskin cloth. Taking as much time as is required, because Audemars Piguet makes so few of these fine timepieces.

And the case of the Royal Oak encloses one of the slimmest self-winding calendar movements ever created. The scratch resistant sapphire crystal protecting the finely etched face does not protrude above the case. Even the safety catch on the clasp is contained within the dimensions of the bracelet.



"But why Royal Oak?" he persisted. "Originally," I explained, "the Royal Oak watch was designed in stainless steel and named after two British Royal Navy steel ships of the turn of the century. These were named 'Royal Oak' after the hollow tree where the future King Charles II of England is reputed to have found refuge from his enemies."

"We might say," he ventured, "a symbol of powerful force protecting a precious life within."

"Well put," I agreed.

"And having made Royal Oak from one of the strongest metals in the world," he continued, "what could now be more natural than to make it from the most beautiful?"

I couldn't have put it better myself.

Audemars Piguet

The Royal Oak needs to be seen to be appreciated.

Held in the hand.

Tried on the wrist.

As Audemars Piguet has fewer dealers than there are States in the Union, this can be a rare pleasure.

Unless you know exactly where to look.

GÜBELIN
Jewelers
745 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. (Bet. 57th & 58th St.)
212-755-0054

A special book. Still one of childhood's Christmas miracles.

The Night Before Christmas
Clement Clarke Moore
Illustrated by Elisa Trimby

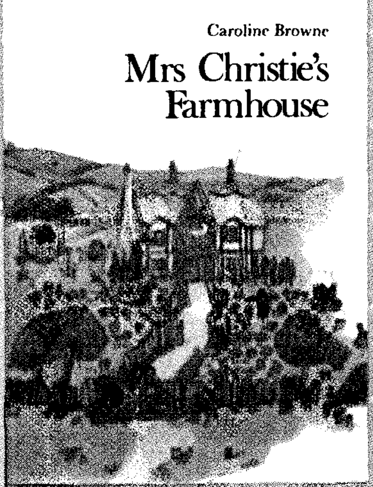
Remember the books you first cherished? The ones that dazzled your eyes and stirred your imagination? Doubleday's new Benn Book Collection makes the same kind of magic happen for today's children, through the talents of some of the world's most imaginative artists.

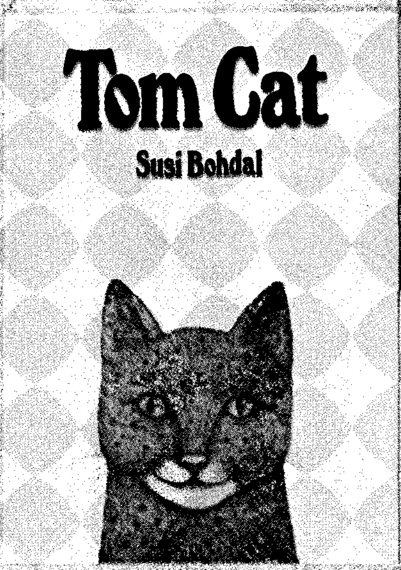
Colin McNaughton, for example, brings a wonderful sense of the ridiculous to his *ABC and 123*, a combination alphabet-and-numbers book. Here, "R" is for "running a temperature"—with a thermometer in track shoes—and young readers can count off 17 pigs in hysterically preposterous wigs.

A perennial favorite, *The Night Before Christmas*, takes on a new glow in Elisa Trimby's ornately Edwardian settings. And Susi Bohdal's unusual etchings perfectly complement the story of *Tom Cat*, who could talk to all the animals but had to learn to make his own music. It's a book for cat people of all ages.

Mrs. Christie's Farmhouse is superbly untidy in Caroline Browne's delicate, detailed drawings—the ideal place for an overly-organized King to discover the pleasures of cheerful clutter. The story is easy enough for a child to read alone, but an entire family can share these laugh-out-loud pages.

See the complete Benn Book Collection at your bookseller now. They're just $5.95 each. Any one of them could be the book that makes this holiday especially magical for your child or grandchild.


Caroline Browne
Mrs Christie's Farmhouse

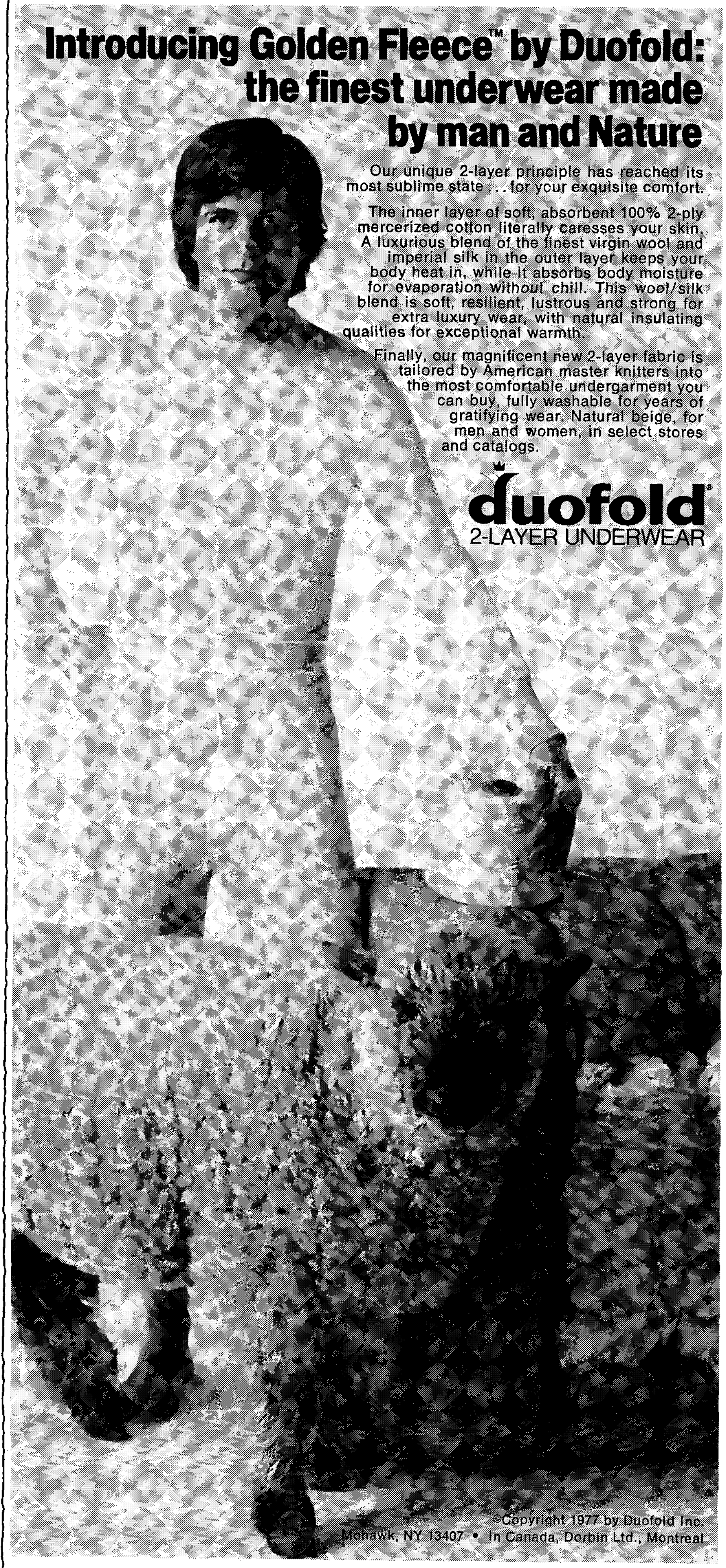

Tom Cat
Susi Bohdal

Colin McNaughton's
ABC
123

DOUBLEDAY
THE
BENN BOOK
COLLECTION

during the year 1906 by a thirty-five-year-old Englishwoman named Edith Holden. Accompanying the pictures are quotations from relevant standard poetry and handwritten diary entries of moving artlessness and evocativeness which describe what the author has seen during walks and bicycle rides through the woods and fields of the village of Olton, in Warwickshire. Miss Holden draws no lesson from nature. She is content simply to record the humble particulars of nature's grand design, and to take pleasure in the predictable and yet always variable annual recurrences. As she cites what is growing and where, what creatures are about, what the weather has been like, one can almost smell the flowers she lists, feel the cold, frosty (or humid, oppressive) weather she reports, share her disappointment at finding poppies dashed after a storm, feel her excitement on finding an arum plant in January. The pictures, though they look as unstudied and innocent as flowers themselves, are not amateurish: Miss Holden studied art and did professional book illustration. The combination of artistic accomplishment and literary guilelessness is a most fitting one for this chronicle. It is sad to learn from the dust jacket that "on March 16, 1920, in her forty-ninth year, Edith died tragically by drowning in the Thames, while gathering buds from chestnut trees."

A GROUP of virtuoso calligraphers who call themselves the Society of Scribes have put out an engagement calendar for 1978 that is full of visual and verbal delights. (We found it at both Sam Flax and Art Brown, for $8, and it is also available by mail from the society itself, at P.O. Box 933, New York 10022.) Thirty-nine contributors have produced the fifty-two calligraphic works, one facing each week, which, as often as not, are a kind of advertisement for themselves. "Calligraphy is the most direct form of all artistic expression; just as each movement of the dancer is absolute, so every gesture of the calligrapher is essential," says and writes Pat Weisberg in a contribution that is a translation from the Chinese. "Calligraphy may be defined as freehand in which the freedom is so nicely reconciled with order that the understanding eye is pleased to contemplate it," Abigail Chapman writes, quoting Stanley Morrison. "Calligraphy is the sensualist approach to the alphabet," Tim Girvin feels. The sense in all these statements is amplified by the form, flow, and deployment of the letters, and our typeset quotations give only a small part of the



Introducing Golden Fleece™ by Duofold: the finest underwear made by man and Nature

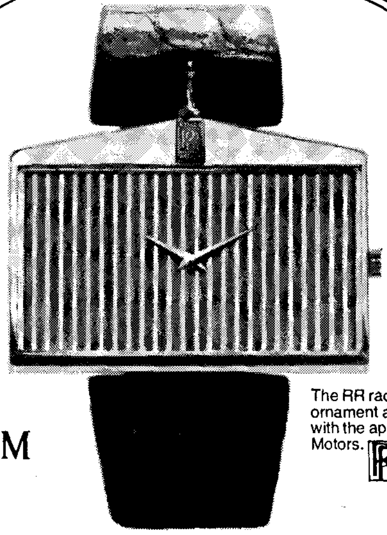
Our unique 2-layer principle has reached its most sublime state . . . for your exquisite comfort.

The inner layer of soft, absorbent 100% 2-ply mercerized cotton literally caresses your skin. A luxurious blend of the finest virgin wool and imperial silk in the outer layer keeps your body heat in, while it absorbs body moisture for evaporation without chill. This wool/silk blend is soft, resilient, lustrous and strong for extra luxury wear, with natural insulating qualities for exceptional warmth.

Finally, our magnificent new 2-layer fabric is tailored by American master knitters into the most comfortable undergarment you can buy, fully washable for years of gratifying wear. Natural beige, for men and women, in select stores and catalogs.

duofold®
2-LAYER UNDERWEAR

©Copyright 1977 by Duofold Inc.
Mohawk, NY 13407 • In Canada, Dorbin Ltd., Montreal



CORUM

The RR radiator grille, and hood ornament are trademarks, used with the approval of Rolls-Royce Motors.

The most famous motor radiator grille in the world, Superbly reproduced as a wrist watch. Exclusive from Corum. His, $4,000. Hers, $3,800.

Where smart New Yorkers buy their time.

TOURNEAU

500 Madison Avenue at 52nd Street, New York 10022 • (212) PL 8-3265
Mail and phone orders welcome. American Express and all other major credit cards honored.

Paul Stuart

Our train conductor's shoulderbag. We discovered it in Switzerland and felt it was perfect for our new women's department. The attention to detail and style is typically Swiss: durable, polished cowhide; two inner compartments plus an adjustable strap. Approx. 12½"x8"x4" in luggage red. And only from Paul Stuart. $165. Please add $2.50 for shipping. New York State residents please add applicable tax.

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017, MU 2-0320.

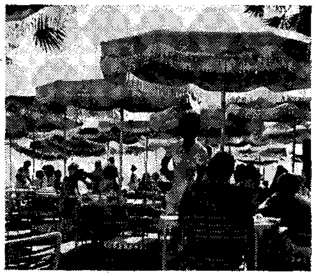
message—are mere sketches of the finished work.

A HOUSEWARES shop called Manhattan Ad Hoc, which opened a year ago at 842 Lexington Avenue (64th), has a remarkably strong and definite character for such a quiet little place—a place, moreover, that is stocked with familiar-looking objects of a conventional simple, functional, modern sort. It just may be that the utter absence of anything *out* of character is what gives the place its persona—the sense one has that the owners have weighed and mulled and brooded over each item before selecting it, to make sure it really pleases them. An enormous—really oversized—stainless-steel colander from Korea would be a beautiful addition to any kitchen big enough to yield it the space it demands, and an asset for washing salad greens, receiving pasta, and so on. It is $18.50, and a normal-sized version is $9.50. Another very handsome oversized item that would not be underused at home is a white vitrified-china bowl, made by the Hall China Company, of an impressive round stolidity; fourteen inches in diameter, it is priced at $31. Hall's high-sided oval casserole of the same china has a domed top with an oval knob, and costs $13.95 when it holds three quarts, and $11 when it accommodates a quart and a half. Lab glass, which appeared in kitchen stores a few years ago and then inexplicably disappeared, happily reappears at Ad Hoc in various well-chosen (for their cooking and serving utility) forms manufactured by Owens-Illinois and by the Corning Glass Company. The reason that these delicate vessels are so handy in the kitchen (as well as agreeable Duchampian sights) is their imperviousness to direct heat: all the containers can be put right on the flame of the range. Laboratory receiving dishes, which happen to be indistinguishable from kitchen soufflé dishes, are $8.50, for a heavy dish seven and a half inches in diameter; $4.75, for a dish six and a half inches; and $4, for a five-and-three-quarter-inch dish. Tiny versions of these—an inch high and two inches in diameter—are $3, and could be used as salt dishes or, as the owner suggests, as *sake* glasses in combination with a hundred-and-twenty-five-millilitre flask ($2.40) that splays out toward the bottom and has a spout. A boiling flask with a high neck and a round lower half holds a thousand millilitres and costs $5. (This and some of the other vessels have a millilitre scale printed on them in white, together with their trade name, "Kimax"—it doesn't look bad.) A tall, skinny flask with an octagonal base is $4.85, in a version ten inches high, and $18.95, in an extremely tall—eighteen-inch—version.

THE Pottery Barn—231 10th Avenue (23rd); 1292 Lexington Avenue (87th); 117 East 59th Street; and 49 Greenwich Avenue (near Charles)—continues, solid as a rock, to purvey its forthrightly handsome and useful cooking and dining objects at its various locations. An earthen cooking ware called Vulcania, from Italy, with a lustrous dark-brown glaze outside and a clear glaze inside, revealing the original reddish clay color, is made in various forms, all of which can go on direct heat as well as into the oven. A tall bean pot with two arms and a flat lid is $19.95, for a ten-quart pot; $14.95, for a seven-quart pot; and $10.95, for a three-and-a-half-quart pot. A round open baking dish with a long bulbous handle is eleven inches in diameter and three inches high, and is priced at $12.50; a nine-inch version is $9. A covered casserole, round and squat (eleven inches in diameter and four and a half inches high), is $22.50. The Pottery Barn's half-gallon wine pots from China have an earthy, archeological look—a crude, dull dark-brown glaze, a pleasing roughness, and small, stubby spouts that breach but do not spoil the beautiful plainness of the piece; $10. Also from China is a potato peeler with a dangerous-looking rusty blade and a rounded wooden handle. It has an extremely fast way of getting the skin off potatoes and carrots, taking a much deeper bite than our more reticent domestic peelers do, and is more likely to please slapdash temperaments than slow, cautious ones; $1. A package of eight wine glasses sold in a box labelled "Grand Vin," for $8, may well be *the* universal present. (It is also available at Bloomingdale's, D/R, Macy's, Gimbels, and Altman's.) The glasses are characterized on the box as "oversize," but to us they look just the right size for red wine. They have the proper round shape, tapering slightly inward, and they are made in France of glass that isn't Baccarat crystal but isn't unpleasantly thick, either—glasses, in short, that one can use with pleasure and break without a tremor.

D/R has an elegant new china pattern from the German firm of Arzberg, in which the lovely translucent white porcelain is trimmed with a fine dark-brown line about an eighth of an

The 5-star Cloister invites you to a houseparty and sporting holiday.



Inside hearths are ablaze, kitchens in a sumptuous frenzy. Outside golf and tennis are at their finest. Now is the season to enjoy the storied warmth and good company for which The Cloister is famous. It all comes in a package called The Cloister's Houseparty and Sporting Holidays, offered until February 10 excepting the Yule weeks. Just about everything included: Unlimited golf, a shared golf cart 18 holes daily, tennis and instruction clinics in tennis and golf, and clinics in skeet too. And dancing classes. And steam baths. The service of our masseur. Horseback riding down the beach. Bicycling. A fun boat cruise. And yes, the houseparty: All your dining, three full-course meals daily served in gracious settings. Plus grog and tea get-togethers every afternoon around our fireplaces, dancing parties with our orchestra, clubroom entertainment, wine tastings, pastry demonstrations, historical lectures, shopping expeditions. And always congeniality. Most service charges and even a remembrance gift are also included. At just $52 per night double occupancy, minimum three nights. (Superior accommodations $60, deluxe $64.) You are invited.

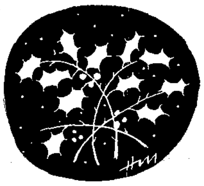
The Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Ga. 31561. (912-638-3611. Out-of-state, call toll-free direct 800-841-3223.)

Also luxurious rental homes in Sea Island's great tradition.

Sea Island

Want to bring a business group? Certainly! Just call Andy Owens, group sales manager.

inch below the rim; a dinner plate is $7.50, a salad plate is $4.50, a cup is $5, a saucer is $3, a round bowl is $4, and a soup plate is $5.50. D/R's earthenware pitchers from England have a shiny mustard-brown glaze and an appealing country-kitchen comeliness; a five-quart pitcher is $7.75, a three-quart pitcher is $5.50, and a one-quart pitcher is $4.50. A pinkish-beige earthenware bowl from France is left unglazed on the outside, where it is ringed with a band of rust brown, and is glazed within; a cereal bowl is $3.50, and a soup bowl is $4.50. D/R's big round earthenware salad bowl—of dramatic, shining dark-brown plainness—is $7.95, and a big beige stoneware crock (nine inches high) is $7.50, with a smaller version (five and a half inches tall) at $3.50. Tin cannisters decorated with a Marimekko pattern of small white flowers formed of dots on a cherry-red background are $3.50, for a square box, and $4, for a rectangular one; either would banish any atmosphere of triviality from a present of homemade sweets.



THE handmade items for sale at The Hired Hand, 1364 Lexington Avenue (90th), are never going to appear on the cover of *Craft Horizons*, nor are the women who make the crib quilts, the quilted pillowcases and pot holders, the sachets, and the placemats on view in this small, orderly shop likely to care whether you remember to call them "craftspersons." They seem to belong to an older tradition of craftspersonship—that of the church bazaar, of the community quilting bee, or simply of the older woman with time to sew things for her children or grandchildren—which was put in the shade by the art-centered crafts movement of the sixties but may be making a comeback as the excitement of Pop Craft dies down and the prosaic but palpable pleasures of hand-wrought utility reëmerge. Most of the things for sale at The Hired Hand are made of cotton calico, bolts of which are kept at the shop in a choice of three hundred and fifty patterns, and which may be bought by the yard for $2.75. A seasonal offering of cheerful folksiness is a Christmas wreath contrived of three tubes of stuffed calico, each a different print, braided together in a ring and tied with a fat bow of the three contributing fabrics. Customers are invited to come in and choose the three fabrics, and return in a week for the finished product, priced at $18. Christmas-tree ornaments—small stuffed-calico hearts, bells, trees, stockings, birds, and so on—are edged with yarn blanket-stitching and priced between $1.50 and $4. Small rectangular lavender sachets covered with Liberty prints and edged with eyelet lace are $3. Quilted square pot holders piece-worked in log-cabin patterns are $2.50, and in four-patch patterns $2. Patchwork polyester pillows a foot square are offered in various traditional geometric patterns for $8. Quilted appliqué pillows depicting scenes of rural life are made by a woman in Pennsylvania and are priced at $20—hardly excessive for work of such complexity and charm. A winter scene of a barn, a covered bridge, and a horse and sleigh, and a summer scene of a rainbow and a waterfall are among the Grandma Moses-like (in spirit more than in style) offerings. These are zippered cases over fourteen-inch polyester cushions. An item we have never seen before, and like a lot, is the Tooth Fairy Pillow. This is a little square pillow covered with one of the nice calico prints and sporting a little white pocket on which the words "My Tooth" are stitched in colored embroidery thread, and where the stealthy exchange of tooth for money is conducted. It's $2.50. A standard of workmanship is in operation here that is apparent in each nicely sewn, cleanly finished article, presenting a nonforbidding example to the person who wants to make something himself.

FABRICATIONS, at 146 East 56th Street, is a fabric store of enormous breadth, depth, and delightfulness, stocked with big, vivid prints of the Marimekko sort and also with calicos, ginghams, solids, Liberty prints, imitation Liberty prints made in Japan, and Indonesian batiks. We will not glaze the reader's eye (or our own) with descriptions of the fabrics, but we urge you to acquaint yourself with this shop if you do not know it and are planning to sew something for Christmas.

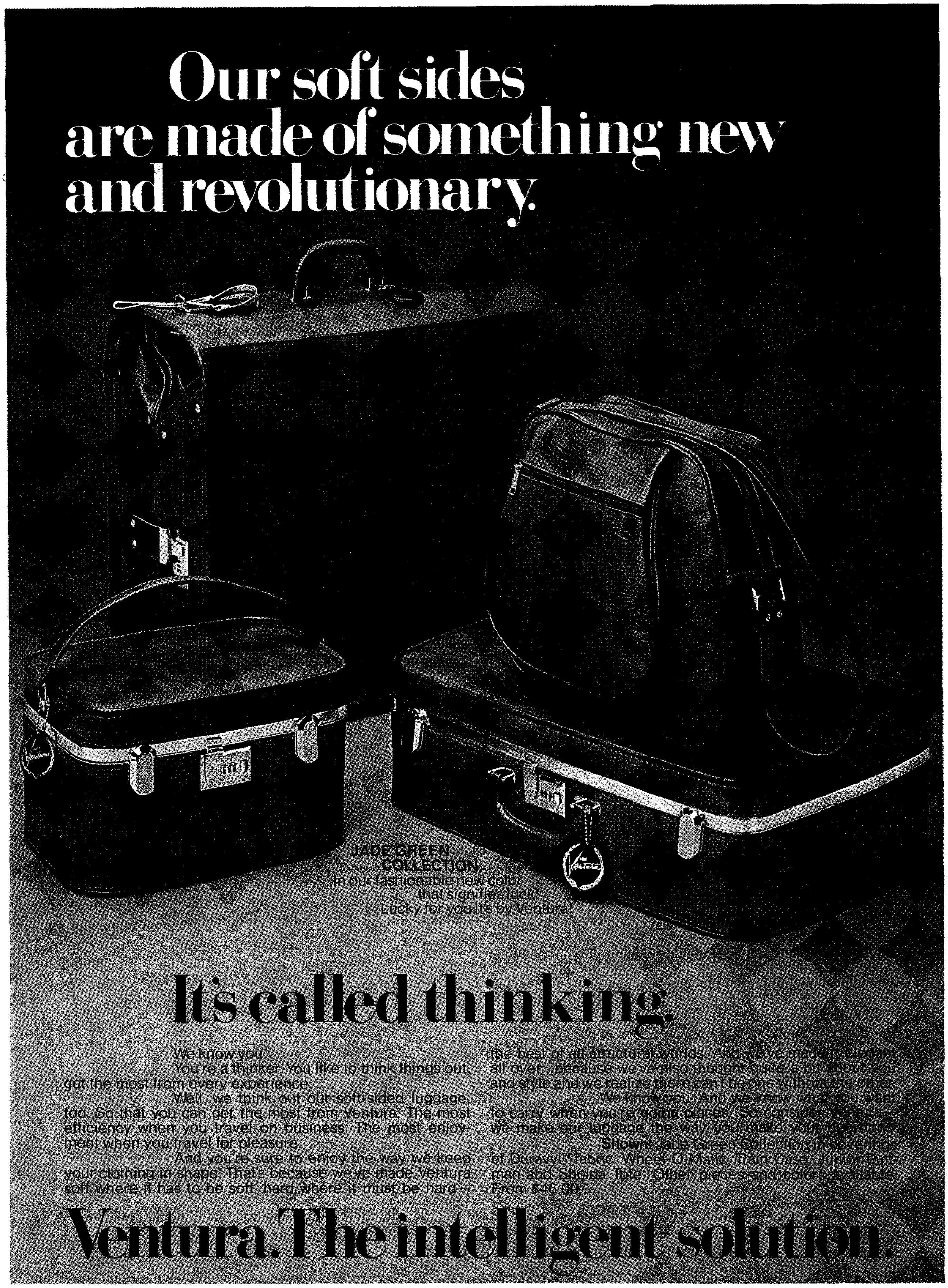
If you are planning to paste something for Christmas, we bring you news of Brandon Memorabilia's accessible new location, at 222 East 51st Street. (This enterprise, beloved of seekers after paper angels and Santas, gilt and lace ornaments, and scraps of Victorian sentiment, has been moving around town and was last situated upstairs in one of those small, shabby office buildings whose tenants make dentures or give pregnancy tests.) The angels and Santas (and flowers and fruits and

floating in for
the holidays

Our proud-as-a-peacock feather print in an easy zip-front robe. So she'll surely stay close to the nest for Christmas. By Loungees® in spice on white, or pale green on aqua washable polyester. P.S.M.L. 35.00. Robes, Lingerie Level. New York and all fashion branches. Mail and phone orders filled. We regret, no C.O.D.'s.

bloomingdale's
for the perfect christmas presence

1000 Third Avenue, New York, 355-5900.
Open late every evening until Christmas.



Our soft sides
are made of something new
and revolutionary.

JADE GREEN
COLLECTION
In our fashionable new color
that signifies luck!
Lucky for you it's by Ventura!

It's called thinking.

We know you.

You're a thinker. You like to think things out, get the most from every experience.

Well, we think out our soft-sided luggage, too. So that you can get the most from Ventura. The most efficiency when you travel on business. The most enjoyment when you travel for pleasure.

And you're sure to enjoy the way we keep your clothing in shape. That's because we've made Ventura soft where it has to be soft, hard where it must be hard—the best of all structural worlds. And we've made it elegant all over... because we've also thought quite a bit about you and style and we realize there can't be one without the other.

We know you. And we know what you want to carry when you're going places. So consider Ventura... we make our luggage the way you make your decisions.

Shown: Jade Green Collection in coverings of Duravyl™ fabric. Wheel-O-Matic, Train Case, Junior Pullman and Sholda Tote. Other pieces and colors available. From $46.00.

Ventura. The intelligent solution.

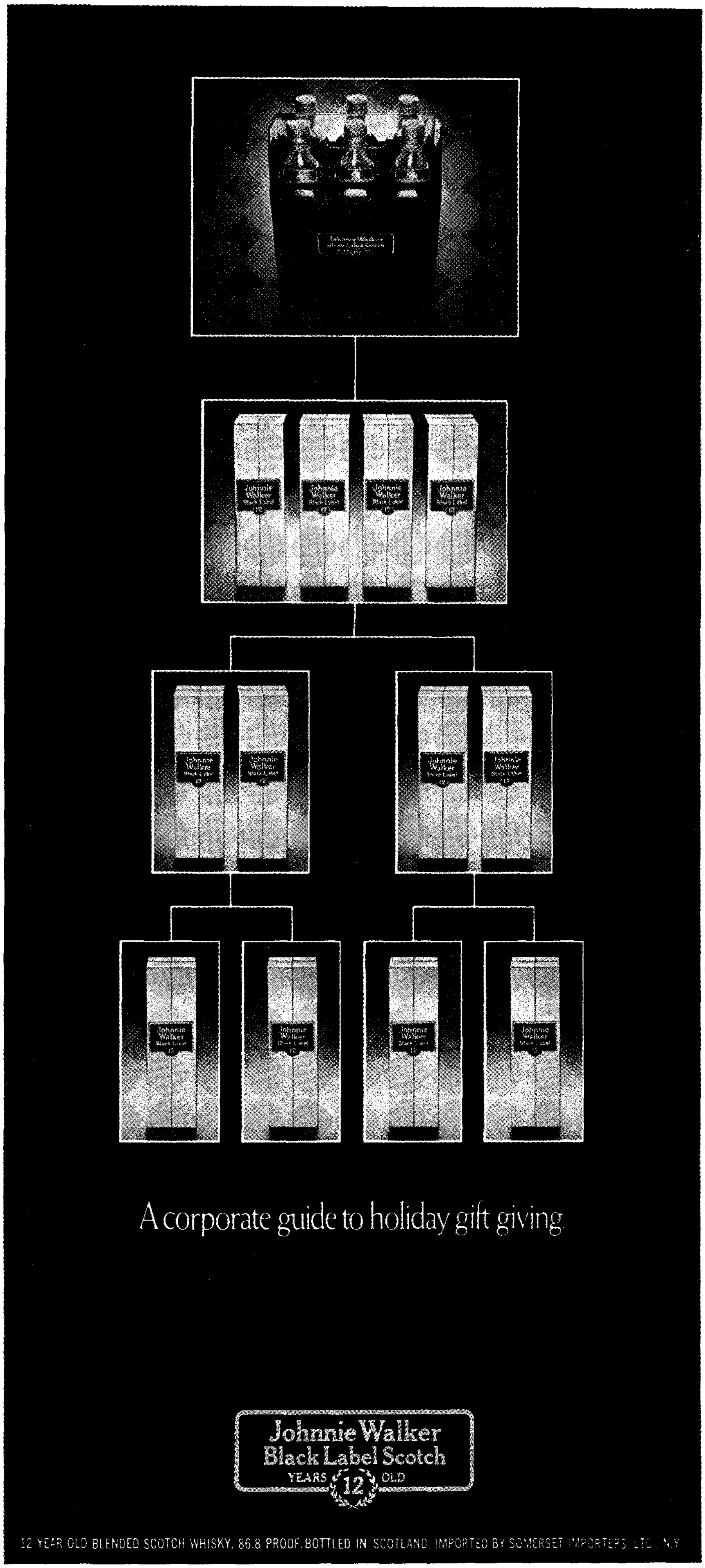
At B. Altman, Bentley's Stores Florida, Dey Bros., G. Fox, Wm. Hengerer, F & R Lazarus, Pogue's, Tuerkes—Beckers Stores
and other fine luggage and department stores exclusively. Also available in Canada.
For free "Tips on Packing," write: Ventura, Dept. NY28, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the like) are sold in eleven-by-fourteen-inch sheets, at seventy-nine cents each. Some are the original old die-cut embossed pictures, while others are replicas; the figures are of various sizes, so that on one sheet you may get forty-eight pensively staring little cherubs and on another only twelve larger ones. Boxes of small old pictures that once were used for covering boxes of gloves or hosiery—nothing was ever left plain—can be rummaged, and the items in them are priced between twenty-five cents and $2. Model sheets ($1 a sheet) from which Austrian villages can be constructed are sold here and will delight a certain insanely patient sort of person, who, if the shopowner is to be believed, will know what to do with them even though the instructions are in German. Handsome wrapping papers, hideous greeting cards of the forties, sentimental popular sheet music, orange-crate prints, and old political-campaign material are some of the other things on view at this definitive source of decorative nostalgia.

THERE is a wonderful poster for sale ($15) at Poster Originals, 924 Madison Avenue (74th), of a turn-of-the-century San Francisco swimming pool—a Great Good Place of innocent diversion, a sort of Crystal Palace Y.M.C.A., with huge arching steel girders, an enormous green pool, and myriads of bathers of both sexes, in black tank suits, standing around the edges or splashing about in the water under the rapt survey of decorously dressed visitors in a spectators' gallery. The work is suffused with the delicate murky green of Carpaccio's St. Ursula paintings, and has an overall graphic forcefulness that explains its presence at Poster Originals—an enterprise that deals not in memorabilia but in posters announcing art shows by people like Matisse, Stella, Lichtenstein, and Warhol.

WE hold up, finally, two objects that illustrate with splendid baldness the opposing tendencies that we have noted during our shopping expedition—the tendency to be ornamented, fanciful, innocent, irrational, and useless, and the tendency to be plain, rational, solid, sensible, and functional. Exhibit A is a garishly painted and crudely formed papier-mâché doll for sale at Pan American Phoenix, 927 Madison Avenue (74th), for $2 (there are many of the dolls, each a little differently painted and formed), which looks like something a child might bring home from nursery school or a great


A corporate guide to holiday gift giving
Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD
12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

sculptor might make in a moment such as the one that prompted Calder's circus. Dressed in an acrobat's short costume, which has an ornament on the chest, and wearing a jewel around her neck on a piece of string (all this done with paint), she has loosely attached arms and legs, so that she can sit in various positions. This cheerfully sloppy thing, called a Lola doll in Mexico, where it is made (and where it is said to represent a whore), partakes of the vitality and innocent brightness of more carefully made works of folk art, and so is something to treasure. Exhibit B is a hand-carved wooden chess set for sale at the Museum of Modern Art's Book Store II for $50. Made after Joseph Hartwig's Bauhaus design of 1923, it is a thing of cold beauty and profound intellectuality. The pieces do not depict their names—they are not figures of queens, kings, bishops, and such—but, rather, are cubistic abstractions of chess moves, showing by their shapes the castle's brutish forwardness, the bishop's fleet angularity, the knight's Arthur Murray dance step. In giving this dazzling twist to the "form follows function" precept, Hartwig establishes himself as a kind of Morphy of functionalism, who transcends his medium by completely satisfying its dictates.

•

ABSORBING QUESTION. The briefest request this rectangle has yet received was on a postcard. It read: "I would like to know the difference between *absorb* and *absorb.* Thank you. N.I. Ford, Abingdon, Va." The reply will have to be a little longer. The root of both words is the Latin *sorbere,* to suck in or drink, and the meanings of the words are not much different. The literal meaning of *absorb* is to take in or suck up as, for example, through pores. *Absorb,* used mainly as a scientific term, means to gather on a solid surface a gas, liquid or substance that has been dissolved. *Absorb,* of course, has more extended, less literal meanings, such as to seize attention or take in, assimilate.—*"Bernstein on Words" in the Bloomington (Ind.) Herald-Telephone.*

You can't stump Bernstein.

•

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE
TO THE PEOPLE OF MELBOURNE BEACH:

Effective October 8, 1977, the new telephone number to report a fire in the town of Melbourne Beach is *777-1112.* We are enclosing with this letter the new telephone number for notifying the Fire Department of any fires which may be attached to your telephone.—*Melbourne Beach (Fla.) Volunteer Fire Department.*

Now, *there's* a hot line for you!

PBM

Clothes are like paintings.
The good ones get all the looks.

The PBM vested suit in pure wool grey flannel, with leather buttons. Fashion is what makes you buy it. Intrinsic worth is what keeps you wearing it.
PBM, Independence Mall East, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19106.

BAUME & MERCIER
GENEVE
Elegance in Time

© 1977

$3200

$2140

18K GOLD SPLENDOR... TRANSCENDING TIME ITSELF

Diamond bedecked with a striated tiger-eye dial and hand-woven bracelet... Twin-tier bezel case and satin-texture bracelet. Baume & Mercier achieves perfect mastery of time transcended only by the elegance of its designs. Other models in the International Baume & Mercier Collection, from $450. to $7500. Only at the world's finest jewelry stores.

For free Style Brochure 5-7Y,
write David G. Steven Inc.
555 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

On the West Coast,
9465 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, Ca. 90212

REFLECTIONS

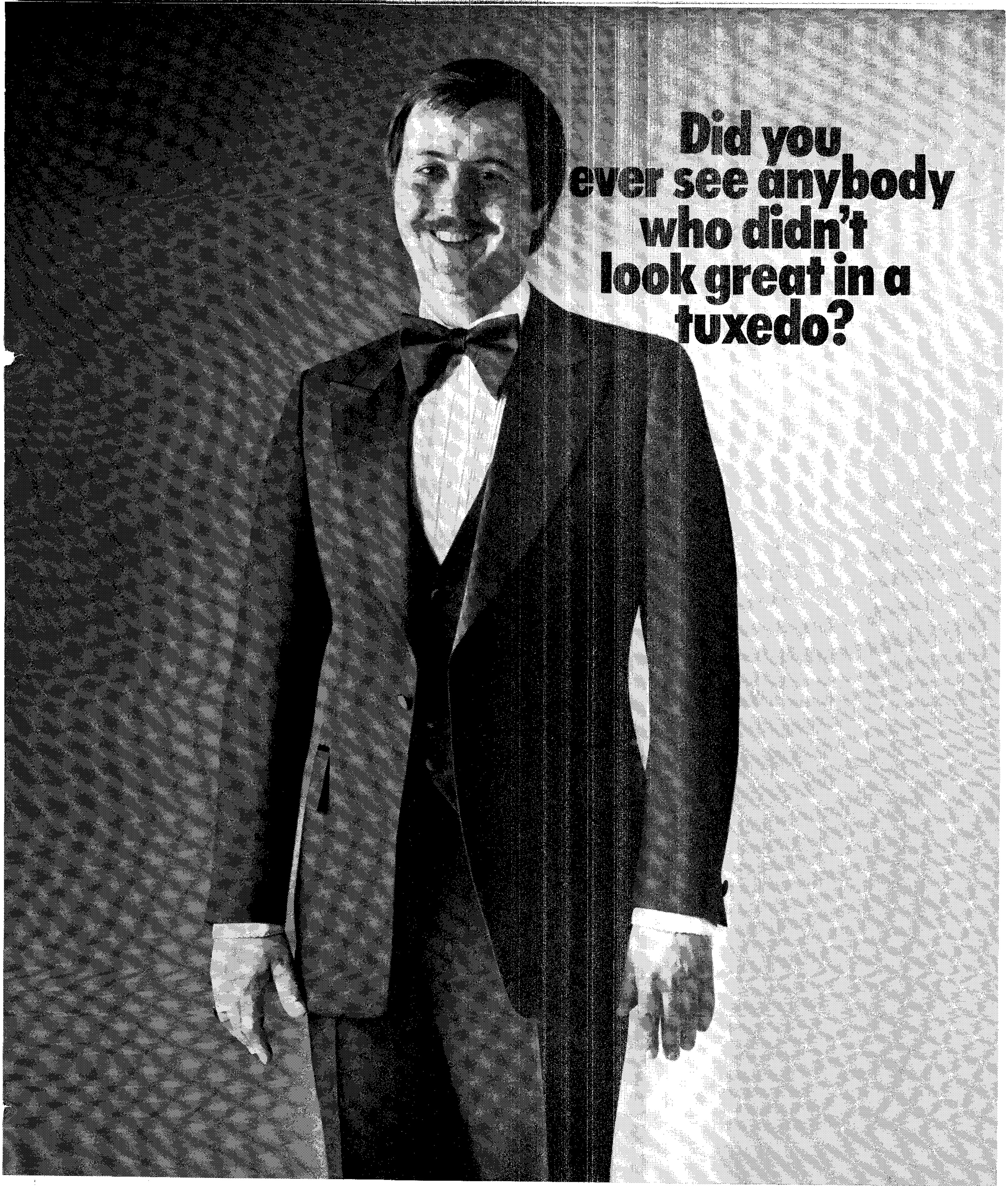
THINKING—II

THINKING, willing, and judging are the three basic mental activities; they cannot be derived from each other, and, though they have certain common characteristics, they cannot be reduced to a common denominator. To the question "What makes us think?" there is ultimately no answer other than what Kant called "reason's need," the inner impulse of that faculty to actualize itself in speculation. And something very similar is true for the will, which neither reason nor desire can move. "Nothing other than the will is the total cause of volition" ("*Nihil aliud a voluntate est causa totalis volitionis in voluntate*"), in the striking formula of Duns Scotus, or "*Voluntas vult se velle*" ("The will wills itself to will"), as even Thomas Aquinas, the least voluntaristic of those who thought about this faculty, had to admit. Judgment, finally, the mysterious endowment of the mind by which the general, always a mental construction, and the particular, always given to sense experience, are brought together, is a "peculiar faculty," and in no way inherent in the intellect, not even in the case of "determinant judgments," where particulars are subsumed under general rules in the form of a syllogism—because no rules are available for the *applications* of the rules. To know how to apply the general to the particular is an additional "natural gift," the want of which is "ordinarily called stupidity," according to Kant, who adds, "And for such a failing there is no remedy." The autonomous nature of judgment is even more obvious in the case of "reflective judgment," which does not descend from the general to the particular but ascends "from the particular . . . to the universal" by deciding, without any overall rules, This is beautiful, this is ugly, this is right, this is wrong; and here, for a guiding principle, judging "can only give [it] as a law from and to itself" (Kant).

I called these mental activities basic because they are autonomous; each of them obeys the laws inherent in the activity itself, although all of them depend on a certain stillness of the soul's passions, on that "dispassionate quiet" ("*leidenschaftslose Stille*") which Hegel ascribed to "merely thinking cognition." Since it is always the same person whose mind thinks, wills, and judges, the autonomous nature of each of these activities has created great difficulties. Reason's inability to move the will, along with the fact that thinking can only "understand" what is past but neither remove it nor "rejuvenate" it ("The owl of Minerva begins its flight when dusk is falling"), has led to the various doctrines asserting the mind's impotence and the force of the irrational; in brief, to Hume's famous dictum "Reason is, and *ought* only to be, the slave of the passions"—that is, to a rather simpleminded reversal of the Platonic notion of reason's uncontested rulership in the household of the soul. What is so remarkable in all these theories and doctrines is their implicit monism, the claim that behind the obvious multiplicity of the world's appearances and, even more pertinently for our context, behind the obvious plurality of man's faculties and abilities, there must exist a oneness: the old "*Hen pan*" ("The all is one")—either a single source or a single ruler.

The autonomy of mental activities, moreover, implies their being unconditioned; none of the conditions of either life or the world corresponds to them directly. For the "dispassionate quiet" of the soul is not a condition, properly speaking; not only does the mere quiet never cause the mental activity but the urge to think, "reason's need," more often than not quiets the passions. To be sure, the objects of my thinking or willing or judging, the mind's subject matter, are given in the world, or arise from my life in this world, yet thinking, willing, and judging as activities are not necessitated or conditioned by either. Men, though they are totally conditioned existentially—limited by the time span between birth and death, subject to labor in order to live, motivated to work in order to make themselves at home in the world, and roused to action in order to find their place in the society of their fellow-men—can mentally transcend all these conditions, but only mentally, never in reality or in cognition and knowledge, by virtue of which they are able to explore the world's realness and their own. They can judge affirmatively or negatively the realities they are born into and by which they are also conditioned; they can will

VICE-PRESIDENT FOR LIFE
S.GROSS


Did you
ever see anybody
who didn't
look great in a
tuxedo?

This one is from the After Six Classic Collection: single breasted of polyester and wool with peaked satin lapel, center vent and five-button vest. After Six formals, from $125.
For the name of a store near you, write After Six, 22nd & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

©1977 AFTER SIX FORMALS, A DIVISION OF AFTER SIX, INC.

after Six FORMALS

CHRISTMAS RED

Get ready, get set, glow! in a smooth as silk evening shirt of shantung weave Qiana. This not-so-classic gown buttons way down with little self buttons. Full sleeves have button cuffs; gracefully flared collar; flirty side slit. Floats full and free till you sash it in with its shaped obi sash. A washable Wilroy. Gala looking in Christmas red or emerald green. 6-20. $90.00.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique on the
22nd floor at 342 Madison Ave., Dept. 51
New York, N.Y. 10017

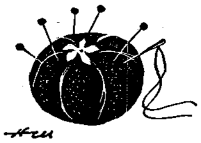
New York State residents call collect
(212) 953-1170
Out-of-state use our Toll-Free number
800-221-2468
If you prefer shopping from home,
write or call for our
FREE HOLIDAY BROCHURE

Add $1.25 for handling. New York State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O., American Express, Visa/BankAmericard, Master Charge.

BROWNSTONE STUDIO

the impossible (for instance, eternal life); and they can think (that is, speculate meaningfully) about the unknown and the unknowable. And although this can never directly change reality—indeed, in our world there is no clearer or more radical opposition than that between thinking and doing—the principles on which we act and the criteria by which we judge and conduct our lives depend ultimately on the life of the mind. In short, they depend on the performance of these apparently profitless mental enterprises, which yield no results and do "not endow us directly with the power to act" (Heidegger). Absence of thought is indeed a powerful factor in human affairs—statistically speaking, the most powerful—not just in the conduct of the many but in the conduct of all. The very urgency, the *a-scholia*, of human affairs demands provisional judgments, the reliance on custom and habit; that is, on prejudices. As to the world of appearances, which affects our senses as well as our soul and our common sense, Heraclitus spoke truly, in words still unburdened by terminology: "The mind is separate from all things" ("*Sophon esti panton kechorismenon*"). It is because of that complete separateness that Kant could believe so firmly in the existence of other intelligible beings in a different corner of the universe; namely, of creatures capable of the same kind of reasonable thought, although without our sensory apparatus and without our intellectual brain power—that is, without our criteria for truth and error, and our conditions for experience and scientific cognition.

Seen from the perspective of the world of appearances and the activities conditioned by it, the main characteristic of mental activities is their *invisibility*. Properly speaking, they never appear, though they manifest themselves to the thinking, willing, or judging ego: it is aware of being active, yet lacks the ability or the urge to appear. The Epicurean "*Lathe biosas*" ("Live in hiding") may have been a counsel of prudence, but it is also an at least negatively exact description of the *topos*, the locality, of the man who thinks; in fact, it is the very opposite of John Adams' "*Spectemur agendo*" ("Let us be seen in action"). In other words, to the invisible that manifests itself to thinking there corresponds a human faculty that not only is, like other faculties, invisible as long as it is latent, a mere potentiality, but remains non-manifest in full actuality. If we consider the whole scale of human activities from the viewpoint of appearance, we find many degrees of manifestation. Neither laboring nor fabrication requires display of the activity itself; only action and speaking need a space of appearance—as well as people who see and hear—in order to be actualized at all. But none of these activities are invisible. Were we to follow Greek linguistic custom, by which the "heroes," acting men in the highest sense, were called *andres epiphaneis*, men who are fully manifest, highly conspicuous, then we would call thinkers the inconspicuous men, by definition and profession.



In this, as in other respects, the mind is decisively different from the soul, its chief competitor for the rank of ruler over our inner, non-visible life. The soul, where our passions—our feelings, our emotions—arise, is a more or less chaotic welter of happenings that we do not enact but suffer (*pathein*) and that in cases of great intensity may overwhelm us, as pain or pleasure does; its invisibility resembles that of our inner bodily organs, of whose functioning or non-functioning we are also aware without being able to control them. The life of the mind, on the contrary, is sheer activity, and this activity, like other activities, can be started and stopped at will. The passions, moreover, though their seat is invisible, have an expressiveness of their own: we blush with shame or embarrassment, we grow pale with fear or anger, we can shine with happiness or look dejected; indeed, we need a considerable training in self-control in order to prevent the passions from showing. The only outward manifestation of the mind is absentmindedness, an obvious disregard of the surrounding world—something entirely negative, which in no way hints at what is actually happening within us.

The mere fact of invisibility, that something can be without being manifest to the eye, must always have been striking. How much so may be gauged by the strange disinclination of our whole tradition to draw clear lines between soul, mind, and consciousness, so often equated as objects of our inner sense for no other reason than that they are non-appearing to the outer senses. Thus, Plato concluded that the soul is invisible because it is made for the cognition of the invisible that exists within a world of visible things. And even Kant, among the philosophers by far the most critical of traditional metaphysical prejudices, will occasionally enumerate two kinds of objects: "'I,' as thinking, am an object of inner sense, and am called 'soul.' That which

KODAK | EKTASOUND 240 | movie camera
EKTAR ZOOM LENS
EXTERNAL 9 VOLT DC
FILTER SWITCH
MOTOR BATTERY TEST
SOUND MONITOR
NORMAL
REDUCED
MICROPHONE SENSITIVITY

The unique on-camera microphone.

Just one of the many sound reasons to give a Kodak Ektasound movie camera.

If you want to save family memories, give your family a Kodak Ektasound movie camera. It's so easy to use: Just drop in a cartridge of film, aim, and shoot.

The microphone's right on the handle, so you're free to move around without thinking about cords or microphone placement.

And the Kodak Ektasound movie camera takes colorful super 8 sound movies in any light, without movie lights.

There's also automatic exposure control, a sound monitor to hear what the camera is hearing—both before and during use; and most models come with a zoom lens.

Visit your photo dealer's soon. And wrap up a Kodak Ektasound movie camera.

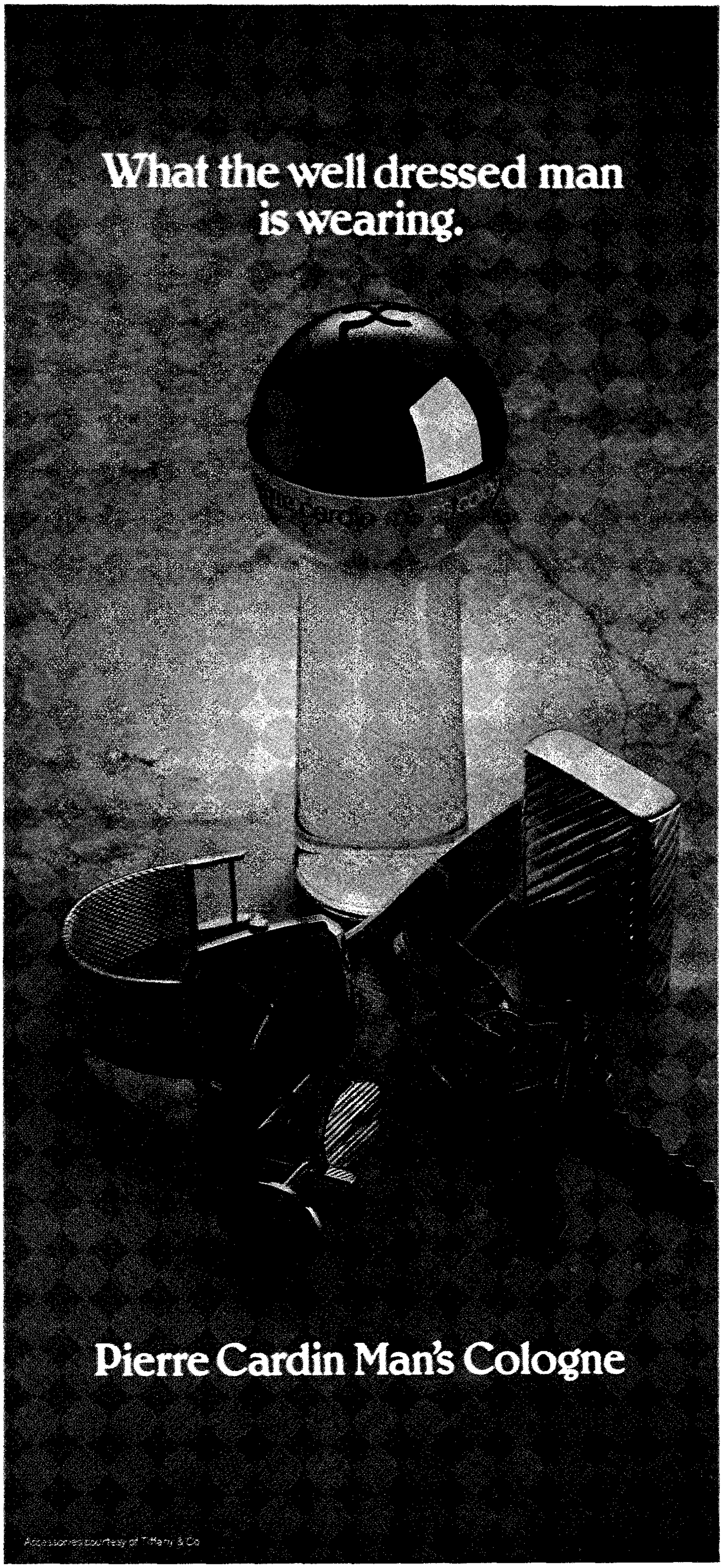
For a free pamphlet "*Sound Movies,*" write to EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Dept. 841, Rochester, N.Y. 14650. Please include a self-addressed #10 envelope, and write *AD-14* on the outside. No return postage necessary.

Kodak Ektasound movie cameras

Kodak

Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"

...to save Christmas in pictures.


What the well dressed man is wearing.
Pierre Cardin Man's Cologne
Accessories courtesy of Tiffany & Co

is an object of the outer senses is called 'body.' " This, of course, is but a variation of the old metaphysical two-world theory. An analogy is made to the outwardness of sense experience, the assumption being that an internal space houses what is within us in the same way that external space provides for our bodies: an "inner sense"—namely, the intuition of introspection—is pictured as fitted to ascertain whatever goes on "within" with the same reliability that our outer senses have in dealing with the outer world. And for the soul the analogy is not too misleading. Since feelings and emotions are not self-made but are "passions," caused by outside events that affect the soul and bring about certain reactions—namely, the soul's *pathemata*, its passive states and moods—these inner experiences may indeed be open to the inner sense of introspection precisely because they are possible, as Kant once remarked, "only on the assumption of outer experience." Moreover, their very passivity, the fact that they are not likely to be changed by deliberate intervention, results in an impressive semblance of stability. This semblance of stability, when introspection takes note of it, then produces certain illusions, which, in turn, lead to the theory that the mind not merely is the master of its own activities but can rule the soul's passions—as though the mind were nothing but the soul's highest organ. This theory is very old, and reached its climax in the Stoic doctrines of the mind's control of pleasure and pain. Its fallacy—that you can *feel* happy when roasted in the Phalarian Bull—rests ultimately on the equation of soul and mind; that is, on ascribing to the soul and its essential passivity the powerful sovereignty of the mind.

No mental act, and least of all the act of thinking, is content with its object as this is given to it. It always transcends the sheer givenness of whatever may have aroused its attention and transforms it into what Petrus Johannis Olivi, the thirteenth-century Franciscan philosopher of the Will, called an "*experimentum suitatis*" ("an experiment of the self with itself"). Since plurality is one of the basic existential conditions of human life on earth—so that *inter homines esse*, to be among men, was to the Romans the sign of being alive, aware of the realness of world and self, and *inter homines esse desinere*, to cease to be among men, was a synonym for dying—to be by myself and to have intercourse with myself is the outstanding characteristic of the life of the mind. The mind can be said to have a life of its own only to the extent that it actualizes this intercourse in which, existentially speaking, plurality is reduced to the duality already implied in the fact and the word "consciousness": *conscientia*, or *syneidenai*—to know with myself. I call this existential state in which I keep myself company "solitude" to distinguish it from "loneliness," in which I am also alone but now deserted not just by human company but also by the possible company of myself. It is only in loneliness that I feel *deprived* of human company, and it is only in the acute awareness of such deprivation that men ever exist really in the singular, as it is perhaps only in dreams or in madness that they fully realize the unbearable and "unutterable horror" (Kant) of this state. Mental activities themselves all testify by their *reflexive* nature to a *duality* inherent in consciousness; the mental agent cannot be active except by acting, implicitly or explicitly, back upon itself. Consciousness, to be sure (Kant's "I think"), accompanies not only "all other representations" but all my activities, in which nevertheless I can be entirely oblivious of my self. Consciousness as such, before it is actualized in solitude, achieves nothing more than an awareness of the sameness of the I-am—"I am conscious of myself, not as I appear to myself nor as I am in myself but only that I am"—which guarantees the identical continuity of a self throughout the manifold representations, experiences, and memories of a lifetime. As such, it "expresses the act of determining my existence." Mental activities, and especially, as we shall see later, thinking—the soundless dialogue of the I with itself—can be understood as the actualization of the original duality, or the split between me and myself which is inherent in all consciousness. But this sheer self-awareness, of which I am, as it were, unconsciously conscious, is not an activity; by accompanying all other activities, it is the guarantor of an altogether silent I-am-I.

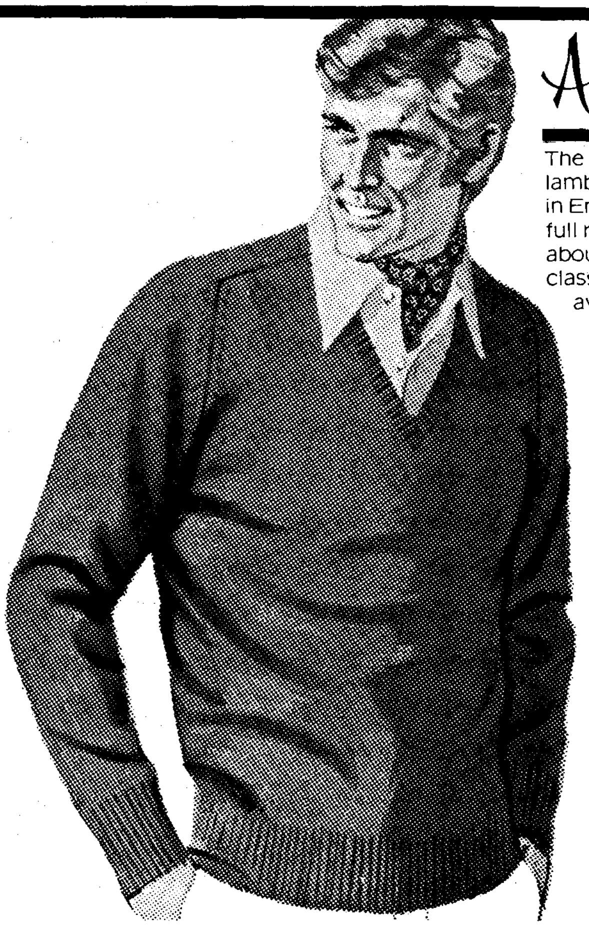
The life of the mind in which I keep myself company may be soundless; it is never silent, and it can never be altogether oblivious of itself, because of the reflexive nature of all its activities. Every *cogitare*, no matter what its object, is also a *cogito me cogitare*, every volition is a *volo me velle*, and even judgment is possible, as Montesquieu once remarked, only through a "*retour secret sur moi-même.*" This reflexivity seems to point to a place of inwardness for mental acts, construed on the principle of the outward space in which my non-mental acts take place. But that this inwardness (unlike the passive inwardness of the soul) could only be understood as a site of activities is a fallacy, whose historical origin is the discovery, in the early centuries of the Christian era, of the Will and of the experiences of the willing ego. For I am aware of the faculties of the mind and their reflexivity only while the activity lasts. It is as though the very organs of thought or will or judgment came into being only when I think or will or judge; in their latent state—assuming that such latency exists prior to actualization—they are not open to introspection. The thinking ego, of which I am perfectly conscious as long as the thinking activity lasts, will disappear like a mere mirage when the real world asserts itself again.

Since mental activities, non-appearing by definition, occur in a world of appearances and in a being that partakes of these appearances both through its receptive sense organs and through its own ability and urge to appear to others, they cannot come into being except through a deliberate *withdrawal* from appearances. It is withdrawal not so much from the world—only thought, because of its tendency to generalize (i.e., because of its special concern for the general as opposed to the particular), tends to withdraw from the world altogether—as from the world's being *present* to the senses. *Every mental act rests on the mind's faculty of having present to itself what is absent from the senses.* Re-presentation, making present what is actually absent, is the mind's unique gift, and, since our whole mental terminology is based on metaphors drawn from vision's experience, this gift is called *imagination*, defined by Kant as "the faculty of intuition even without the presence of the object." The mind's faculty of making present what is absent is of course by no means restricted to mental images of absent objects; memory quite generally stores, and holds at the disposition of recollection, whatever is *no more*, and the will anticipates what the future may bring but is *not yet*. Only because of the mind's capacity for making present what is absent can we say "no more" and constitute a past for ourselves, or say "not yet" and get ready for a future. But this is possible for the mind only after it has withdrawn from the present, and the urgencies of everyday life. Thus, in order to will, the mind must withdraw from the immediacy of desire, which, without reflecting and

DRIFTING AND DREAMING, you're in a goddess gown. Pleats flow from a beautiful bodice into a long luxurious flutter to give every little movement a meaning all its own. Permanently pleated in Encron® Golden Touch® polyester by American Enka, sensuous as silk. White. Honey. Star Sapphire. P-S-M. $45. Sheltering capelet, $20. At Bonwit Teller, Burdine's, Foley's, Marshall Field, I. Magnin, S.F., or write Formfit Rogers, Dept. G, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

Be Somebody with Formfit Rogers.

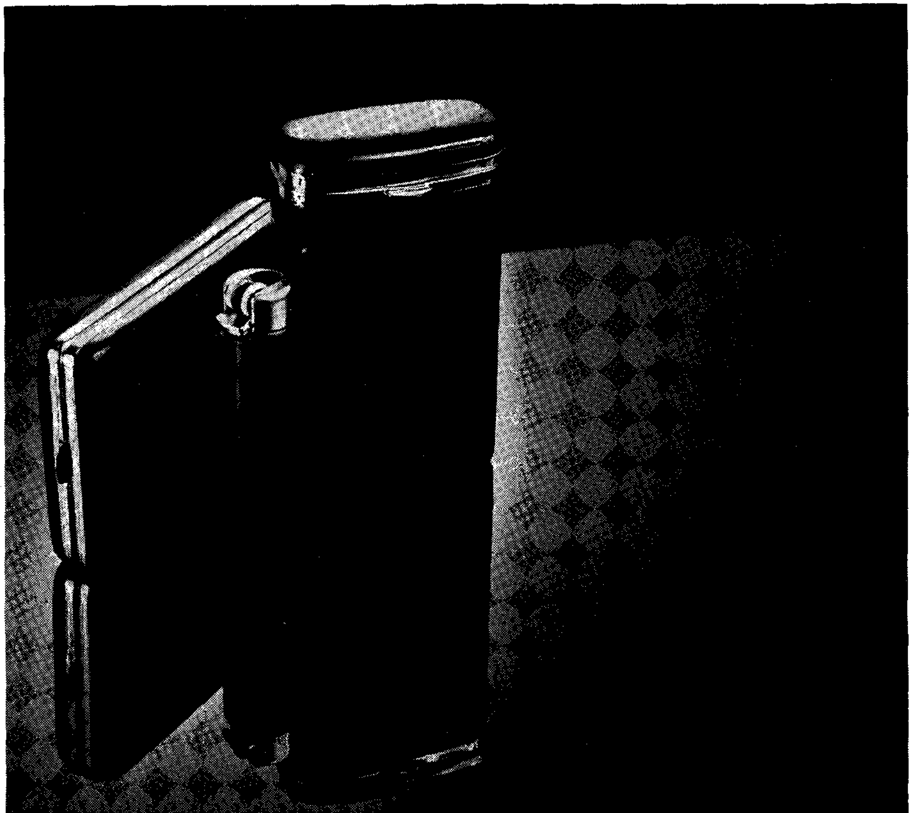
We recommend washing in Woolite® For Fine Fabric Care



Alan Paine

The HENLEY classic pure lambswool pullover. Made in England by Alan Paine in a full range of exclusive colors, about **$32.50** The PELDON classic cardigan, also available, about **$49.50**

Bloomingdale's, New York. Muse's, Atlanta. Robinson's, Los Angeles.
For other fine stores, write Frank L. Savage Inc., 17 E. 37 St., NY 10016.



FOR HER: "TORTOISE" FROM GRAU. FLIP-TOP OR SNAP CIGARETTE CASES, 14.00 LIGHTER, 6.00

CHAS. A. STEVENS

25 NORTH STATE STREET, CHICAGO, 60602. USE VISA, AMERICAN EXPRESS, MASTER CHARGE

without reflexivity, stretches out its hand to get hold of the desired object: the will is concerned not with objects but with projects; for instance, with the future availability of an object that it may or may not desire in the present. The will transforms the desire into an intention. And judgment, finally, be it aesthetic or legal or moral, presupposes a definitely "unnatural" and deliberate withdrawal from involvement and the partiality of immediate interests as they are given by my position in the world and the part I play in it.

It would be wrong, I believe, to try to establish a hierarchical order among the mind's activities, but I also believe that it is hardly deniable that an order of priorities—a chronological order—exists. It is inconceivable that we would ever be able to will or to judge—that is, to handle things that are not yet and things that are no more—if the power of representation and the effort necessary to direct mental attention to what in every way escapes the attention of sense perception had not gone ahead and prepared the mind for further reflection as well as for willing and judging. In other words, what we generally call "thinking," though it is unable to move the will or provide judgment with general rules, must prepare the particulars given to the senses in such a way that the mind is able to handle them in their absence; it must, in brief, *de-sense* them.

The best description of this process of preparation I know of is given by Augustine. Sense perception, he says, "the vision which was without when the sense was formed by a sensible body is succeeded by a similar vision within," the image that re-presents it. This image is then stored in memory, ready to become a "vision in thought" the moment the mind gets hold of it; it is decisive that "what remains in the memory" (the mere image of what was once real) is different from the "vision in thought" (the deliberately remembered object). Augustine writes, "What remains in the memory . . . is one thing, and . . . something else arises when we remember," for "what is hidden and retained in the memory is one thing, and what is impressed by it in the thought of the one remembering is another thing." Hence, the thought-object is different from the image, as the image is different from the visible sense-object whose mere representation it is. It is because of this twofold transformation that thinking, in Augustine's words, "in fact goes even further"—beyond the realm of all possible imagination—"when our reason proclaims the infinity of number which no vision in the thought of corporeal things has yet grasped" or "teaches us that even the tiniest bodies can be divided infinitely." Imagination, therefore, which transforms a visible object into an invisible image, fit to be stored in the mind, is the condition *sine qua non* for providing the mind with suitable thought-objects; but these thought-objects come into being only when the mind actively and deliberately remembers, recollects, and selects from the storehouse of memory whatever arouses its interest sufficiently to induce concentration. In these operations, the mind learns how to deal with things that are immediately absent, and prepares itself to "go further," toward the understanding of things that are always absent—that cannot be remembered, because they were never present to sense experience.

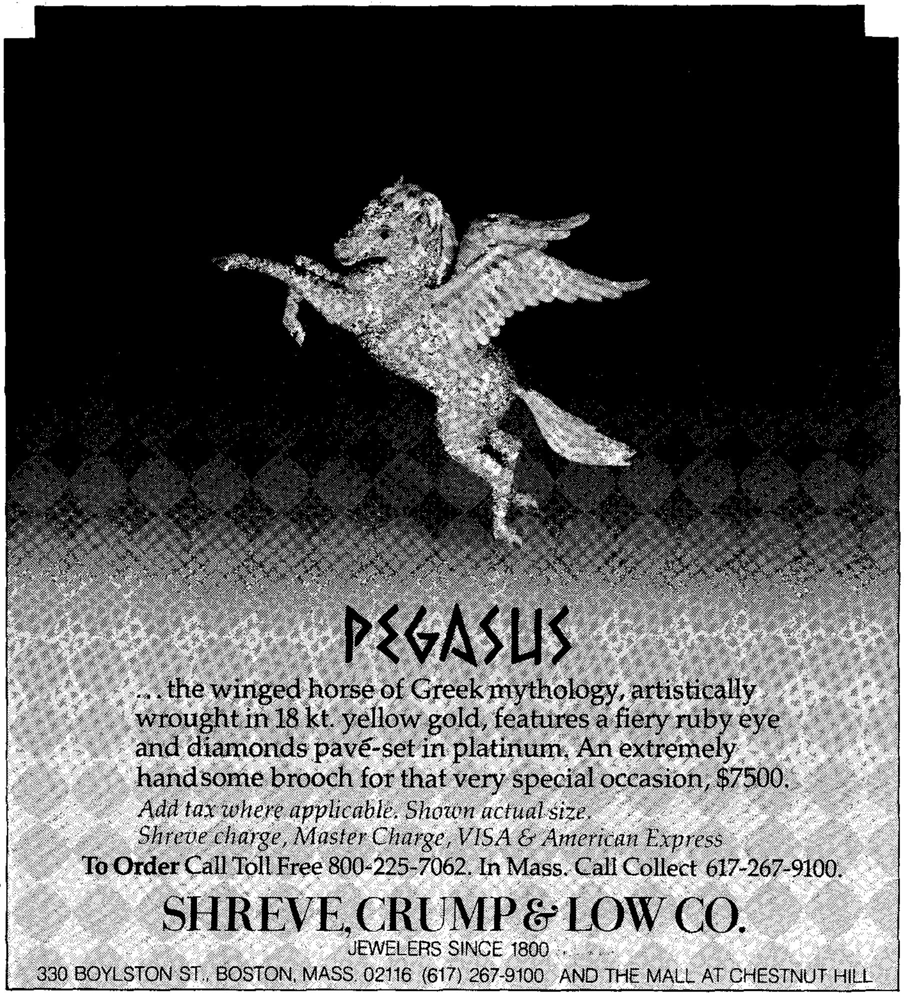
Although this last class of thought-objects—concepts, ideas, categories, and the like—became the special subject matter of "professional" philosophy (Kant), there is nothing in the ordinary life of man which cannot become food for thought; that is, be subjected to the twofold transformation that readies a sense-object to become a suitable thought-object. All the metaphysical questions that philosophy took as its special topics arise out of ordinary common-sense experiences; "reason's need"—the quest for meaning that prompts men to ask them—is in no way different from men's need to tell the story of some happening they witnessed, or to write poems about it. In all such reflecting activities, men move outside the world of appearances and use a language filled with abstract words—which, of course, had long been part and parcel of everyday speech before they became the special currency of philosophy. For thinking, then—though not for philosophy, technically speaking—withdrawal from the world of appearances is the only essential precondition. In order for us to think about somebody, he must be removed from our presence. As long as we are with him, we do not think either of him or about him: thinking always implies remembrance; every thought is, strictly speaking, an afterthought. It may, of course, happen that we start thinking about a still present somebody or something, in which case we have removed ourselves surreptitiously from our surroundings and are conducting ourselves as though we were already absent.

These remarks may indicate why thinking, the quest for meaning—as opposed to the thirst for knowledge,

Enjoy four floors of the Crouch & Fitzgerald Experience,
or send for free catalog c/o Dept. A, 400 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10017.

Never leave home without Crouch & Fitzgerald

Fine luggage since 1839.



PEGASUS
... the winged horse of Greek mythology, artistically wrought in 18 kt. yellow gold, features a fiery ruby eye and diamonds pavé-set in platinum. An extremely handsome brooch for that very special occasion, $7500.
Add tax where applicable. Shown actual size.
Shreve charge, Master Charge, VISA & American Express
To Order Call Toll Free 800-225-7062. In Mass. Call Collect 617-267-9100.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
JEWELERS SINCE 1800
330 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02116 (617) 267-9100 AND THE MALL AT CHESTNUT HILL

OLD•RARE
The Grand Whisky
OF THE HIGHLANDS
USQUAEBACH
Blended Scotch
Whisky
BLENDED & BOTTLED
FOR
Twelve Stone Flagons Ltd
86° PROOF

"Wi Usquaebae we'll face the devil!"
Tam O'Shanter
Robert Burns

Unfortunately–Usquaebach (pronounced *Uskebah*), the rarest brand of Scotch Whisky, is one of the most costly and, owing to limited availability, may be found at only the purveyors of the finest wines and spirits.

Approximately $35.00 for one (1) stone flagon

Drink Only Neat

Inquiries: Twelve Stone Flagons
412/481-7112

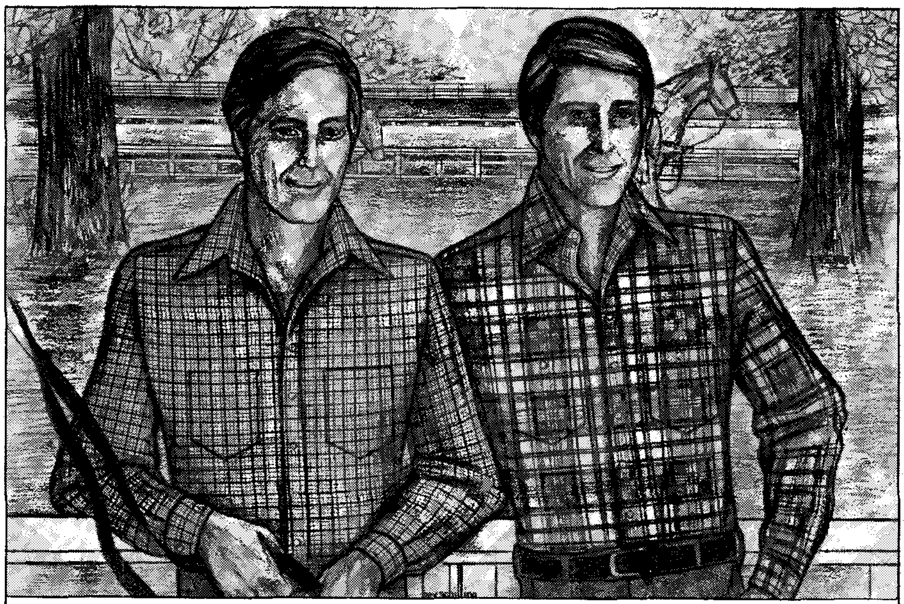
Available at these fine stores: **Ace High Liquors**, Albuquerque; **Baseline Liquors**, Boulder; **Berbiglia's**, Kansas City; **The Bottle Shop**, La Jolla; **Brentwood Liquor & Wine Cellar**, Nashville; **Brown Derby**, Springfield, MO; **Brown Jug**, Anchorage; **Buck Distributing**, Upper Marlboro; **Buster's**, Memphis; **Calverts**, Washington, DC; **Causeway Wine & Spirits**, Ft. Lauderdale & Deerfield Beach; **Century Wine & Liquors**, Denver; **Cheers**, Colorado Springs; **Corti Brothers**, Sacramento; **Don's & Ben's**, San Antonio; **Duppa Villa**, Phoenix; **Feldman's**, Harlingen, TX; **Fifty-First & Harvard Liquors**, Tulsa; **Forest Hills Liquor**, Forest Hills; **Fred's**, Tallahasse; **Foremost Sunset Corners, Inc.**, Miami; **Grapes & Grain**, Tulsa; **John Gilbert, Jr. Co.**, Boston; **The Gourmet Market**, San Francisco; **The Grog Shop**, Aspen; **Haskell's**, Minneapolis; **Keller's**, Milwaukee; **Lighthouse**, St. Petersburg; **Martin's**, New Orleans; **Marty's**, Dallas; **Morrells**, New York; **Neff Liquors**, Louisville; **Pinkies**, Odessa, TX; **Premier**, Buffalo; **Ranch Acres**, Tulsa; **Reuben's** Austin; **Richard's**, Houston; **Riise's**, St. Thomas; **Roberts of Woodside**, Woodside, CA; **Schaefer's**, Skokie, IL; **Sherry-Lehmann's**, New York; **Shopper's Village**, Lexington; **The Spirit Shop**, Little Rock; **The Spirit World**, Omaha; **The 21st Amendment**, Indianapolis; **United Distributors**, Atlanta; **Vintage Wine Cellars**, Honolulu; **The Wine Merchant**, Beverly Hills; **Winfield-Flynn**, New York; **Woodley's**, Washington, DC; **WOW Liquors**, Las Vegas

even for knowledge for its own sake—has so often been felt to be unnatural, as though men, whenever they reflect without purpose, going beyond the natural curiosity awakened by the manifold wonders of the world's sheer thereness and their own existence, engaged in an activity *contrary to the human condition*. Thinking as such, not only the raising of the unanswerable "ultimate questions" but every reflection that does not serve knowledge and is not guided by practical needs and aims, is, as Heidegger once observed, "*out of order*" (italics added). It interrupts any doing, any ordinary activities, no matter what they happen to be. All thinking demands a *stop*-and-think. Whatever the fallacies and the absurdities of the two-world theories may have been, they arose out of these genuine experiences of the thinking ego. And since whatever prevents thinking belongs to the world of appearances and to those common-sense experiences that I have in company with my fellow-men and that automatically guarantee my sense of the realness of my own being, it is indeed as though thinking paralyzed me in much the same way that an excess of consciousness may paralyze the automatism of my bodily functions—"*l'accomplissement d'un acte qui doit être réflexe ou ne peut être*," as Valéry phrased it. Identifying the state of consciousness with the state of thinking, he added, "*On en pourrait tirer toute une philosophie que je résumerais ainsi: Tantôt je pense et tantôt je suis*" ("One could draw from this an entire philosophy that I would sum up thus: At times I think and at times I am"). This striking observation, entirely based on equally striking experiences—namely, that the mere consciousness of our bodily organs is enough to prevent them from functioning properly—insists on an antagonism between being and thinking which we can trace back to Plato's famous saying that only the philosopher's body (that is, what makes him appear among appearances) still inhabits the city of men, as though men by thinking removed themselves from the world of the living.

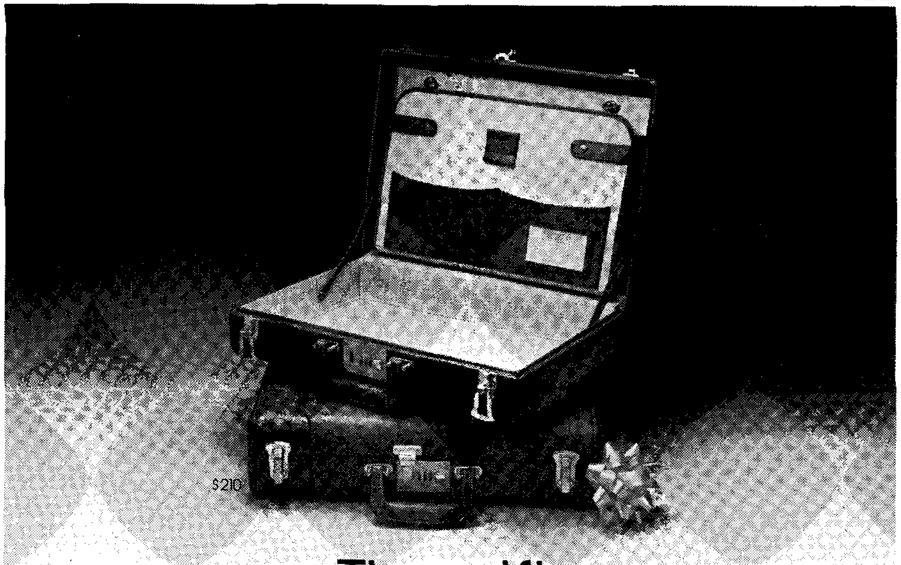
Throughout the history of philosophy, a very curious notion has persisted of an affinity between death and philosophy. For many centuries, philosophy was supposed to teach men how to die; it was for this reason that the Romans decided that the study of philosophy was a fit occupation only for the old. The Greeks had held that it should be studied by the young. Still, it was Plato who first remarked that the philosopher appears to those who do not do philosophy as though he were pursuing death, and it was Zeno of Citium, the founder of Stoicism, who, in the same century, reported that the Delphic oracle, on his asking it what he should do to attain the best life, had answered, "Take on the color of the dead." In modern times, it is not uncommon to find people holding, with Schopenhauer, that our mortality is the eternal source of philosophy—that "death is actually the inspiring genius of philosophy," and that "without death there would scarcely be any philosophizing." Even the young Heidegger of "Sein und Zeit" still treated the anticipation of death as the decisive experience through which man can attain an authentic self and be liberated from the inauthenticity of the They; he was unaware, apparently, of the extent to which this doctrine actually sprang, as Plato had pointed out, from the opinion of the many.

"TAKE on the color of the dead"—so indeed the philosopher's absentmindedness and the style of life of the "professional" who devotes his entire life to thinking, thus monopolizing and raising to an absolute what is but one of the many human faculties, must appear to the common sense of common men, since we normally move in a world in which the most radical experience of disappearing is death and in which withdrawal from appearance is dying. The very fact that there have always—or at least since Parmenides—been men who chose this way of life deliberately without being candidates for suicide shows that the sense of an affinity with death does not come from the thinking activity and the experiences of the thinking ego itself. It is, rather, the philosopher's own common sense—his being "a man like you and me"—that makes him aware of being "out of order" while he is engaged in thinking. He is not immune from common opinion—he shares, after all, in the "commonness" of all men—and it is his own sense of realness that makes him suspect the thinking activity. And since thinking itself is helpless against the arguments of common-sense reasoning and the insistence on the "meaninglessness" of its quest for meaning, the philosopher is prone to answer in common-sense terms, which he simply turns upside down for the purpose. If common sense and common opinion hold that "death is the greatest of all evils," the philosopher (of Plato's time, when death was understood as the separation of soul from body) is tempted to say: on the contrary, "death is a deity, a benefactor to the philosopher, precisely because it dissolves the union of soul and body" and thus seems to liberate the mind from bodily pain and pleasure, both of which prevent our mental organs from pursuing their activity, just as consciousness prevents our bodily organs from functioning properly. The whole history of philosophy, which tells us so much about the objects of thought and so little about the process of thinking and the experiences of the thinking ego, is shot through with an *intramural warfare* between man's common sense, the sixth sense that fits our five senses into a common world, and man's faculty of thought and need of reason, which determine him to remove himself for considerable periods.

The philosophers have interpreted that intramural warfare as the natural hostility of the many and their opinions toward the few and their truth; but the historical facts to support this interpretation are rather scanty. There is, to be sure, the trial of Socrates, which probably inspired Plato to declare at the end of the Cave parable (when the philosopher returns from his solitary flight into the sky of the ideas to the darkness of the cave and the company of his fellow-men) that the many, if they only could, would lay hands on the few and kill them. This interpretation of Socrates' trial echoes through the history of philosophy up to and including Hegel. Yet, leaving aside some quite justified doubts about Plato's version of the event, the fact is that there are hardly any instances on record of the many on their own initiative declaring war on philosophers. As far as the few and the many are concerned, it has been, rather, the other way round. It was the philosopher who of his own accord quitted the city of men and then told those he had left behind that at best they were deceived by the trust they put in their senses, by their willingness to believe the poets and be taught by the populace, when they should have been using their minds, and that at worst they were content to live only for sensual pleasure and to be glutted like cattle. It seems rather obvious that the multitude can never resemble a philosopher, but this does not mean that, as Plato stated, those who do philosophy are "necessarily blamed" and persecuted by the



Fine scotch doesn't always come in a bottle.
These shirts were woven in Scotland for Eagle Shirtmakers.
They're Clydella®, a blend of extremely fine washable 80% cotton, 20% wool.
The tartans come in combinations of red and green, and red and blue. For $32.50.
The tattersals come in combinations of camel and green, blue and grey, or red and burgundy. For $32.50.
And solids are available in tan, red, navy, white or gold. For $30. S-M-L-XL.
Now. Just drink them in.
Frank Brothers
9 EAST 57TH STREET.
We honor the **American Express Card**, Visa, Master Charge, Diner s Club, Frank Brothers Charge.



The gift
you never stop opening.
Opening a classic Schlesinger Brothers or a contemporary Ralph Herbert business case puts a bit of the Holiday Season into every working day. Small wonder people looking for a truly memorable gift think we make a very impressive case.
Available at the finest stores. From $40 to $750.
Schlesinger Brothers
SBS
A tradition of excellence in fine business cases since 1919.
Camden, New Jersey

FOR INDOOR/ OUTDOOR USE

FAHRENHEIT/CELSIUS THERMOMETER Black Fahrenheit. Red Celsius. Red pointer. Large easy-to-read numbers. Weatherproof case. For patio, schoolroom, office or den.
18" Diam. (71072) **$18.** 12" Diam. (71080) **$12**
MATCHING CLOCK Battery operated.
18" Diam. (63592) **$40.** 12" Diam. (63622) **$29**

SABATIER KNIFE SET

There is more than one manufacturer of Sabatier knives. But these are the very best, forged in France of stainless steel especially for Hoffritz. 4" paring, 6" utility, 10" slicer, 8" chef's, 4" paring. Black handles secured to full tang with 3 rivets. Hardwood magnetic rack. (32031) **$85**

MUSTACHE RAZOR

Unique head lets you shape mustache perfectly. Golden finish. 3" long. (41068) **$11**
Not shown: 10 blades. (42099) $1.25

MUSTACHE COMB

Elegant tortoise-like zylonite. 2¾" long. (49108) **$2.50.** In static-free aluminum. (49255) **$2.50**

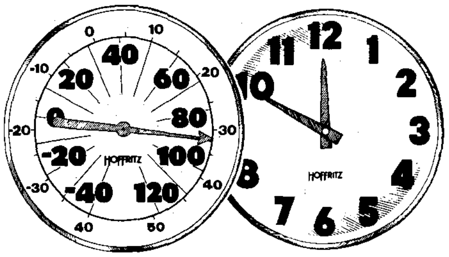
© Hoffritz For Cutlery, 1977

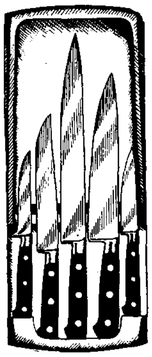
MAGNIFIER ON CHAIN

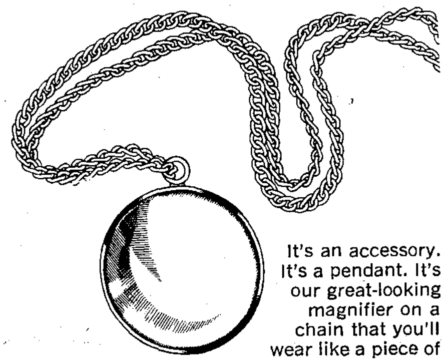
It's an accessory. It's a pendant. It's our great-looking magnifier on a chain that you'll wear like a piece of jewelry, but use for a very functional purpose: to inspect small objects or fine print. 1¾" glass magnifies 3 times. 28" silver-color chain. (73539) **$4**

Pstg. & hndlg: up to $7.50, $1.25; $10, $1.50; $20, $1.75; over $20, $2.25. Area sales tax. Credit Cards. Phone: 212-674-8300. **Catalog $2.**

HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N12 NYC 10003







many, "like a man fallen among wild beasts."

The philosopher's way of life is solitary, but this solitude is freely chosen, and Plato himself, when describing the conditions favorable to the development in "the noblest natures" of the philosophical gift, does not mention the hostility of the many. He speaks, rather, of "exile," of a "great mind born in a petty state whose affairs are beneath . . . notice," and of other circumstances, such as ill health, that cut noble natures off from the public affairs of the many. But this turning of the tables, to make the warfare between thought and common sense the result of the few turning against the many, though perhaps a shade more plausible and better documented—to wit, regarding the philosopher's claim to rule—than the traditional persecution mania of the philosopher, is probably no nearer the truth. The most plausible explanation of the quarrel between common sense and "professional" thinking is the point already mentioned (that we are dealing here with an intramural warfare), since surely the first to be aware of all the objections that common sense could raise against philosophy must have been the philosophers themselves. And Plato—in a different context, where he is not concerned with a polity "worthy of the philosophical nature"—dismisses with laughter the question of whether a man who is concerned with divine things is also good at things human.

Laughter, rather than hostility, is the natural reaction of the many to the philosopher's preoccupation and the apparent uselessness of his concerns. This laughter is innocent, and quite different from the ridicule frequently turned upon an opponent in serious disputes, when it can indeed become a fearful weapon. But Plato, who argued in the "Laws" for the strict prohibition of any writing that would ridicule any of the citizens, feared the ridicule in all laughter. What is decisive here is not the passages in the political dialogues—the "Laws" or "The Republic"—against poetry and, especially, comedians but the entirely serious way in which he tells the story of the Thracian peasant girl who burst out laughing when she saw Thales fall into a well while he was watching the motions of the heavenly bodies above him, "declaring that he was eager to know the things in the sky, but what was . . . just at his feet escaped him." And Plato adds, "Anyone who gives his life to philosophy is open to such mockery. . . . The whole rabble will join the peasant girl in

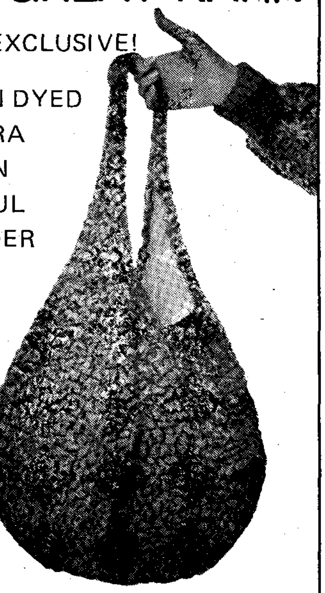
A GREAT GIFT
FROM
THE GREAT KAHN

NEW & EXCLUSIVE!

BURBON DYED
BUKHARA
RUSSIAN
KARAKUL
SHOULDER
BAG

$300.00 postpaid. Send check or Money Order for prompt Holiday delivery.

MAIL ORDER DIVISION
BEN KAHN
150 West 30th St., New York, N. Y. 1001

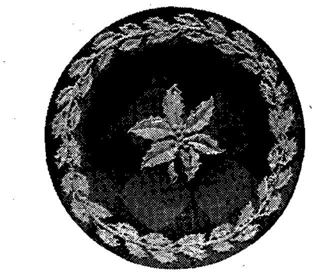


Tonight
. . . take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest conversation.
◆ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
◆ Supper: 9:30 on . . . and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert
59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-1 a.m.)

Wedgwood® Holly Dish

Genuine Wedgwood blue and white jasper sweet dish makes a charming gift. 4½". Limited Edition of 1,000. $10. each, $95. for 12, plus $1.00 shipping per order. J. C. Wren, The Wedgwood Specialist, Box 512, Fort Washington, Pa. 19034.



laughing at him . . . [as] in his helplessness he looks like a fool." It is strange that in the long history of philosophy it occurred only to Kant, who was so singularly free of all the specifically philosophical vices, that the gift for speculative thought could be like the gift "with which Juno honored Tiresias, whom she blinded so that she might give him the gift of prophecy." He suspected that intimate acquaintance with another world could be "attained here only by forfeiting some of the sense one needs for the present world." Kant, at any rate, seems to have been unique among the philosophers in being sovereign enough to join in the laughter of the common man. Probably unaware of Plato's story of the Thracian girl, he tells in perfectly good humor a virtually identical tale about Tycho Brahe and his coachman: the astronomer had proposed that they take their bearings from the stars to find the shortest way during a night journey, and the coachman had replied, "My dear sir, you may know a lot about the heavenly bodies, but here on earth you are a fool."

On the assumption that the philosopher does not need the "rabble" to inform him of his "foolishness," since the common sense he shares with all men must be alert enough for him to anticipate their laughter—on the assumption, in short, that what we are dealing with is an intramural warfare between common-sense reasoning and speculative thinking which is going on in the mind of the philosopher himself—let us examine more closely the affinity between death and philosophy. If we take our perspective from the world of appearances, the common world in which we appeared by birth and from which we shall disappear by death, then the wish to know our common habitat and amass all kinds of knowledge about it is natural. Because of thinking's need to transcend it, we have turned away. In a metaphorical sense, we have *dis*appeared from this world, and this can be understood—from the perspective of the natural and of our common-sense reasoning—as the anticipation of our final departure; that is, our death.

That is how Plato described it in the "Phaedo": seen from the perspective of the multitude, the philosophers do nothing but pursue death, and, observing this, the many, if they cared at all, might conclude that philosophers had better die. And Plato is not so sure that the many are not right, except that they do not know in what sense that is to be construed. The "true philosopher," one who spends his whole life in

TIME IS MONEY

Watches with unique cases of authentic U.S. five-and-twenty-dollar gold pieces. Hand-crafted in eighteen karat gold by Corum. Left: Five-dollar gold piece watch, $2,800. Right: Twenty-dollar gold piece, automatic movement, $3,590.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET • ZIP: 10022 • TEL: (212) 755-8000
ATLANTA • CHICAGO • HOUSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • BEVERLY HILLS
Add sales tax where applicable American Express • Diners Club • Master Charge • Visa

SEBAGO

Handsewn ROAMERS

Sebago, Inc. Westbrook, Maine 04092

Classic simplicity. Handsewn. Comfort-providing, heel-hugging backstay. Rich, handstained upper. Leather sole and heel. Made in Maine by skilled Maine craftsmen.

Available in Chicago and Detroit, **Capper & Capper, Ltd.**; Atlanta, **Zachry's**; Charlotte, N.C., **Tate-Brown**; New York City, **F.R. Tripler**; Summit and Hackensack, **Roots**; Austin, **Dacy's**; Dallas, **Culwell & Son**; Tulsa, **Clarke's**; Indianapolis, **L. Strauss**; Birmingham, Ala., **J. Blach & Son**; Campbell, Concord, Fresno, Cal., **Patrick James, Inc.**

**Singular...
Sumptuous...
Secure.**

**The ultimate
condominium.**

No effort is being spared to make the Biltmore one of the most distinguished addresses in the world. . .a blend of historical elegance with every modern convenience. . .every detail in the grand tradition of the Biltmore and Palm Beach at its best.

There are twenty-six individual apartment types, for a total of 128 units including tower residences, penthouses, and the fabulous 6229 square foot John D. MacArthur Suite, formerly known as the Duke of Alba Suite.

Residents will enjoy lush tropical gardens. . .a magnificent pool deck and cabana club. . .all-weather tennis courts with professional assistance available. . . a sheltered marina with full facilities, capable of handling ocean-going yachts. . ample enclosed parking. . .and a private ocean beach club. There's even valet parking and retrieval at no additional cost.

Security is unobtrusive, but total, utilizing the latest in electronics and trained, courteous personnel.

Purchase prices range from 100,000 to 750,000 dollars.

Artist's Rendering

The formal prospectus may be read at the sales office in Palm Beach, or you may return the coupon for additional information.

The Biltmore is a totally different condominium. There's never been anything like it. And after the one hundred twenty-eight apartments have been sold, its like may never be seen again.

Biltmore
PALM BEACH

Biltmore Sales Office
136 - 138 North County Road
Palm Beach, FL 33480 (305)659-4432

Gentlemen:
I am interested in the Biltmore. Please send details.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ______ State ____ Zip ______
Phone ________ (If you wish us to call)

This is not an offer, which can only be made by formal prospectus and only in those states where permitted by law. NY-11/28

thought, has two desires: first, that he may be free from all kinds of business, and especially be rid of his body, which always demands to be taken care of, "falls in our way at every step," and "causes confusion and trouble and panic;" and, second, that he may come to live in a hereafter where those things with which thinking is concerned, such as truth, justice, and beauty, will be no less accessible and real than what can now be perceived by the bodily senses. Even Aristotle, in one of his popular writings, reminds his readers of those "islands of the blessed" which are blessed because there "men would not need anything, and none of the other things could be of any use to them, so that only thinking and contemplating [*theorein*] would be left; that is, what even now we call a free life." In short, the turning about inherent in thinking is by no means a harmless enterprise. In the "Phaedo," it reverses all relationships: men, who naturally shun death as the greatest of evils, are now turning to it as the greatest good.

All this is, of course, spoken with tongue in cheek—or, more academically, it is put into metaphorical language. Philosophers are not famous for their suicides—not even when they hold, with Aristotle (in a surprisingly personal remark in the "Protreptikos"), that those who want to enjoy themselves should either philosophize or depart from life, because all else seems to be foolish talk and nonsense. But the metaphor of death, or, rather, the metaphorical reversal of life and death—what we usually call life is death, what we usually call death is life—is not arbitrary, although one can see it a bit less dramatically: If thinking establishes its own conditions, blinding itself against the sensorily given by removing all that is close at hand, it does so in order to make room for the distant to become manifest. To put it quite simply, in the proverbial absentmindness of the philosopher everything present is absent because something actually absent is present to his mind, and among the things that are absent is the philosopher's own body. Both the philosopher's hostility toward politics—in Plato's words, "the petty affairs of men"—and his hostility toward the body have little to do with individual convictions and beliefs; they are inherent in the experience itself. While you are thinking, you are unaware of your own corporeality, and it is this experience that made Plato ascribe immortality to the soul once it has departed from the body, and made Descartes conclude that "the soul can think without the body except that so long as the soul is attached to the body it may be bothered in its operations by the bad disposition of the body's organs."

Mnemosyne, Memory, is the mother of the Muses, and remembrance, the most frequent and also the most basic thinking experience, has to do with things that are absent, that have disappeared from my senses. Yet the absent that is summoned up and made present to my mind—a person, an event, a monument—cannot appear in the way it appeared to my senses, as though remembrance were a kind of witchcraft. Without the faculty of imagination, which makes present in a de-sensed form what is absent, which transforms sense-objects into images, no thought processes and no trains of thought would be possible at all. Hence, thinking is "out of order" not merely because it stops all the other activities so necessary for the business of living and staying alive but because it inverts all ordinary relationships: what is near and appears directly to our senses is now far away, and what is distant is actually present. While thinking, I am not where I actually am; I am surrounded not by sense-objects but by images that are invisible to everybody else. It is as though I had withdrawn into some never-never land, the land of invisibles, of which I would know nothing if I did not have this faculty of remembering and imagining. Thinking annihilates temporal as well as spatial distances. I can anticipate the future, think of it as though it were already present, and I can remember the past as though it had not disappeared.

Since time and space in ordinary experience cannot even be thought of without a continuum that stretches from the nearby into the distant, from the *now* into past and future, from the *here* to any point of the compass, left and right, forward and backward, above and below, I could with some justification say that not only distances but also time and space themselves are abolished in the thinking process. As far as space is concerned, I know of no philosophical or metaphysical concept that could plausibly be related to this experience; but I am rather certain that the *nunc stans*, the "standing now," became the symbol of eternity, the "*nunc aeternitatis*" (Duns Scotus), for medieval philosophy because it was a plausible description of experiences that took place both in meditation and in contemplation, the two

Until today, our signature was reserved for only the most alluring jewels.

First
de
Van Cleef & Arpels
Paris

9 West 57th Street, New York 10019

Parfums
Van Cleef & Arpels
Paris

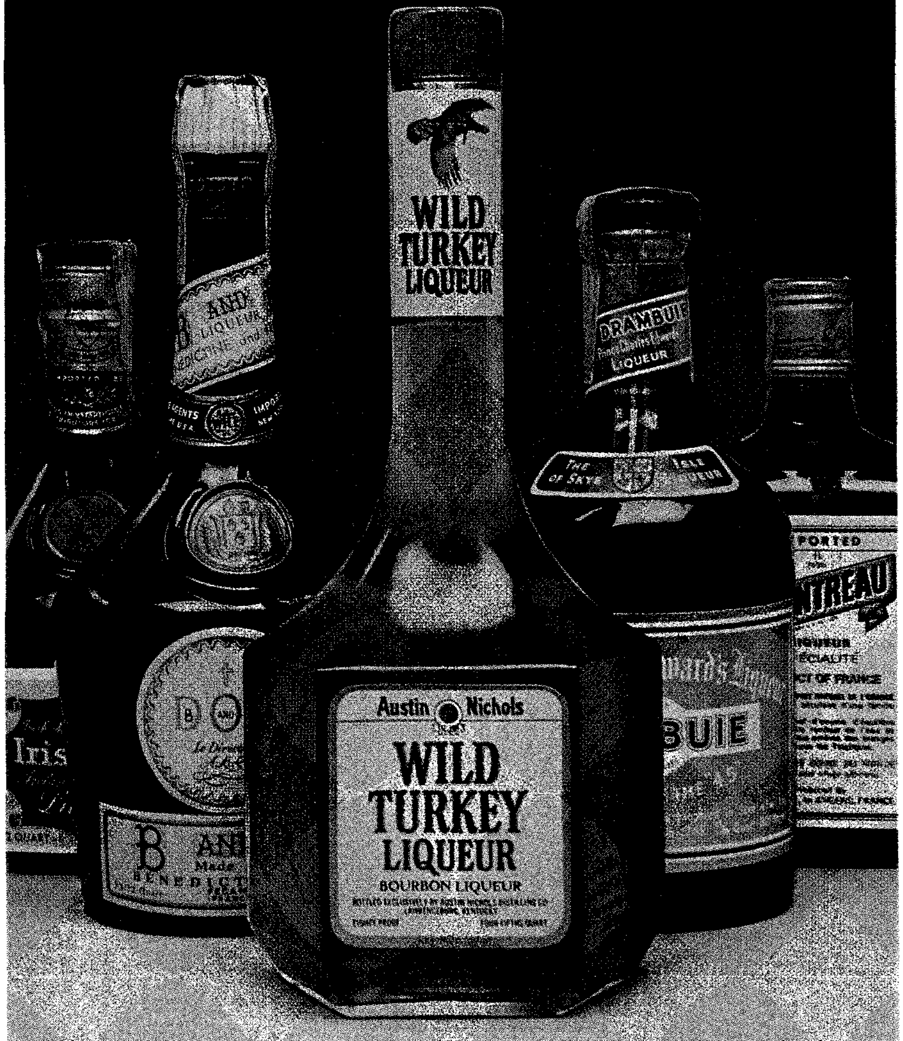
modes of thought known to Christianity.

Just now, I chose to speak first of de-sensed sense-objects; that is, of invisibles belonging to the world of appearances which have temporarily disappeared from or have not yet reached our field of perception and are drawn into our presence by memory or anticipation. What actually occurs in these instances is told for all time in the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Orpheus went down to Hades to recover his dead wife and was told he could have her back on condition that he not turn to look at her as she followed him. But when they approached the world of the living, Orpheus did look back, and Eurydice vanished. More precisely than could any terminological language, the old myth tells what happens the moment the thinking process comes to an end in the world of ordinary living: all the invisibles vanish again. It is fitting, too, that the myth relates to remembrance, and not to anticipation. The faculty of anticipating the future in thought derives from the faculty of remembering the past, which, in turn, derives from the even more elementary ability to de-sense and have present *before* (and not just *in*) your mind what is physically absent. The ability to create *in* your mind fictive entities, such as the unicorn and the centaur or the fictitious characters of a story—an ability sometimes called "productive" imagination—is actually entirely dependent upon the so-called reproductive imagination; in "productive" imagination elements from the visible world are rearranged, and this is possible because the elements, now so freely handled, have already gone through the de-sensing process of thinking.

Not sense perception, in which we experience things directly and close at hand, but imagination, coming after it, prepares the objects of our thought. Before we raise such questions as "What is happiness?" "What is justice?" "What is knowledge?" we must have seen happy and unhappy people, witnessed just and unjust deeds, experienced the desire to know and its fulfillment or frustration. Furthermore, we must repeat the direct experience in our minds *after* leaving the scene where it took place. To say it again, every thought is an afterthought. By repeating in imagination, we *de-sense* what has been given to our senses. And only in this immaterial form can our thinking faculty now begin to concern itself with these data. This operation precedes all thought processes—cognitive thought as well as thought about

Of the 5 Great Liqueurs in the world only one is made in America.

Wild Turkey Liqueur.



Scotland has Drambuie. Ireland has Irish Mist. France has Cointreau and B&B.

Now America can boast its own great native liqueur: Wild Turkey Liqueur created in Kentucky by the originators of America's finest native whiskey, Wild Turkey.

Wild Turkey Liqueur is the "sippin' sweet cream" of liqueurs. It's made to be savored slowly after dinner. Or as a mellow accompaniment to an evening's conversation. You've tasted the great liqueurs of Europe. Now taste America's great one—Wild Turkey Liqueur.

NOTICE: SUPPLY WILL BE LIMITED. IF NOT IN YOUR STORE, PLEASE CONTACT AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., LAWRENCEBURG, KY. 80 PROOF © 1977

meaning. Only sheer logical reasoning—in which the mind, in strict consistency with its own laws, produces a deductive chain from a given premise—has definitely cut all strings to living experience; and it can do so only because the premise, either fact or hypothesis, is supposed to be self-evident, and therefore not subject to examination by thought. Even the simple *telling* of what has happened, whether the story then tells it as it was or fails to do so, is *preceded* by the de-sensing operation. The Greek language has this time element in its very vocabulary: the word "to know," as I pointed out earlier, is a derivative of the word "to see." To see is *idein;* to know is *eidenai*—that is, to have seen. First you see, then you know.

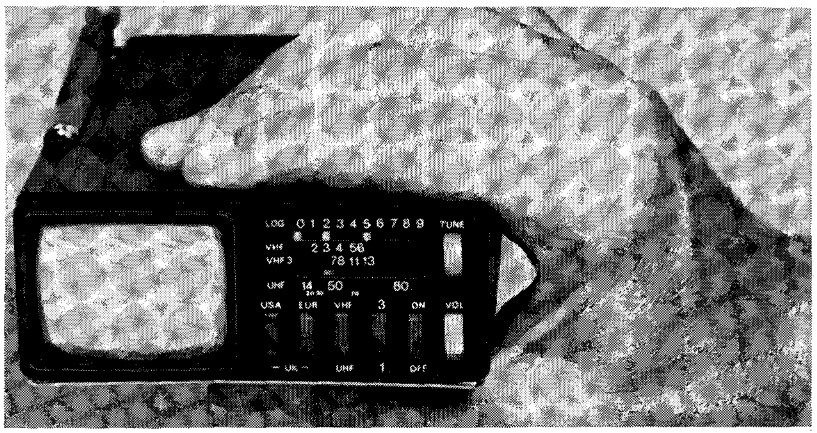
To vary this for our purposes: All thought arises from experience, but no experience yields any meaning, or even coherence, without undergoing the operations of imagining and thinking. Seen from the perspective of thinking, life in its sheer thereness is meaningless; seen from the perspective of the immediacy of life and the world given to the senses, thinking is, as Plato indicated, a living death. The philosopher, who lives in "the land of thought," will naturally be inclined to look upon these things from the viewpoint of the thinking ego, for which a life without meaning *is* a kind of living death. The thinking ego, because it is not identical with the real self, is unaware of its own withdrawal from the common world of appearances; from the perspective of the thinking ego, it is, rather, as though the invisible had come forward. The innumerable entities making up the world of appearances, which through their very presence distract the mind and prevent its activity, are found to have been positively concealing an always invisible Being that reveals itself only to the mind. In other words, what for common sense is the obvious withdrawal of the mind from the world appears in the mind's own perspective as a "withdrawal of Being" or "oblivion of Being"—as "*Seinsentzug*" and "*Seinsvergessenheit*" (Heidegger). And, it is true, everyday life, the life of the "They," is spent in a world from which all that is "visible" to the mind is totally absent.

And not only is the quest for meaning absent from and good for nothing in the ordinary course of human affairs, while at the same time its results remain uncertain and unverifiable, but thinking is also somehow self-destructive. In the privacy of his notes (posthumously published), Kant wrote, "I do not approve of the rule that if the

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

You have thought of the joy
of owning a Patek Philippe.
Consider the joy of giving one.
For a collection brochure, write: Suite 629NB, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, NY, NY 10020

Hammacher Schlemmer
YOU MAY CHARGE TO YOUR AMERICAN EXPRESS, MASTER CHARGE,
BANK AMERICARD (VISA) OR DINER'S CLUB.



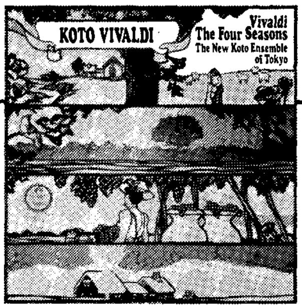
WORLD-WIDE, CORDLESS, ELECTRIC POCKET T.V.

CORDLESS ELECTRIC POCKET TV. New, the first true pocket or purse TV set the world has ever seen. It's only 1½x4x6" and weighs less than 27 ounces with batteries. Operates anywhere in the USA, North America and in more than 80 foreign countries. Use it at home, office, car, boat, indoors or outdoors, anywhere. Earphones permit private viewing in bed or wherever privacy is needed. It has a 2" black and white screen and intercontinental pushbuttons adapt to various world-wide* TV systems. On/off switch, volume controls and built-in aerials for VHF and UHF reception. Comes complete with 110V, 220V chargers, 12V car or boat adapter, self-contained rechargeable battery unit, earphones and carry case. 395.00

** Does not play in Argentina, Barbados, parts of Belgium. Bulgaria, China, Czechoslovakia, France, Hungary, Ivory Coast, Jamaica, Luxembourg, Monaco, Poland, Venezuela, USSR and Zaire.*

Hammacher Schlemmer
147 East 57th Street, New York City 10022. (212)937-8181 or (914)946-7725

A Sonic Change of Climate



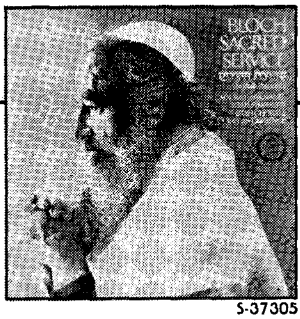
S-37450

A Newly Recorded Complete Cycle Generously Priced

BRAHMS
THE FOUR SYMPHONIES
EUGEN JOCHUM

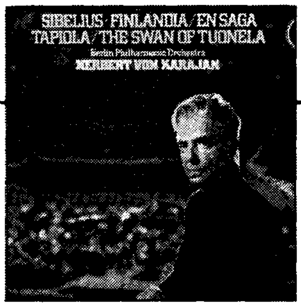
SDC-3845 (4 LPs for 3)

An Epic-scaled Declaration of the Jewish Faith



S-37305

A Spectacularly Recorded Program of 4 Sibelius Favorites


SIBELIUS · FINLANDIA / EN SAGA
TAPIOLA / THE SWAN OF TUONELA
Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra
HERBERT VON KARAJAN

S-37408

Angel

use of pure reason has proved something, the result should no longer be subject to doubt, as though it were a solid axiom," and "I do not share the opinion . . . that one should not doubt once one has convinced oneself of something. In pure philosophy this is impossible. *Our mind has a natural aversion to it*" (italics added). From which it follows that the business of thinking is like Penelope's web: it undoes every morning what it has finished the night before. For the need to think can never be stilled by allegedly definite insights of "wise men;" it can be satisfied only through thinking, and the thoughts I had yesterday will satisfy this need today only to the extent that I want, and am able, to think them anew.

We have been looking at the outstanding characteristics of the thinking activity: its withdrawal from the common-sense world of appearances; its self-destructive tendency with regard to its own results; its reflexivity; and the awareness of sheer activity which accompanies it, plus the weird fact that I know of my mind's faculties only as long as the activity lasts, which means that thinking itself can never be solidly established as one, and even the highest, property of the human species. (Man can be defined as "the speaking animal" in the Aristotelian sense of *logon ekhon*, in possession of speech, but not as the thinking animal, the *animal rationale*.) None of these characteristics has escaped the attention of the philosophers. The curious thing is, however, that the more "professional" the thinkers were and the greater they loom in our tradition of philosophy, the more they were inclined to find ways of reinterpreting these inherent traits so as to be armed against common-sense reasoning's objections to the uselessness and unreality of the whole enterprise. The lengths to which philosophers went in their reinterpretations, and also the quality of their arguments, would be inexplicable if they had been directed at the famous multitude—which has never cared anyway, and has remained happily ignorant of philosophical argumentation—rather than prompted primarily by the philosophers' own common sense and by the self-doubt that inevitably accompanies its suspension. The same Kant who confided his true thinking experiences to the privacy of his notebooks announced publicly that he had laid the foundations of all future metaphysical systems; and Hegel, the last and most ingenious of the system-builders, transformed thinking's undoing of its own results into the mighty power of the

The Superb Suburban

Solid comfort and impeccable taste
in a superior suburban coat. Handsome
cavalry twill of 100% KODEL®
polyester with warm acrylic pile lining.
The incomparable Stanton. About $100.

Zero King

At better stores. For store nearest you, write
It's easier with Kodel polyester
B. W. Harris Mfg. Co., Box 3946, St. Paul, MN 55165.
KODEL is Eastman's trademark for its polyester fiber.

Barrie Ltd.®
Classic Moccasin

Free Brochure Available

Mellow soft vealskin, genuine moccasin construction, fully leather lined, combination last, cushioned heel, double leather soles and leather heels.
☐ Antiqued Brown ☐ Polished Black
Order by mail, state shoe size—$34.95. Add $1.00 shipping. Address all orders to Dept. N, Barrie Ltd., PO Box 1958, New Haven, Conn. 06511.
OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN. 06511
22 TRUMBULL ST., HARTFORD, CONN. 06103
9 BEACON ST., BOSTON, MASS. 02108
61 EAST GAY ST., COLUMBUS, OHIO 43215
914 15th ST., N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20005
233 POST ST. @ J. PRESS, S.F., CAL. 94108
We accept • American Express • BankAmericard • Master Charge

The Georgetown Collection

This special collection of handmade cigars is a tasteful timeless gift drawn from the finest cigar producers in the world. Included are Royal Jamaica, Punch, Los Puros, Joya de Nicaragua, Montecruz, among others...all guaranteed fresh. Executive and Standard collections packed in walnut humidor.

Executive Collection (56 cigars) $75.00; Standard Collection (26 cigars) $45.00; Gift-boxed Collections; A (28 cigars) $25.00; B (14 cigars) $12.75; C (8 cigars) $7.00.

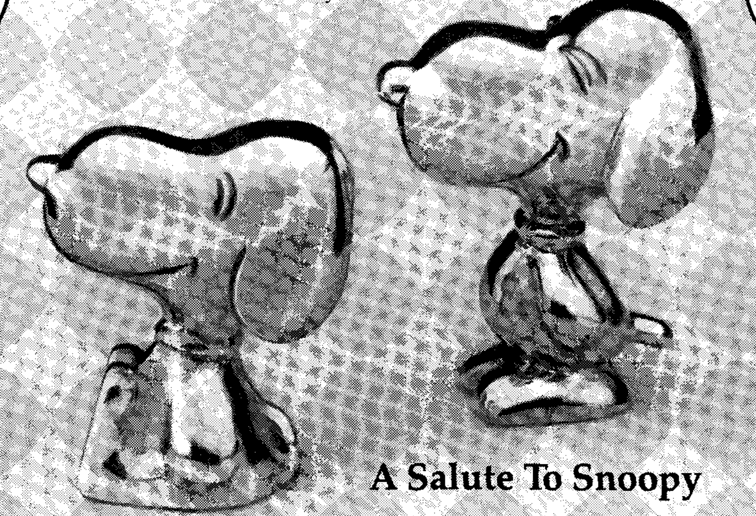
All prices are post paid. Send check, M.O. or charge AmExp, BAC, MC, include no. and expiration date. Catalog 50¢—Free with order.

Georgetown Tobacco & Pipe Inc
3144 M St., NW Dept. NY
Washington, D.C. 20007
(202) 338-5100

negative, without which no movement and no development would ever come to pass. For him, the same inexorable chain of developmental consequences which rules organic nature from germ to fruit, in which one phase always "negates," cancels out, the earlier one, rules the undoing of the mind's thinking process, except that the latter, since it is "mediated through consciousness and will," through mental activities, can be seen as "making itself": "Mind is only that which it makes itself, and it makes itself actually into that which it is itself (potentially)." Which, incidentally, leaves unanswered the question of who made the potentiality of the mind to begin with.

I have mentioned Hegel because large portions of his work can be read as a running polemic against common sense—especially the preface to the "Phenomenology of Mind." Very early (1801), he had asserted in a truculent mood, obviously still bothered by Plato's Thracian girl and her innocent laughter, that indeed "the world of philosophy [is for common sense] a world turned upside down." Just as Kant had started out to remedy the "scandal of Reason" (namely, that reason, when it wished to know, got trapped in its own antinomies) so Hegel set out to remedy the impotence of Kantian reason (namely, that "it could achieve no more than an Ideal and an Ought"), and declared that reason, on the contrary, by virtue of the Idea, is *das schlechthin Mächtige*, the mighty as such.

Hegel's significance in our context lies in the fact that he, perhaps more than any other philosopher, testifies to the intramural warfare between philosophy and common sense, and this by virtue of his being by nature equally gifted as a historian and as a thinker. He knew that the intensity of the thinking ego's experiences is due to their being sheer activity. The mind's "very essence . . . is *action*," he declared. "It makes itself what it essentially is; it is its own product, its own work." And he knew about its reflexivity: "In this lust of activity it only deals with itself." He even admitted, in his own way, the mind's tendency to destroy its results: "Thus the mind is at war with itself. It must overcome itself as its own enemy and formidable obstacle." But these insights of speculative reason into what it is actually doing when to all appearances it is doing nothing he transformed into pieces of dogmatic knowledge, treating them as results of cognition, so as to be able to fit them into an all-comprehensive system where

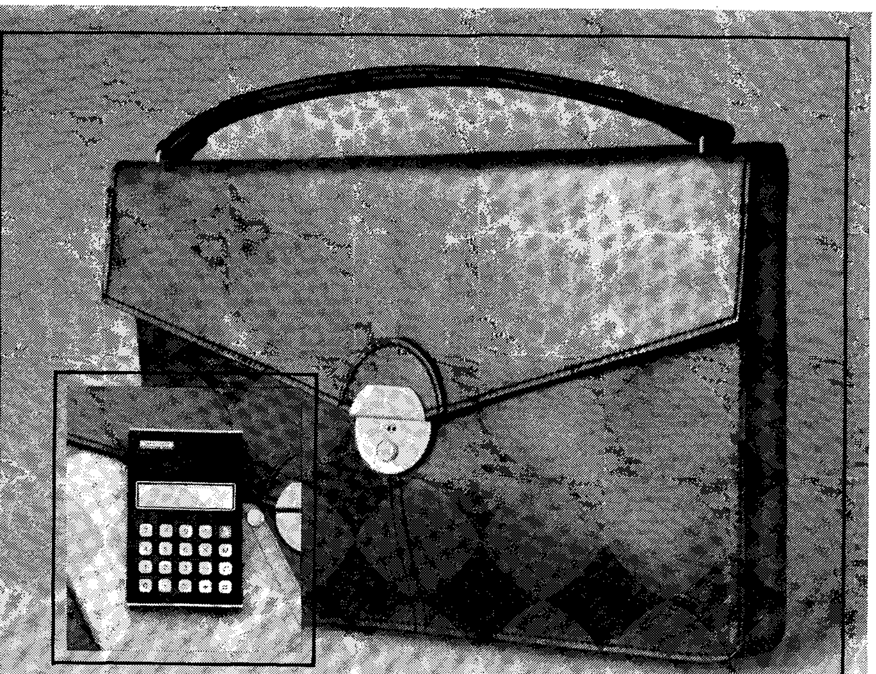


SNOOPY © 1958 United Feature Syndicate

A Salute To Snoopy

Cartier honors Snoopy on his 27th year as America's most famous and best loved ambassador to the world. To mark the occasion, we have created a special 18k gold Snoopy statuette, and a sterling silver version. Each is approximately one inch tall, and is available as a pendant, too. 18k Snoopy. 350. Sterling Snoopy. 50.
Add sales tax where applicable and 2.75 each for handling beyond our delivery area.

Cartier
Fifth Avenue and 52nd Street, New York 10022 (212) 753-0111
PALM BEACH · PARIS · LONDON · MONTE CARLO · GENEVA
CANNES · MUNICH · HONG KONG · TOKYO
We honor the American Express Credit Card.

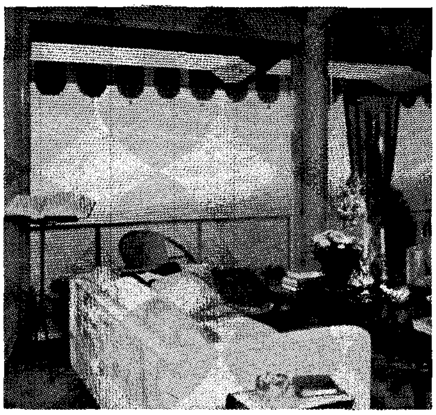


In brief; calculated to please.
The leather brief with adjustable shoulder strap, two zipper compartments, and lock with key. Inside you'll find a calculator in its own handy pouch. Black, truffle, brown or kidney bean leather, 80.00.

Only Higbee's does it like Higbee's
Public Square
Cleveland, Ohio 44113

In Ohio, add 5½% sales tax. Delivery charges beyond free delivery area, .75 within Ohio, 1.25 outside Ohio.

TREAT YOUR HOME TO A RIVIERA™ BLIND TREATMENT.



Riviera Blinds by Levolor
The imaginative new idea for windows available in more than 100 beautiful colors. The only 1" slat blind with the Magic Wand® Guardian Tilter,® that lets you tilt your blind easily, without overturning it. They also feature unique safety brackets. So, when you put them up, they stay up. No other window covering combines as many functional virtues with as much beauty.

Riviera Tiltone™ Blinds
Perfect for rooms in which you want to use dramatic colors without affecting your home's exterior. Color is on one side, a neutral white on the other. Call **(800) 447-4700,** in Illinois (800) 322-4400, for name of dealer.

WINDOW MAGIC

Levolor Lorentzen, Inc.
720 Monroe St.
Hoboken, N.J. 07030
Dept. FF-11/28

Please send me a copy of "Window Magic."
I enclose $1.00 for handling and mailing.
Please allow 4-6 weeks delivery.

Name____________________

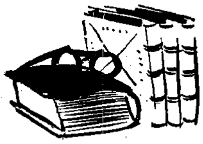
Address____________________

City____________________

State__________ Zip________

RIVIERA BLINDS BY LEVOLOR

they would have the same reality as the results of other sciences—results that, on the other hand, he denounced as essentially meaningless products of common-sense reasoning, or as "defective knowledge." And, to be sure, the *system*, with its strict architectonic organization, can give the fleeting insights of speculative reason at least a semblance of reality. If truth is taken to be the highest object of thought, then it follows that "'the true is real only as a system." Only as such a mental artifact does it have any chance to appear and acquire that minimum of durability which we demand of anything real; as a mere proposition it will hardly survive the battle of opinions. To make sure of having eliminated the common-sense notion that thinking deals with abstractions and irrelevancies, which indeed it does not, he asserted, always in the same polemical spirit, that "Being is Thinking" (*"dass das Sein Denken ist"*), that "the spiritual alone is the real," and that only those generalities with which we deal in thinking actually *are*.



No one has fought with more determination against the particular, the eternal stumbling block of thinking—the indisputable thereness of objects which no thought can reach or explain. The highest function of philosophy, according to Hegel, is to eliminate the contingent; and all particulars—everything that exists—are contingent by definition. Philosophy deals with the particulars as parts of a whole, and the whole is the system, a product of speculative thought. This whole, scientifically speaking, can never be more than a plausible hypothesis, which by integrating all particulars into an all-comprehensive thought transforms them into thought-things and thus eliminates their most scandalous property, their realness, together with their contingency. It was Hegel who declared that "the time has come for the elevation of philosophy to a science," and who wished to transform philo-sophy, the mere love of wisdom, into wisdom, *sophia*. In this way, he succeeded in persuading himself that "to think is to act"—something that this most solitary occupation can never do, since we can act only "in concert," in company and agreement with our peers, hence in an existential situation that effectively prevents thinking.

In sharp contrast to all these theories, framed as a kind of apology for speculative thought, stands the famous, strangely unconnected, and always mistranslated remark that occurs in the preface to the "Phenomenology" and expresses directly, unsystematically, Hegel's original experiences in speculative thought: "The true is thus the bacchanalian revel, where no member [i.e., no particular thought] is not drunken, and since every member [every thought] no sooner separates itself [from the train of thought of which it is a mere part] than it dissolves straightaway, the revel is just as much a state of transparent, unbroken quiet." To Hegel, this was how the very "life of truth"—truth that has come alive in the process of *thinking*—manifests itself to the thinking ego. This ego may not know whether man and the world are real or (see especially Indian philosophy) a mere figment; it knows only of being "alive" in an elation that always borders on "intoxication"—as Nietzsche once said. How deeply this feeling underlies the whole "system" may be gauged when we encounter it again at the end of the "Phenomenology." There it is contrasted with the "lifeless"—the emphasis is always on *life*—and expresses itself in Schiller's verses, badly misquoted as "Out of the chalice of this spiritual kingdom foams forth the mind's infinity" (*"Aus dem Kelche dieses Geisterreiches schäumt ihm seine Unendlichkeit"*).

I HAVE been speaking of the special predicaments of thinking which may be ascribed to the radicalism of its withdrawal from the world. By contrast, neither willing nor judging, though each is dependent on thought's preliminary reflection upon its object, is ever caught up in this reflection; the objects of both are particulars with an established home in the appearing world, from which the willing or judging mind removes itself only temporarily and with the intention of a later return. This is especially true of the will, whose withdrawal phase is characterized by the strongest form of reflexivity, an acting back upon itself: the *volo me velle* is much more characteristic of the will than the *cogito me cogitare* is of thinking. What all these activities do have in common is the peculiar *quiet*, the absence of any doing or disturbances, the withdrawal from involvement and from the partiality of immediate interests that in one way or another make me part of the real world—a quiet, an absence, a withdrawal that I referred to earlier as the conditions prerequisite for all judgment.

Historically, this kind of withdrawal

from doing is the oldest condition posited for the life of the mind. In its early, original form, it rests on the discovery that only the *spectator*, never the actor, can know and understand whatever offers itself as a spectacle. That discovery contributed greatly to the Greek philosophers' conviction of the superiority of the contemplative, merely onlooking way of life, whose most elementary condition—according to Aristotle, who was the first to elaborate it—was *schole*. *Schole* was not leisure time as we understand it—the leftover spare time of inactivity after a day's work "used for meeting the exigencies of existence"—but the deliberate act of abstaining, of holding oneself back (*schein*) from the ordinary activities determined by our daily wants (*he ton anagkaion schole*), in order to act out leisure (*scholen agein*), which, in turn, was the true goal of all other activities, just as peace, for Aristotle, was the true goal of war. Recreation and play, which in our understanding are the natural activities of leisure, belonged, on the contrary, still to *a-scholia*, the state of being deprived of leisure, since play and recreation were necessary for the restoration of the human labor force charged with taking care of life's necessities.

We find this act of deliberate, active non-participation in life's daily business, probably in its earliest and certainly in its simplest form, in a parable ascribed to Pythagoras and reported by Diogenes Laertius:

> Life . . . is like a festival; just as some come to the festival to compete, some to ply their trade, but the best people come as spectators [*theatai*], so in life the slavish men go hunting for fame [*doxa*] or gain, the philosophers for truth.

What is stressed here as more noble than the competition for fame and gain is by no means a truth invisible and inaccessible to ordinary men; nor does the place that the spectators withdraw to belong to any "higher" region, such as Parmenides and Plato later envisioned. Their place is in the world, and their "nobility" is only that they do not participate in what is going on but look upon it as a mere spectacle. From the Greek word for spectators, *theatai*, the later philosophical term "theory" was derived, and the word "theoretical" until a few hundred years ago meant "contemplating," looking upon something from the outside, from a position implying a view that is hidden from those who take part in the spectacle and actualize it. The inference to be drawn from this early distinction between doing and understanding is obvi-

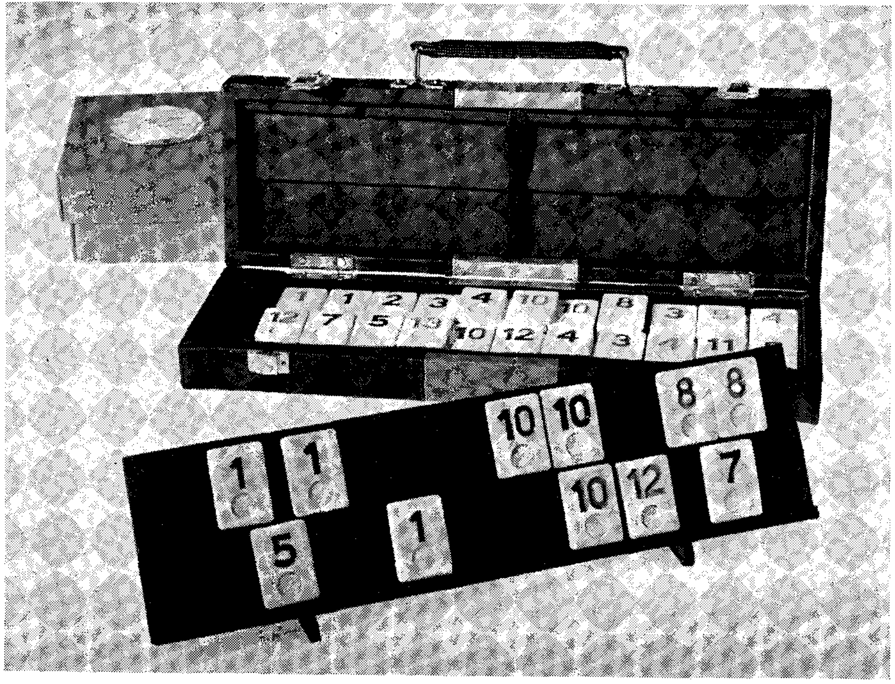
The Solid Feel of Success

It's time for you to have that special touch which makes it all worthwhile. Time will never be the same.

Chopard
GENÈVE

See the Chopard Collection of fine watches at your local jeweler or write us direct.

Chopard Watch Corp. 630 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. 10020



Rumi-Blok is an exciting, new adult game very much like gin rummy. But instead of cards, you play with marked tiles...so it's very much like mah jongg, too. Our version for 2 to 4 players, comes in a brown vinyl case already gift-wrapped for the upcoming holidays. By Backgammon International; $30. Stationery Collections.

The Spirit of Christmas Present at Saks Fifth Avenue

611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders beyond our regular delivery areas.

From the shores of Gitche-gumee . . .

WILD RICE
FANCY DRESSED BIRD

There are so many ways Minnehaha Wild Rice makes a good meal great. This festive stuffing will make your turkey, chicken or pheasant all the more delicious.

2/3 cup Minnehaha Wild Rice uncooked
4 beef bouillon cubes
4 slices bacon, 1 medium onion diced
1 tbsp. butter, ½ lb. fresh mushrooms sliced
1½ cups chopped celery, 3 bay leaves crushed
1 tsp. crushed oregano, 2 cups dry bread crumbs

Cook wild rice, dissolving bouillon cubes in the water. Cut bacon slices into 1 inch pieces and fry with the butter, onions and mushrooms until bacon is crisp, onions tender and mushrooms until lightly browned. Add this mixture to cooked rice, stirring in bay leaves, oregano, celery, and bread crumbs. Salt and pepper to taste. Makes enough stuffing for a 10-14 lb. turkey.

This is just one of over 150 recipes in Minnehaha's colorful new cookbook "Wild Rice For All Seasons". Spiral bound, in easy-to-read style, now have the greatest recipes for this rarest of grains at our special price of $5.95, postpaid.

Enjoy Minnehaha Wild Rice with fowl and game, fish and beef. Each pound is polysealed and placed in its own distinctive muslin bag. At $6.60 per pound, a perfect treat.

So fine a food makes a grand gift. Simply list the names and addresses of those to whom you want Minnehaha Wild Rice sent, the number of pounds per addressee and when you wish it to arrive. We do the rest, including signing your name to an attractive gift card. Available at selected fine food stores or use coupon below.

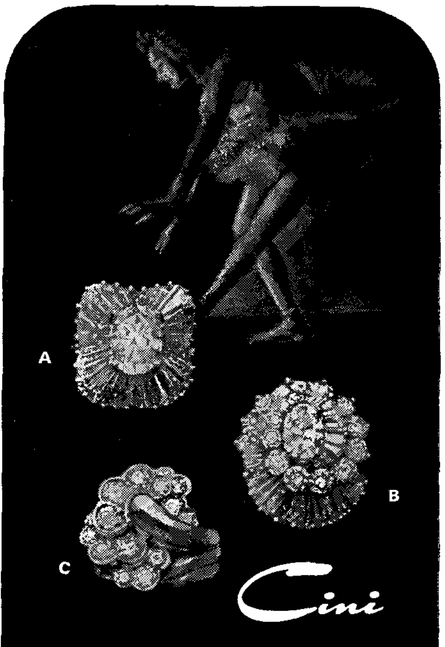
MINNEHAHA WILD RICE, INC. NY-28
WCCO Radio Building—Suite 420
Minneapolis, Minn. 55402

Please send, postage paid:
_Three 1-lb. bags @ $19.90/shipment $_____
_"Wild Rice for All Seasons" Cookbook $5.95 $____
(SAVE: Order both for only $24.95)
My check is enclosed for total: $_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____
(Remember: enclose gift mailing instructions.)

ous: as a spectator, you may understand the "truth" of what the spectacle is about, but the price you have to pay is withdrawal from participating in it.

The first datum underlying this estimate is that only the spectator occupies a position that enables him to see the whole play—as the philosopher is able to see the *kosmos* as a harmoniously ordered whole. The actor, being part of the whole, must *enact* his part; he is a "part" by definition and is bound to the particular, which finds its ultimate meaning and the justification of its existence solely as a constituent of a whole. Hence, withdrawal from direct involvement to a standpoint outside the game (the festival of life) is not only the condition for judging, for being the final arbiter of the ongoing competition, but also the condition for understanding the meaning of the play. Second, what the actor is concerned with is *doxa*—a word that signifies both fame and opinion, for it is through the opinion of the audience and the judge that fame comes about. How the actor appears to others is decisive for him, but not for the spectator; the actor depends on the spectator's it-seems-to-me (his *dokei moi*, which gives the actor his *doxa*). He is not his own master—not what Kant would later call autonomous—but must conduct himself in accordance with what spectators expect of him, and the final verdict of success or failure is in their hands.

The withdrawal of one who judges is obviously very different from the withdrawal of the philosopher. Judgment does not leave the world of appearances but retires from active involvement in it to a privileged position in order to contemplate the whole. Moreover, and perhaps more significantly, Pythagoras' spectators are members of an audience, and therefore quite unlike the philosopher, who begins his *bios theoretikos* by leaving the company of his fellow-men and their uncertain opinions—their *doxai*, which can only express an it-seems-to-me. Hence, the spectator's verdict, while impartial and freed from the interests of gain or fame, is not independent of the views of others; on the contrary, according to Kant, an "enlarged mentality" has to take them into account. The spectators, although disengaged from the particularity characteristic of the actor, are not solitary. Nor are they self-sufficient, like the "highest god," whom the philosopher tries to emulate in thought, and who, according to Plato, "is forever . . . solitary by reason of his excellence, able to be together, he himself with himself, needing nobody else, nei-



A-BALLERINA RING $10,000.00
Platinum & Diamonds - Total 4.64 cts.
B-PIROUETTE RING $8,900.00
18 kt. Yellow Gold - Dias. Total 5.20 cts.
C-HARLEQUIN RING $1,270.00
18 kt. Yellow Gold - Dias. Total 1.26 cts.
SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

GUGLIELMO CINI, INC.
867 SOUTH COAST HIGHWAY
LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF. 92651
PHONE (714) 494-1440

Petit St. Vincent Resort
The Grenadines. St. Vincent. West Indies

SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL!

Tranquil . . . Secluded . . . Protected Privately owned out-island, crystal clear waters, superb white beaches. 22 widely separated luxurious villas, full hotel services, continental cuisine. Sailing, snorkeling, scuba, tennis. Serene relaxation. Simply beautiful! Open Nov. 1 thru June 1. **See your Travel Agent.**
Robert Reid Associates. Rep. — New York
PSV. U.S. Office, Box 12506, Dept. 1
Cincinnati, Ohio 45212 • (513) 242-1333

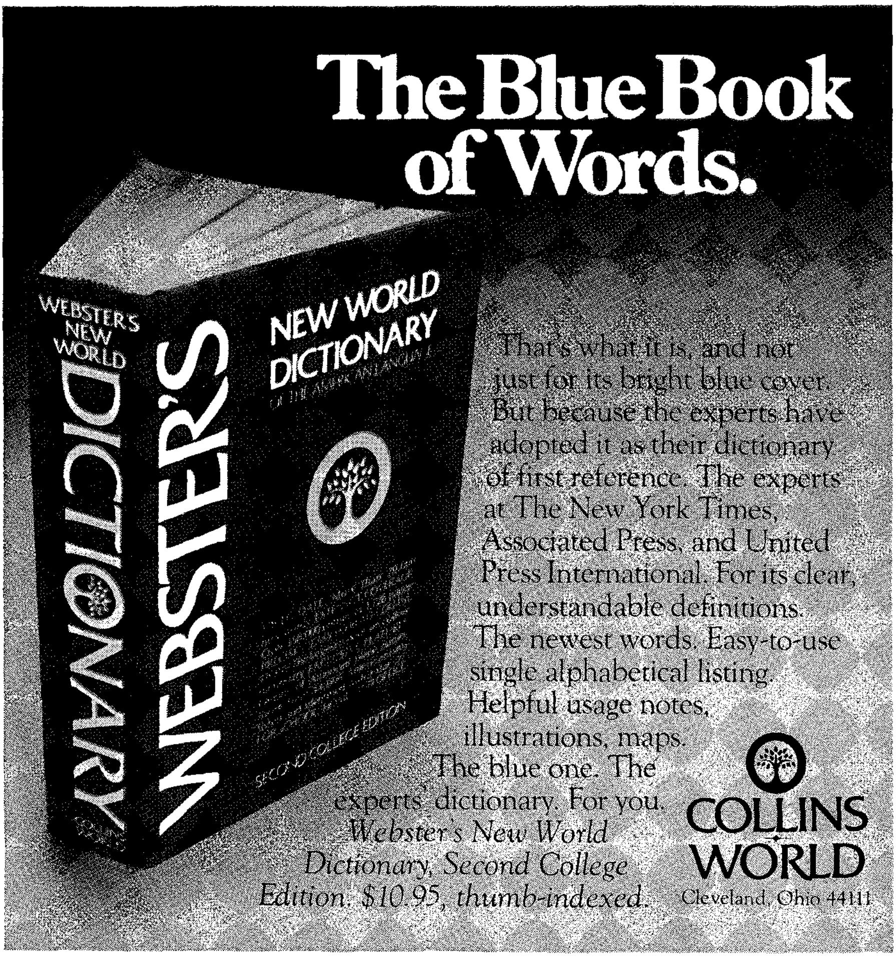
SNUG AS A LAMB PARKAS

COAT OR JACKET. Frolic through winter in soft, light and warm lifelike acrylic fleece, the color of a real lamb. Deep cut armholes fit over anything. Loden wool trims front pockets, cuffs and cozy rounded hood with storm tab. Fully lined in loden acetate taffeta. Dry clean only.
Below-Knee Parka S-M-L $79.95 ppd.
Fingertip Parka S-M-L $64.95 ppd.
Write for color catalog
J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-1128
Stockbridge Rd
Great Barrington
Mass. 01230

ther acquaintance nor friend, he sufficient with himself."

This distinction between thinking and judging came to the fore only with Kant's political philosophy—not surprisingly, since Kant was the first, and has remained the last, of the great philosophers to deal with judgment as one of the basic mental activities. The point of the matter is that in the various political treatises and essays, all written late in Kant's life, the spectator's viewpoint is not determined by the categorical imperatives of practical reason; that is, by reason's answer to the question "What ought I to do?" That answer is moral and concerns the individual qua individual, in the full autonomous independence of reason. As such, in a moral-practical way, the individual, bound by the moral law shown him by reason, can never claim the right to rebel. And yet the same individual, when he happens not to act but to be a mere spectator, will have the right to judge and to render the final verdict on the French Revolution on no other ground than his "wishful participation bordering on enthusiasm," his sharing in the "exaltation of the uninvolved public"—his basing himself, in other words, on the judgment of his fellow-spectators, who also had not "the least intention of assisting" in the events. And it was their verdict, in the last analysis, and not the deeds of the actors, that persuaded Kant to call the French Revolution "a phenomenon in human history [which] is not to be forgotten." In this clash between joint participating action, without which, after all, the events to be judged would never have come into being, and reflecting, observing judgment, there is for Kant no doubt which should have the last word. To one who assumes that history is nothing but the miserable story of mankind's eternal ups and downs, the spectacle of sound and fury "may perhaps be moving for a while; but the curtain must eventually descend," says Kant. "For in the long run, it becomes a farce. And even if the actors do not tire of it—*for they are fools*—the spectator does, for any single act will be enough for him if he can reasonably conclude from it that the never-ending play will be of eternal sameness" (italics added).

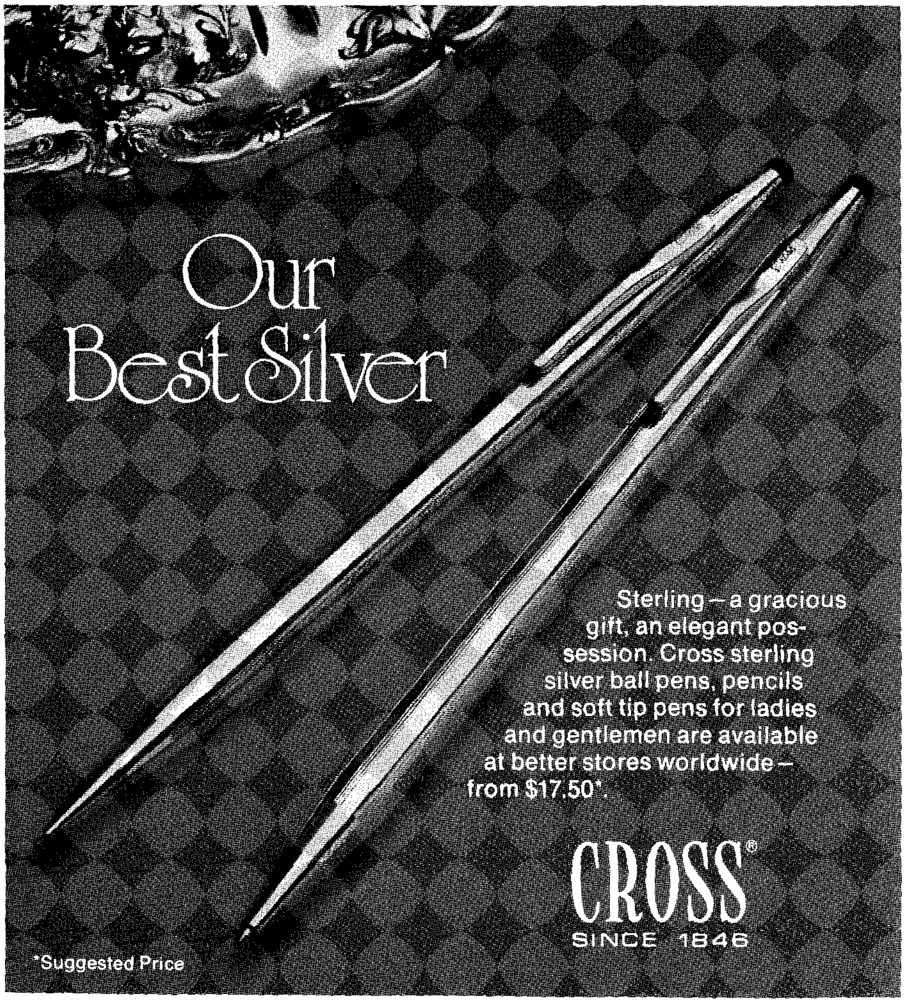
This is a telling passage indeed. And if we add to it Kant's conviction that human affairs are guided by the "ruse of nature," which leads the human species, behind the backs of acting men, into a perpetual progress, just as Hegel's "ruse of reason" leads them to the revelation of the Absolute Spirit,



The Blue Book of Words.

That's what it is, and not just for its bright blue cover. But because the experts have adopted it as their dictionary of first reference. The experts at The New York Times, Associated Press, and United Press International. For its clear, understandable definitions. The newest words. Easy-to-use single alphabetical listing. Helpful usage notes, illustrations, maps. The blue one. The experts' dictionary. For you. *Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition. $10.95, thumb-indexed.*

COLLINS WORLD
Cleveland, Ohio 44111



Our Best Silver

Sterling—a gracious gift, an elegant possession. Cross sterling silver ball pens, pencils and soft tip pens for ladies and gentlemen are available at better stores worldwide—from $17.50*.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

*Suggested Price

Authentic Indian Smoked Salmon!

Cured over alderwood fires.

Centuries ago, Pacific Northwest Indians learned how to preserve fish by smoking it for days over open fires. Today, they still harvest salmon from traditional tribal fishing grounds and prepare it the same as their ancestors did. We feel very fortunate to have obtained a limited supply of this rare smoked salmon for you to try!

Prepared by hand in a traditional way. After the salmon is caught, skilled tribal members clean and fillet each fish by hand. It's then smoked over alderwood fires. While still warm, the salmon is cut into thick chunks and carefully hand packed. Finally, the smoked salmon is vacuum sealed into 6½ ounce size cans.

After tasting it yourself, you'll probably want to re-order more smoked salmon to give as a special gift to friends.

No. 9210 (Each 6½ ounce can) **$3.75 ppd.**
SAVE $1.00 (four cans for) **. . . $14.00 ppd.**

Pacific N.W. Indian Smoked Salmon . . . probably the most delicious seafood you'll ever taste!

"ESCAPE from the ordinary"

Norm Thompson

☐ Send FREE "Escape from the ordinary®" color catalog. Men's and women's fashions, unique gift ideas, and items for your home . . . many of which can't be purchased anywhere else.

Dept. 01-82, P.O. Box 3999, Portland, OR 97208
Order TOLL FREE anytime 800-547-1160
(Excluding Oregon, Alaska, and Hawaii)

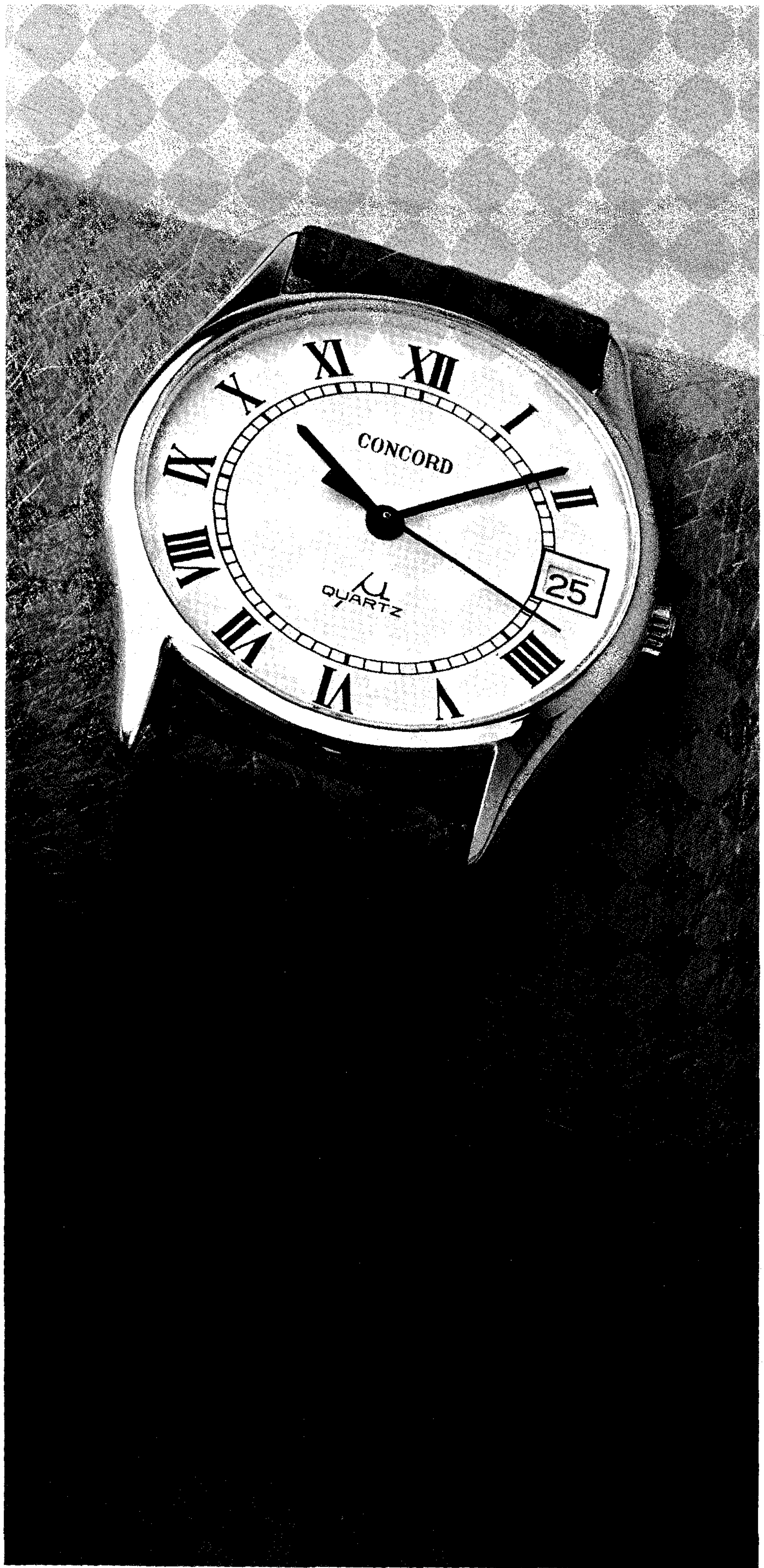
Smoked Salmon No. 9210 | Qty.
☐ Ck. ☐ BankAm/Visa ☐ Mas.Chg. ☐ Amer.Ex.
Card #______ M.C. Intbk. #______
Sig. X______ Exp. date______
Name______
Address______
City______ State______ Zip______

"You be the Judge™." If you're not completely satisfied, we'll refund your money.

we may well be justified in asking if all actors are not fools, or if the spectacle, revealing itself only to the spectator, would not just as well be served by the acts of fools. With more or less sophisticated qualifications, this has always been the secret assumption of philosophers of history; that is, of those thinkers of the modern age who, for the first time, decided to take the realm of human affairs—Plato's *ta ton anthropon pragmata*—seriously enough to reflect upon it. And are they right? Is it not true that "something else results from the actions of men than what they intend and achieve, something else than they know or want"? "To give an analogy, *a man may set fire to the* house of another out of revenge. . . . The immediate action is to hold a small flame to a small part of a beam. What had not been immediately involved follows: the part of the beam is joined to the rest, to the other beams of the house, and those in turn to other houses; hence a vast conflagration develops which destroys the property and perhaps the lives of many human beings. This result was neither part of the primary deed nor the intention of him who commenced it. . . . This example merely shows that in the immediate action something else may be involved than is consciously willed by the actor." (These are Hegel's words, but they could have been written by Kant.) In any case, it is not through acting but through contemplating that the "something else"—namely, the meaning of the whole—is revealed. The spectator, not the actor, holds the clue to the meaning of human affairs, only—and this is decisive—Kant's spectators exist in the plural, and this is why he could arrive at a political philosophy. Hegel's spectator exists strictly in the singular: the philosopher becomes the organ of the Absolute Spirit, and the philosopher is Hegel himself. But even Kant, more keenly aware than any other philosopher of human plurality, could conveniently forget that even if the spectacle were always the same, and therefore tiresome, the audiences would change from generation to generation; nor would a fresh audience be likely to arrive at the conclusions handed down by tradition as to what an unchanging play has to tell it.

If we speak of the mind's withdrawal as the necessary condition of all mental activities, we can hardly avoid raising the question of the place or region toward which the movement of absenting oneself is directed. I have treated the withdrawal of judgment to the spectator's standpoint prematurely and yet at some length, because I wanted to raise the question first in its simplest, most obvious form, by pointing to cases in which the region of withdrawal is clearly located within our ordinary world, the reflexivity of the faculty notwithstanding. There they are, in Olympia, on the ascending rows of theatre or stadium, carefully separated from the ongoing games; and Kant's "uninvolved public" that followed events in Paris with "disinterested pleasure" and yet with a sympathy "bordering on enthusiasm" was present *in every intellectual circle in* Europe during the early nineties of the eighteenth century—although Kant himself was probably thinking of the crowds in the streets of Paris.

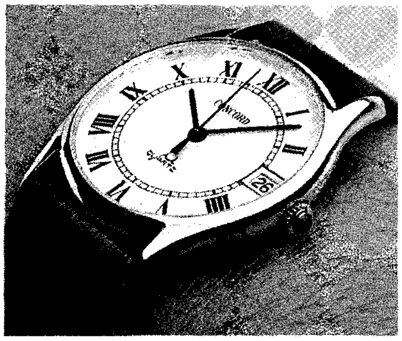
But the trouble is that no such incontestable locality can be found when we ask ourselves where we are when we think or will, surrounded, as it were, by things that are no more or are not yet, or, finally, by such everyday thought-things as justice, liberty, courage, which are nevertheless totally outside sense experience. The willing ego, it is true, early found an abode, a region of its own; as soon as this faculty was discovered, in the early centuries of the Christian era, it was localized *within* us, and if somebody were to write the history of inwardness in terms of an inner *life*, he would soon perceive that this history coincides with the history of the Will. But inwardness, as we have indicated, has problems of its own, even if one agrees that soul and mind are not the same. Moreover, the peculiar reflexive nature of the will, sometimes identified with the heart and almost always regarded as the organ of our innermost self, has made this region even harder to isolate. As for thinking, the question of where we are when we think seems to have been raised only by Plato, in the "Sophist;" there, after determining the sophist's locality, he promised to determine the philosopher's proper locality as well—the *topos noetos* he had mentioned in the earlier dialogues—but he never kept this promise. It may have been that he simply failed to complete the trilogy of "Sophist"-"Statesman"-"Philosopher" or that he had come to believe that the answer was implicitly given in the "Sophist," where he pictures the sophist as "at home in the darkness of Not-Being," which "makes him so hard to per-



For brochure write Concord, 1345 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. 10019. 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212. Or Bienne, Switzerland.

CONCORD®

Our gold quartz calendar watch. More than just a pretty face.



It's precise. In time and in design.

For this classic face embraces the most sophisticated timekeeper of them all, the quartz heart. So it can deliver the exact second, minute, hour and day with accuracy and incredibly good taste.

Sculpted by the most artistic and skilled watchmaking minds in the world, it is a remarkable feat in Swiss craftsmanship. For in these experienced hands, the quartz watch becomes amazingly flat and refined.

Combine space age technology, centuries of Swiss experience, and the Concord philosophy of quality and you've got a timepiece that is perfection down to the smallest detail. Notice the sweep second hand, the sapphire crown, the mineral crystal, and the sleek pigskin strap. And last but not least the 14 karat gold case. With Swiss gold marking, as always, since Concord time began.

The gold quartz calendar watch, by Concord. $590.

Available at: CONNECTICUT • Greenwich, Betteridge Jlrs. • **Old Greenwich,** Bennett Jlrs. • **Westport,** Swezey Jlrs. • **NEW YORK • New York City,** William Barthman, Alfred Dunhill, B. Harris & Son, Lambert Brothers, H. Lewkowitz, Tiffany & Co., Tourneau Jlrs., Van Cleef & Arpels, Franks Jlrs. • **Brooklyn,** A&S • **Forest Hills,** Chateau Jlrs. • **Glenhead,** J.J. Jlrs. • **Glen Cove,** London Jlrs., • **Great Neck,** Jewelers of Bond St. • **Hempstead,** A&S • **Larchmont,** Leon & Sherman • **Manhasset,** A&S, Hansens, North Shore Jlrs. • **Port Washington,** Sude Jlrs. • **Westbury,** Edward & Son • **White Plains,** Bramley & Co... **Yonkers,** Madows • **NEW JERSEY Bernardville,** Simms • **Cherry Hill,** Bailey, Banks & Biddle • **Cranford,** Martin Jlrs. • **Deal,** Gold Tinker **Hackensack,** R. Marcus • **Livingston,** Satsky & Co. **Millburn,** S. Marsh & Son, Satsky & Co. • **Montclair,** John T. Bouma Jlrs. • **New Brunswick,** Simms • **Paramus,** R. Marcus • **Princeton,** La Vake Jlrs. • **Ridgewood,** R.M. Bumford • **Rutherford,** R. Marcus **Seagirt,** A.J. Poland • **Tenafly,** Jewels by Aram **Trenton,** Hamilton Jlrs.

Kosta-Boda

KOSTA
BODA

We have been making crystal for more than 200 years.

'Twas the night before Christmas and perched on the tree,
a crystal angel was smiling at me
a crystal bird bobbed on his evergreen swing
and I could almost hear a crystal bell ring.

Candlelight danced 'round a bright crystal star
and sent golden reflections dancing afar.
Kosta Boda is a world of imagination set free
in hand-crafted crystal for your Christmas tree!

Kosta Boda is a shining example of Swedish crystal at its finest.
From a country world-famous for crystal design, quality and craftsmanship.
The radiant sparkle of Swedish crystal is captured in every piece. From stemware.
To artware. To giftware. Look for Swedish crystal at quality stores everywhere.

Swedish Crystal

Clearly, the best.

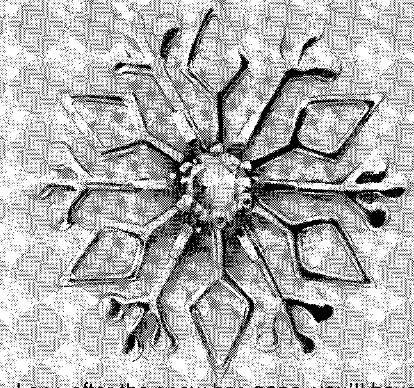
For more details on Kosta-Boda crystal, write: Kosta Boda USA Ltd. Suite 515, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. (212) 679-2280.

ceive," whereas "the philosopher . . . is difficult to see because his region is so bright; for the eye of the many cannot endure to keep its gaze fixed on the divine." That answer could indeed be expected from the author of "The Republic" and the Cave parable.

MENTAL activities, invisible themselves and occupied with the invisible, become manifest only through speech. Just as appearing beings living in a world of appearances have an urge to show themselves, so thinking beings, who still belong to the world of appearances even after they have mentally withdrawn from it, have an *urge to speak*, and thus to make manifest what would otherwise not be a part of the appearing world at all. But while appearingness as such demands and presupposes the presence of spectators, thinking, though it needs speech, does not demand or necessarily presuppose auditors: communication with our fellow-men would not necessitate human language, with its intricate complexity of grammar and syntax. The language of animals—sounds, signs, gestures—would be amply sufficient to serve all immediate needs not only for self-preservation and the preservation of the species but also for making evident the moods and emotions of the soul.

It is not our soul but our mind that demands speech. I referred to Aristotle when I drew a distinction between mind and soul—the thoughts of our reason and the passions of our emotional apparatus—and I called attention to the extent to which the key distinction in "De Anima" is reinforced by a passage in the introduction to his short treatise on language, "De Interpretatione." I shall come back to this treatise, for its most interesting point is that the criterion of *logos*, coherent speech, is not truth or falsehood but meaning. Words as such are neither true nor false. The word "centaur," for instance (Aristotle uses the example of "goat-stag," an animal that is half goat and half stag), "means something, though nothing true or false, unless one adds 'non-being' or 'being' to it." *Logos* is speech in which words are put together to form a sentence that is totally meaningful by virtue of synthesis (*syntheke*). Words, meaningful in themselves, and thoughts (*noemata*) resemble each other (*eoiken*). Hence, speech, though always "significant sound" (*phone semantike*), is not necessarily *apophantikos*, a statement or a proposition in which *aletheuein* and *pseudesthai*, truth and falsehood, being and non-being, are at stake; a prayer,

Winter's sweetest memory caught forever.



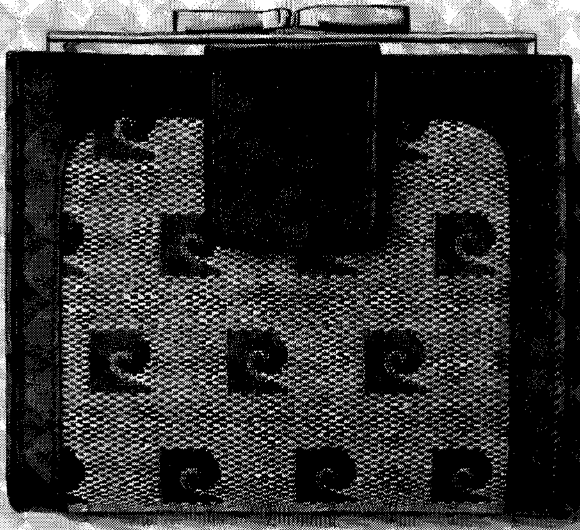
Long after the snow has gone, you'll have
those moments to remember. The enchanted snowflake
rivals nature's own precision. ¾" wide
with a .10 Ct. full cut diamond center.
Your choice of 16" or 18" 14Kt. gold chain $110.

H.Stern

South America's Leading Jewelers
IN OUR NEW OLYMPIC TOWER SHOP
645 Fifth Avenue (51 St.), N.Y. 10022
(212) 688-0300

Mail and phone orders cheerfully filled. We honor American Express and all major credit cards. Please include card name, number and expiration date.

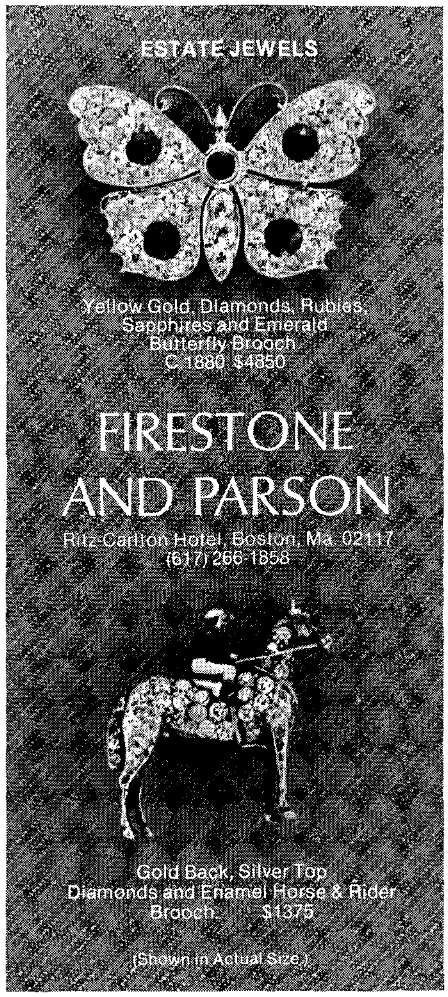
The most elegant touch you can add to any fashion look.
Pierre Cardin's 'Signature' Accessories.



Princess Gardner proudly presents Pierre Cardin's "Signature" Collection of fine, matching leather accessories. Above, the Continental French Purse. In rich Expresso Brown and Jet Black. Leather-lined. $27.50.

Prince Gardner, A Division of SWANK, INC., is the sole distributor of Pierre Cardin Personal Leather Goods for women in the U.S.A. You'll find them at the finest stores.

Pierre
CARDIN



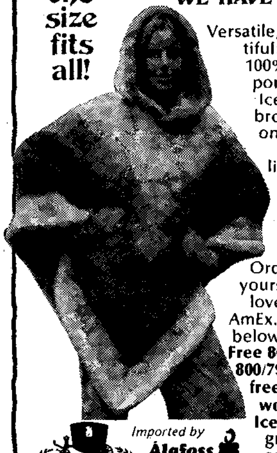
ESTATE JEWELS

Yellow Gold, Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires and Emerald Butterfly Brooch C.1880 $4850

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Boston, Ma 02117
(617) 266-1858

Gold Back, Silver Top Diamonds and Enamel Horse & Rider Brooch $1375

(Shown in Actual Size.)



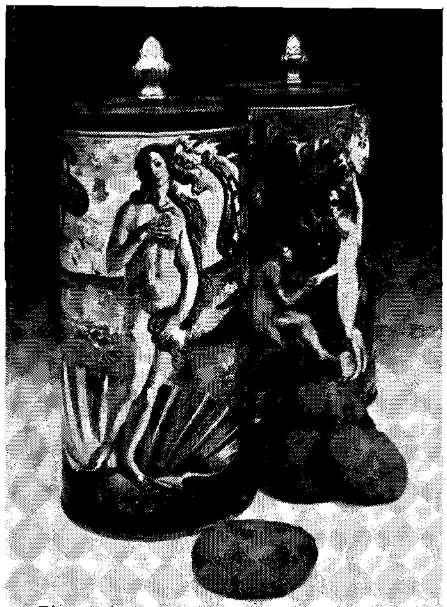
The Icelandic Poncho
one size fits all!
WE HAVE A EWE-PHORIA!
Versatile, unusual and beautiful: the snuggly warm, 100% Arctic sheep wool poncho imported from Iceland! Rich, undyed brown & grey stripings on white background. This thermal knit is lightweight, naturally water repellent . . . and gorgeous! $78. ppd. Wear with one-size Icelandic mittens $13. Order this ideal gift for yourself & everyone you love! Check, B/A, M/C, AmEx. Hurry, use coupon below or phone now **Toll Free 800/257-9445; NJ Res. 800/792-8333.** Call for our **free, full-color men's & women's Catalog with Icewool swatch** photographed in Iceland in cooperation with Icelandic/Loftleidir Airlines. Visit our 4 shops in Manchester VT & Princeton NJ.
Imported by Álafoss
LANDAU PRINCETON, N.J.

Call Toll Free or Send This Coupon
LANDAU, Dept. 67, 114 Nassau St.
Princeton, N.J. 08540
Please rush me (Satisfaction Guaranteed):
____**Ponchos** @ $78. ____ **Mittens** @ $13.
☐ Check/Money Order ☐ Bank Americard
☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express
Card No. Expiration Date
Name
Street
City ____ State ____ Zip ____
☐ Please send new **FREE FULL COLOR Men's & Women's ICEWOOL CATALOG.**
Visit our 4 shops, Manchester, Vt./Princeton, N.J.

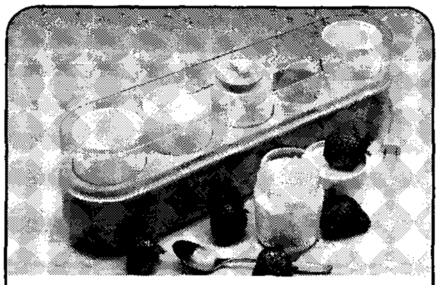
as we saw, is a *logos* but is neither true nor false. Thus, implicit in the urge to speak is the quest for meaning, not necessarily the quest for truth. It is also noteworthy that nowhere in this discussion of the relation of language to thought does Aristotle raise the question of priorities: he does not decide whether thinking is the origin of speaking, as though speech were merely an instrument for communicating our thoughts, or whether thought is the consequence of the fact that man is a speaking animal. In any case, since words—carriers of meaning—and thoughts resemble each other, *thinking beings have an urge to speak, speaking beings have an urge to think.*

Of all human needs, only "the need of reason" could never be adequately met without discursive thought; and discursive thought is inconceivable without words already meaningful before a mind travels, as it were, through them—*poreuesthai dia ton logon* (Plato). Language, no doubt, also serves communication between men, but there it is needed only because men are thinking beings and as such are in need of communicating their thoughts; thoughts do not have to be communicated in order to occur, but they cannot occur without being spoken—silently or sounding out in dialogue, as the case may be. It is because thinking, though it always takes place in words, does not need auditors that Hegel, in agreement with the testimony of almost all philosophers, could say that "philosophy is something solitary." And it is not because man is a thinking being but because he exists only in the plural that his reason, too, wants communication and is likely to go astray if deprived of it—for reason, as Kant observed, is indeed "not fit to isolate itself, but to communicate." The function of that soundless speech—"*tacite secum rationare*" ("to reason silently with oneself"), in the words of Anselm of Canterbury—is to come to terms with whatever may be given to our senses in everyday appearances; the need of reason is to give account—*logon didonai*, as the Greeks called it, with greater precision—of whatever may be or may have occurred. This is prompted not by the thirst for knowledge—the need may arise in connection with well-known and entirely familiar phenomena—but by the quest for meaning. The sheer naming of things, the creation of words, is the human way of *appropriating* and, as it were, disalienating the world into which, after all, each of us is born a newcomer and a stranger.

These observations on the intercon-



The Infamous Cookie — sinfully good, nut-packed chocolate chunks and butterscotch. In tins decorated with masterpiece reproductions, 17 oz. each, 15.00 the pair. All Lord & Taylor stores. Write 424 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10018. Call (212) 391-3300
Lord & Taylor
Household Bazaar



SALTON'S YOGURT MAKER. Make your own to suit your taste. It's easy, economical and whatever "additives" you add are your own, whether it be fresh fruit, spices, etc. Makes 1 qt. in 5 sealable jars and comes with full instructions and thermometer spoon. $12.95 postpaid. Additional 5 jars $4.95.
pitt petri
378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y. 14202

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice
PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

$20

a year - 52 issues -
for the first subscription
(your own or gift)

$15

for each additional
one-year subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada and Mexico $2.00 per year;
other foreign $6.00 per year.

Please send a New Yorker gift
subscription to each of the following:

Your Name ________________________________ (please print)
Address ________________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________

1st gift ________________________________ (please print)
Address ________________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________
Gift card to read "From ________________________"

☐ Start a subscription for me only. ☐ Start my subscription plus gifts. ☐ Start gifts only.

2nd gift ________________________________ (please print)
Address ________________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________
Gift card to read "From ________________________"

3rd gift ________________________________ (please print)
Address ________________________________
City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________
Gift card to read "From ________________________"

Please complete your order here:

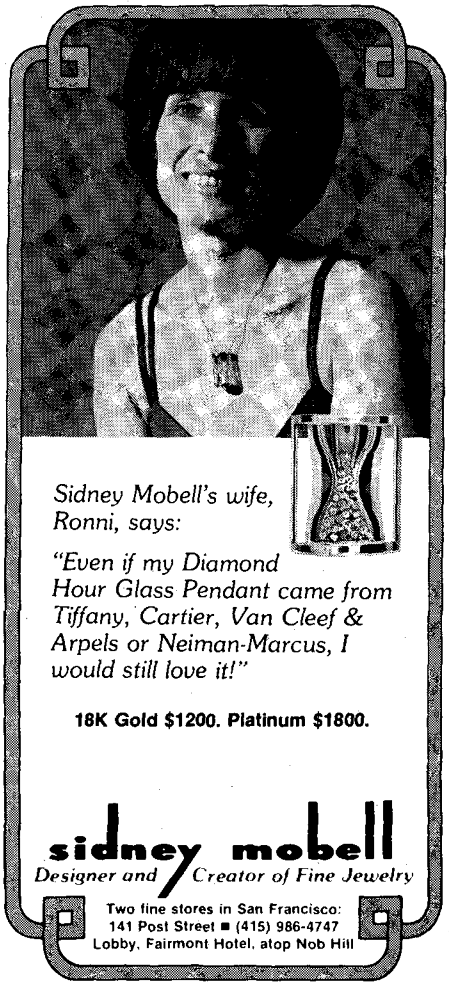
I enclose $ ________ to cover ________ subscriptions.

Or, charge my:
☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard/Visa
☐ American Express

Acct. # ____________________ Exp. Date ________

4487

THE NEW YORKER 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036


Sidney Mobell's wife, Ronni, says:

"Even if my Diamond Hour Glass Pendant came from Tiffany, Cartier, Van Cleef & Arpels or Neiman-Marcus, I would still love it!"

18K Gold $1200. Platinum $1800.

sidney mobell
Designer and Creator of Fine Jewelry

Two fine stores in San Francisco:
141 Post Street ■ (415) 986-4747
Lobby, Fairmont Hotel, atop Nob Hill

STRING ALONG...
with Sidney Gould in a crochet big top. Pretty enough to skip over soft challis skirts or discover in a gift box. Acrylic/linen in natural string color. $23
Sportswear Center

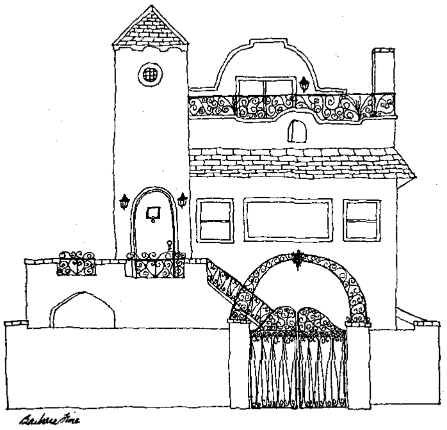
JM accepts your American Express card

jordan marsh
A unit of Allied Stores FLORIDA
1501 BISCAYNE BLVD., MIAMI, FLA. 33132

nection of language and thought, which make us suspect that no speechless thought can exist, obviously do not apply to civilizations in which the written sign rather than the spoken word is decisive and in which, consequently, thinking itself is not soundless speech but mental dealing with images. This is notably true of China, whose philosophy may well rank with the philosophy of the Occident. There "the power of words is supported by the power of the written sign, the image" (Marcel Granet, in "La Pensée Chinoise") and not the other way round, as in the alphabetic languages, where script is thought of as secondary, no more than an agreed-upon set of symbols. For the Chinese, every sign makes visible what we would call a concept or an essence; Confucius is reported to have said that the Chinese sign for "dog" is the perfect image of dog as such, whereas in our understanding, as Kant said, "no image could ever be adequate to the concept" of dog in general. "It would never attain that universality of the concept which renders it valid of all" dogs. "The concept 'dog,'" according to Kant, who in the chapter on "Schematism" in the "Critique of Pure Reason" clarifies one of the basic assumptions of all Western thinking, "signifies a rule according to which my imagination can delineate the figure of a four-footed animal in a general manner, without limitation to any single determinate figure such as experience, or any possible image that I can represent *in concreto*, actually presents." And he adds, "This schematism of our intellect . . . is an art concealed in the depths of the human soul, whose real modes of activity nature is hardly likely ever to allow us to discover, and to have open to our gaze."

In our context, the relevance of the passage is that our mind's faculty of dealing with invisibles is needed even for ordinary sense experience—for us to recognize a dog as a dog no matter in what form the four-footed animal may present itself. It follows that we should be able to "intuit," in Kant's sense, the general character of an object that is never present to our senses. For these schemata—sheer abstractions—Kant used the word "monogram," and Chinese script can perhaps be best understood as monogrammatical, so to speak. In other words, what is "abstract" and invisible for us is for the Chinese emblematically concrete and visibly given in their script, as when, for instance, the image of two united hands serves for the concept of friendship. They think in images, and not in words. And this thinking in images always remains "concrete," and cannot be discursive, travelling through an ordered train of thoughts, nor can it give account of itself (*logon didonai*); the answer to the typically Socratic question "What is friendship?" is visibly present and evident in the emblem of two united hands, and (I continue to quote from Marcel Granet's great book, published in 1934) "the emblem liberates a whole stream of pictorial representations" through plausible associations by which images are joined together. This can best be seen in the great variety of composite signs—when, for instance, the sign for "cold" combines "all those notions which are associated with thinking of cold weather" and the activities serving to protect men against it. Poetry, therefore, even if it is read aloud, will affect the hearer optically; he will respond not to the word he hears but to the sign he remembers and, with it, to the sights to which the sign clearly points.

These differences between concrete thinking in images and our abstract dealing with verbal concepts are fascinating and disquieting—I have no competence to deal with them adequately. They are perhaps all the more disquieting because amid them we can clearly perceive one assumption we share with the Chinese: the unquestioned priority of vision for mental activities. This priority, as we shall see shortly, remains absolutely decisive throughout the history of Western metaphysics and its notion of truth. What distinguishes us from them is not *nous* but *logos*, the need we have to give account of and *justify* in words. All strictly logical processes, such as the deducing of inferences from the general to the particular, or inductive reasoning from particulars to some general rule, represent such justifications, and the accounting can be done solely in words. Only Wittgenstein, as far as I know, ever became aware of the fact that hieroglyphic writing corresponded

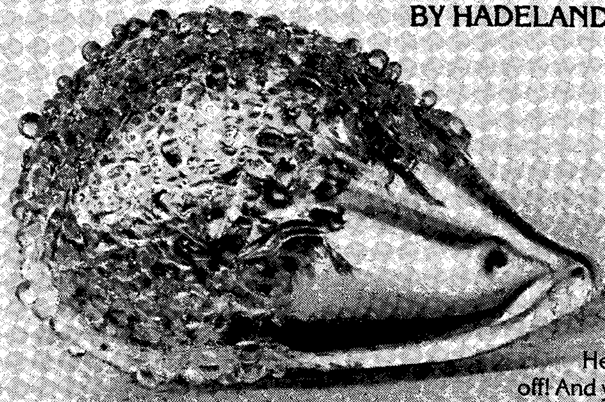


to a notion of truth understood in the metaphor of vision. He writes, "In order to understand the essence of a proposition, we should consider hieroglyphic script, which depicts the facts that it describes. And alphabetic script developed out of it without losing what was essential to depiction." This last remark is, of course, highly doubtful. What is less doubtful is that philosophy as we know it would hardly have come into existence without the Greeks' early reception and adaptation of the alphabet from Phoenician sources.

Yet language, the only medium through which mental activities can be manifest not only to the outside world but also to the mental ego itself, is by no means as evidently adequate for the thinking activity as vision is for its business of seeing. No language has a ready-made vocabulary for the needs of mental activity; each borrows its vocabulary from words originally meant to correspond either to sense experience or to other experiences of ordinary life. This borrowing, however, is never haphazard or arbitrarily symbolic (like mathematical signs) or emblematic; all philosophic and most poetic language is metaphorical, but not in the simple sense of the Oxford dictionary, which defines "metaphor" as "the figure of speech in which a name or descriptive term is transferred to some object different from, but analogous to, that to which it is properly applicable." There is no analogy between, say, a sunset and old age, and when the poet in a hackneyed metaphor speaks of old age as "the sunset of life" he has in mind that the setting of the sun relates to the day that preceded it as old age relates to life. If, therefore, as Shelley says, the poet's language is "vitally metaphorical," it is so to the extent that "it marks the before unapprehended *relations* of things and perpetuates their apprehension" (italics added). Every metaphor discovers "an intuitive perception of similarity in dissimilars" and, according to Aristotle, is for this very reason a "sign of genius," is "the greatest thing by far." Yet for Aristotle, too, this similarity is not a similarity present in otherwise dissimilar objects but a similarity of relations as in an *analogy*, which, as he showed, always needs four terms and can be presented in the formula B:A = D:C. "Thus a cup is in relation to Dionysus what a shield is to Ares. The cup, accordingly, will be metaphorically described as the 'shield of *Dionysus*.' " And this speaking in analogies, in metaphorical language, according to Kant, is the only way in which speculative reason, which we

THIS HOG IS A HAM

THE PLAYFUL HEDGEHOG
BY HADELAND OF NORWAY



He loves showing off! And you'll love showing him off. His melancholy good nature. And the fine craftsmanship. All of which, of course, makes him more loveable than any other hedgehog in the world. And more sought after, too, because he's the creation of the skill and talents of the 200-year old Hadeland of Norway. And this also makes him a most prestigious gift to give. Or get.

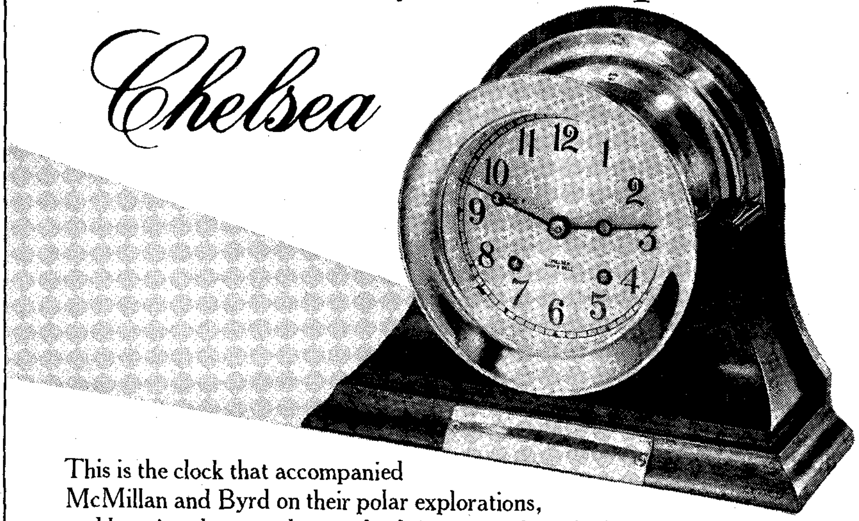
Hand-made of full lead crystal, comes gift boxed at only $17.00. For an illustrated brochure and for the name of the dealer nearest you, please write to us. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

HADELAND H NORWAY

IMPORTED BY
BING & GRØNDAHL

There's Only One Ship's Bell...

Chelsea

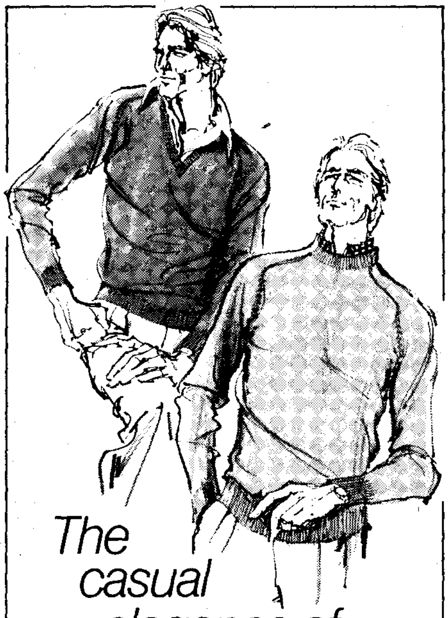


This is the clock that accompanied McMillan and Byrd on their polar explorations, and has since become the standard timepiece aboard U.S. Navy and Merchant Marine ships. From this clock the name Chelsea has become synonymous with precision. Its eight-day, eleven-jewel, American-made Chelsea movement strikes the traditional ship's bells, and is encased in solid brass. It is the finest timepiece of its type in the world.

Other Chelsea precision instruments include quartz chronometers, tide clocks, barometers, office and home timepieces, and authentic early American reproductions.

Write to:
BUNKER RAMO
Chelsea
284 Everett Avenue
Chelsea, Massachusetts 02150

Available At Finer Marine Stores, Jewelers And Clock Shops

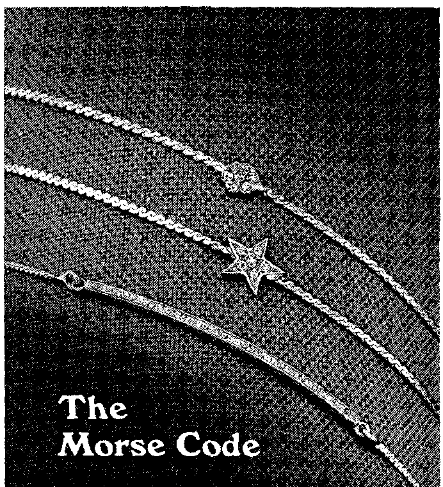


The casual elegance of Cashmere

Lyle & Scott
HAWICK SCOTLAND

at fine stores everywhere

Exclusive importers:
HILL STAR CORP.
286 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y. 10001



The Morse Code

A dot and a dash . . . With a star for accentuation . . . Lets you send your message loud and clear . . . Pavé diamonds on fourteen karat gold S chain. Designed to be worn with a watch.

Dot, $110. Dash, $120. And Star, $110. (Necklaces and earrings also available.)

OCINO
(The Heart of Wall Street)

66 John Street, New York, N.Y. 10038
(212) 269-3636

All Charge Cards Accepted.
Add N.Y. sales tax where applicable.
Please include $1.50 for mail or phone order.

here call thinking, can manifest itself. The metaphor provides the "abstract," imageless thought with an intuition—drawn from the world of appearances—whose function it is "to establish the reality of our concepts," and thus undo, as it were, the withdrawal from the world of appearances which is the precondition of mental activities. This is comparatively easy as long as our thought merely responds to the claims of our need to know and understand what is given in the appearing world; that is, as long as we remain within the limitations of common-sense reasoning. What we need for common-sense thinking are *examples* to illustrate our concepts, and these examples are adequate because our concepts are drawn from appearances—they are mere abstractions. It is altogether different if reason's need transcends the boundaries of the given world and leads us on to the uncertain sea of speculation where "no intuition can be given which shall be adequate to [reason's ideas]" (Kant). At this point, metaphor comes in. The metaphor achieves the "carrying over"—*metapherein*—of a genuine and seemingly impossible *metabasis eis allo genos:* the transition from one existential state, that of thinking, to another, that of being an appearance among appearances. This can be done only by *analogies*. Kant gives as an example of a successful metaphor the description of the despotic state as a "mere machine (like a hand mill)" because it is "governed by an individual absolute will," and he continues, "For between a despotic state and a hand mill there is, to be sure, no similarity; but there is a similarity in the rules according to which we reflect upon these two things and their causality." He adds, "Our language is full of indirect presentations of this sort"—a matter that "has not been sufficiently analyzed hitherto, for it deserves a deeper investigation." The insights of metaphysics—he writes in "Prolegomena to Every Future Metaphysics"—are "gained by *analogy*, not in the usual meaning of imperfect resemblance of two things but in the meaning of a *perfect resemblance of two relations between totally dissimilar things*." In the often less precise language of the "Critique of Judgment," he calls these "representations in accordance with a mere analogy" symbolical.

Any philosophical term is a metaphor—a frozen analogy, as it were—whose true meaning discloses itself when we dissolve the term into the original context, which must have been vividly in the mind of the first philos-

Ming and Ch'ing Dynasties Porcelain Set in Sterling

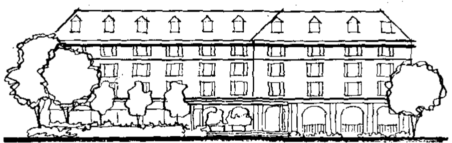
Unique paperweights for the discriminating collector of antiques

From the 15th to 19th centuries, ships loaded with Chinese blue and white exportware sank in the treacherous waters around Siam. Divers are now reclaiming shards from these wrecks. Tops of spice and ginger jars and other choice pieces are polished and handset into these fascinating paperweights by skilled craftsmen. Each is fitted into a magnificent presentation box of specially woven blue and white Thai silk in Chinese key motif, lined in red silk, with story enclosed. Due to their rarity, quantities of these one-of-a-kind pieces are limited. Sizes are approximate. Offered exclusively through this ad.

2½"–$75 3"–$100 3½"–$150 4"–$200
Add $1.50 for post. and ins. N.Y. Res. add tax

Check, money order, BankAmer.,MasterChge., Visa. Include all numbers, exp. date & signature

EAST-WEST TREASURES, Ltd.
P.O. Box 61, Roslyn, N. Y. 11576



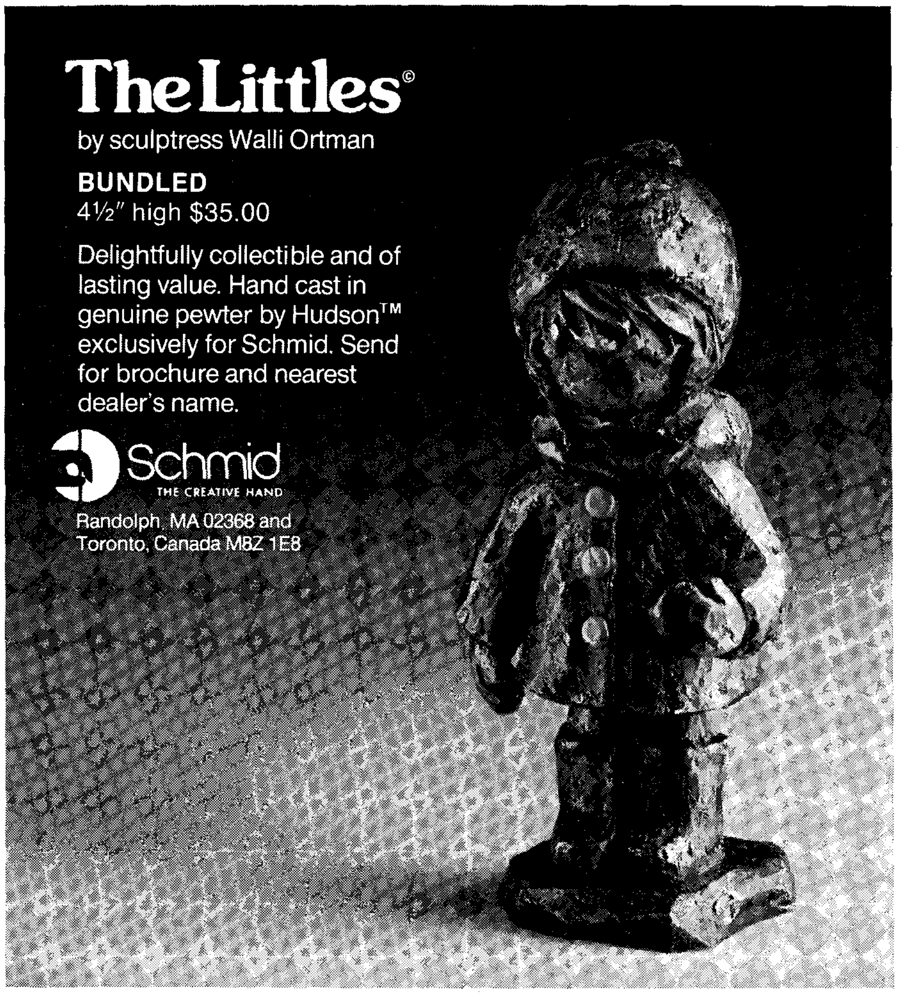
The Hanover Inn
at Dartmouth College since 1780.
The traditional intimacy of an
old New England inn
and the excitement of
an ivy league college town.
THE HANOVER INN
BOX A, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE 03755
Telephone 603/643-4300

La Folie
is open to the public
by reservation only.

Lunch • Dinner • Supper • Dancing
Monday through Saturday
Carlton House • 21 E. 61st St., N.Y.C.
(212) 765-1400

opher to use it. When Plato introduced the everyday words "soul" and "idea" into philosophical language—connecting an invisible organ in man, the soul, with something invisible present in the world of invisibles, the ideas—he still must have heard the words as they were used in ordinary, pre-philosophic language. Soul, or *psyche*, is the "breath of life" exhaled by the dying, and idea, or *eidos*, is the shape or blueprint that the craftsman must have in his mind's eye before he begins his work—an image that survives both the fabrication process and the fabricated object and can serve as model again and again, thus taking on an everlastingness that fits it for eternity in the sky of ideas. The underlying analogy of Plato's doctrine of the soul runs as follows: As the breath of life relates to the body it leaves—that is, to the corpse—so the soul from now on will be supposed to relate to the living body. The analogy underlying his doctrine of ideas can be reconstructed in a similar manner: As the craftsman's mental image directs his hand in fabrication and is the measurement of the object's success or failure, so all materially and sensorily given data in the world of appearances relate to and are evaluated according to an invisible pattern localized in the sky of ideas.

We know that *noeomai* was first used in the sense of perceiving by the eyes, then transferred to perceptions of the mind in the sense of "apprehend;" finally, it became a word for the highest form of thinking. Nobody, we can assume, thought that the eye, the organ of vision, and the *nous*, the organ of thinking, were the same, but the word itself indicated that the relation between the eye and the seen object was similar to the relation between the mind and its thought-object: they yielded the same kind of evidence. We know that just as no one before Plato had used the word for the artisan's shape or blueprint in philosophical language, no one before Aristotle had used the word *energos*, an adjective applied to someone active, at work, busy, to frame the term *energeia*, denoting actuality, in opposition to *dynamis*, mere potentiality. And the same is true for such standard terms as "substance" and "accident," derived from the Latin translations of *hypokeimenon* and *kata symbebekos*—what underlies as distinct from what fortuitously accompanies. No one before Aristotle had used in any other sense than accusation the word *kategoria* (category), signifying what was asserted in court procedures about the defendant. In Aristotelian



The Littles©
by sculptress Walli Ortman

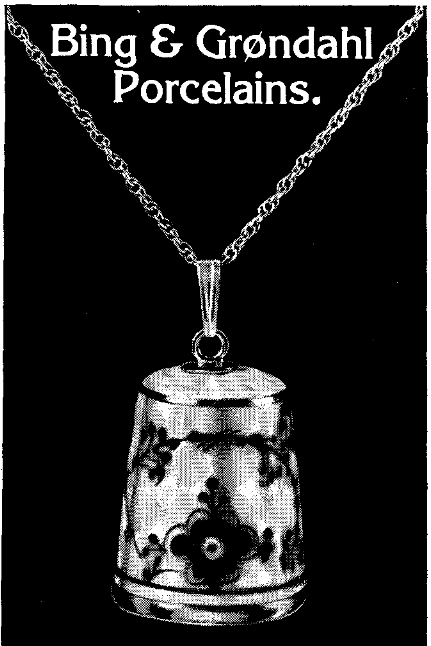
BUNDLED
4½" high $35.00

Delightfully collectible and of lasting value. Hand cast in genuine pewter by Hudson™ exclusively for Schmid. Send for brochure and nearest dealer's name.

Schmid
THE CREATIVE HAND
Randolph, MA 02368 and
Toronto, Canada M8Z 1E8

Unusual. Tasteful. A glass top garden seat cocktail table of Oriental inspiration with an aged woodtone finish at home in period settings—or used as a unique contemporary accent in Cinnabar Red. Such timeless distinction is found throughout Henredon's Pan Asian Occasional and Bedroom Collection and may be seen by sending $1.00 for brochure to Henredon, Dept. N-127, Morganton, N.C. 28655.

Henredon



Long famed for their exquisite hand crafted porcelain artware, Bing & Grondahl has now created an exciting range of jewelry. Hand decorated porcelain cameos are elegantly mounted in 12-karat gold fill and sterling silver. Shown here: Blue Traditional Thimble Pendant with 12-karat gold filled chain. $18.50.

For a brochure and the name of your nearest dealer, write us. 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010

BING&GRØNDAHL
Copenhagen porcelain since 1853

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

British G-9 Pima Cotton Poplin Travel Jacket $55

Our classic, durable British G-9 jacket of fine pure pima cotton poplin is water-proofed, wind-resistant. Adjustable button collar, comfortable raglan sleeves, zipper front, ventilated yoke back. Fully lined in lightweight red plaid. A natural choice for travel, all outdoor activities. Navy or tan. Sizes 36 to 48 regular; 40 to 48 long. ☐ *Please send catalogue*

House of SOUTHWICK Natural Shoulder Clothing

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd. 011128
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Jacket (21040): Size___ Colour(s)___ Qty___
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card #___ Expir.___
Add $2 Ship. & Hdlg; Cal. Deliv. Add Sales Tax
Name___
Address___
___ Zip___

usage, this word became something like "predicate," resting on the following analogy: just as an indictment (*katagoreuein ti tinos*) hands down (*kata*) to a defendant something that he is charged with—hence, that belongs to him—the predicate hands down the appropriate quality to the subject. These examples are all familiar and could be multiplied. I shall add one more, which seems to me especially telling because of its great importance for philosophical terminology. Our word for the Greek *nous* is either "mind"—from the Latin *mens*, indicating something like the German *Gemüt*—or "reason;" I am concerned here with the latter only. "Reason" comes from the Latin *ratio*, derived from the verb *reor, ratus sum*, which means to calculate and also to ratiocinate. The Latin word has a totally different metaphorical content, which comes much closer to the Greek *logos* than to *nous*. To those who have an understandable prejudice against etymological arguments, I would like to recall the common Ciceronian phrase "*ratio et oratio*," which would make no sense in Greek.

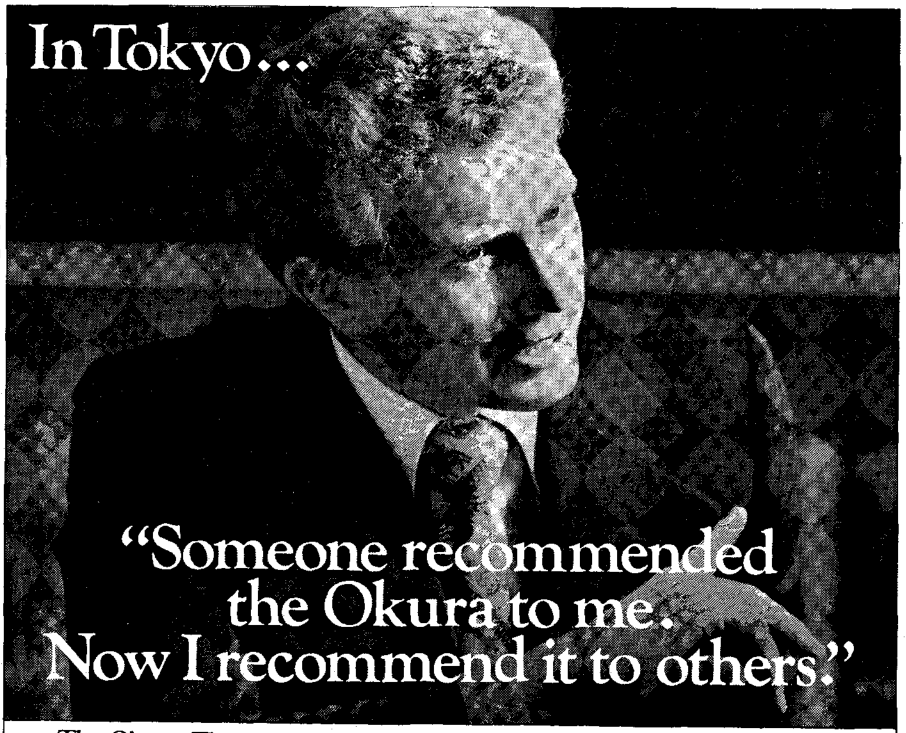
The metaphor, bridging the abyss between inward and invisible mental activities and the world of appearances, was certainly the greatest gift that language could bestow on thinking, and hence on philosophy, but the metaphor itself is poetic rather than philosophical in origin. It is therefore hardly surprising that poets, and writers attuned to poetry rather than to philosophy, should be distinctly aware of its essential function. Thus we read in a little-known essay by Ernest Fenollosa, published by Ezra Pound and, as far as I know, never mentioned in the literature on the metaphor, "Metaphor is . . . the very substance of poetry;" without it "there would have been no bridge whereby to cross from the minor truth of the seen to the major truth of the unseen."

The discoverer of this originally poetic tool was Homer, whose two poems are full of all kinds of metaphorical expressions. I shall choose from an *embarras de richesses* the passage in the "Iliad" where the poet likens the tearing onslaught of fear and grief on the hearts of men to the combined onslaught of winds from several directions on the waters of the sea. Think of these storms that you know so well, the poet seems to tell us, and you will know about grief and fear. Significantly, the reverse will not work. No matter how long somebody thinks about grief and fear, he will never find out anything about the winds and the sea. The comparison is clearly meant to tell what grief and fear can do to the human heart; that is, meant to illuminate an experience that does not appear. The irreversibility of the analogy distinguishes it sharply from the mathematical symbol that Aristotle used in trying to describe the mechanics of metaphor. For no matter how successfully the metaphor may have hit upon a "perfect resemblance" of relation between two "totally dissimilar things," and how precisely, therefore—since A is obviously not the same as C and B not the same as D—the formula $B:A = D:C$ may seem to express it, Aristotle's equation implies reversibility: if $B:A = D:C$, it follows that $C:D = A:B$. What is lost in the mathematical reckoning is the actual function of the metaphor—its turning the mind back to the sensory world in order to illuminate the mind's non-sensory experiences, for which there are no words in any language.

The Aristotelian formula worked because it dealt only with visible things and was actually applied not to metaphors and their carrying over from one realm to another but to *emblems*, and emblems are already visible illustrations of something invisible: the cup of Dionysus, a pictograph of the festive mood associated with wine; the shield of Ares, a pictograph of the fury of war; the scales in the hands of the blind goddess, a pictograph of justice, which weighs deeds without consideration of the persons who did them. The same is true of outworn analogies that have turned into idioms, as is the case in Aristotle's second example: "As old age (D) is to life (C), so is evening (B) to day (A)."

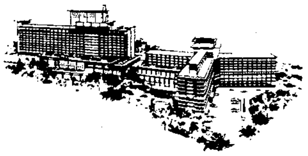
In common parlance, of course, there are a great many figurative expressions that resemble metaphors without exercising the true function of the metaphor. They are mere figures of speech, even if they are used by poets—"white as ivory," to remain with Homer—and they, too, are often characterized by a transference when some term belonging to one class of objects is referred to another class; thus, we speak of the "foot" of a table, as if it were attached to a man or an animal. Here the transference moves within the same realm, within the "genus" of visibles, and here the analogy is indeed reversible. But this is by no means always the case even with metaphors that do not directly point to something invisible. In Homer, there is another, more complex kind of extended metaphor or simile, which, though moving among visibles, points to a hidden story. For instance, the great dialogue between Odysseus and Penelope—shortly before the recognition scene—in which Odysseus, disguised as a beggar and saying "many false things," tells Penelope that he entertained her husband in Crete, whereupon we are told how "her tears ran" as she listened "and her body was melted, as the snow melts along the high places of the mountains when the West Wind has piled it there, but the South Wind melts it, and as it melts the rivers run full flood," and "it was even so that her beautiful cheeks were streaming tears, as Penelope wept for her man, who was sitting by her side." Here the metaphor seems to combine only visibles; the tears on her cheek are no less visible than the melting snow. The invisible made visible in the metaphor is the long winter of Odysseus' absence, the lifeless frigidity and unyielding hardness of those years, which now, at the first signs of hope for a renewal of life, begin to melt away. The tears themselves had only expressed sorrow; their meaning—the thoughts that caused them—became manifest in the metaphor of the snow melting and softening the ground before spring.

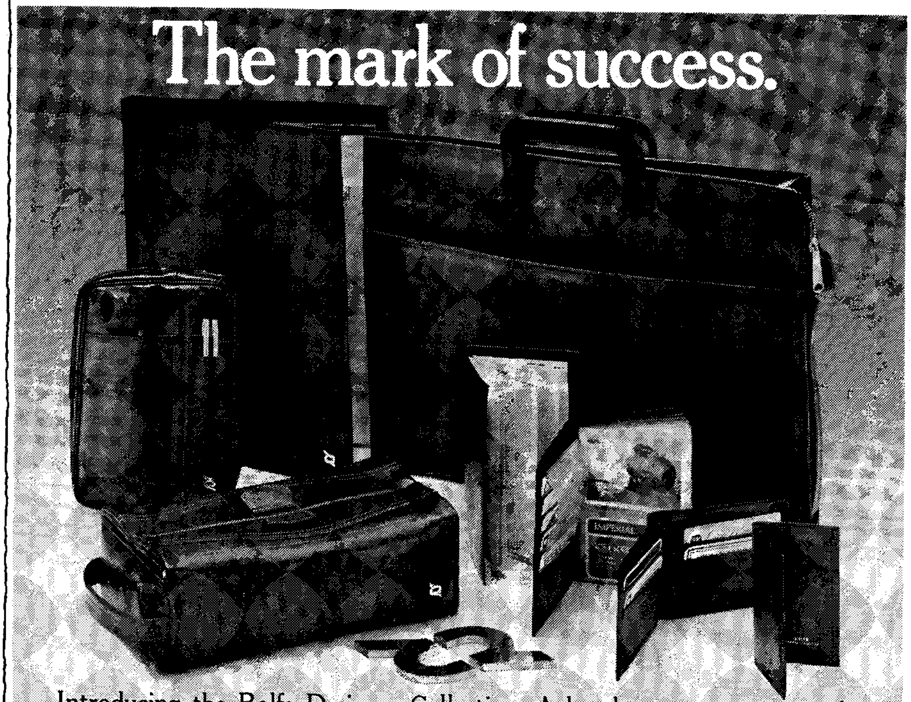
Kurt Riezler, who was the first to associate "the Homeric simile and the beginning of philosophy," insists on the *tertium comparationis*, necessary for every comparison, which permits "the poet to perceive and to make known soul as world and world as soul." Behind the opposition of world and soul, there must be a unity that makes the correspondence possible—an "unknown law," as Riezler calls it, quoting Goethe, equally present in the world of the senses and the realm of the soul. It is the same unity that binds together all opposites—day and night, light and darkness, coldness and warmth—each of which is inconceivable in separation, unthinkable unless it is mysteriously related to its antithesis. This hidden unity becomes, then, according to Riezler, the topic of the philosophers—the *koinos logos* of Heraclitus, the *hen pan* of Parmenides. Perception of this unity distinguishes the philosopher's truth from the opinions of ordinary men. And in support he quotes Heraclitus: "The god is day night, winter summer, war peace, satiety hunger [all opposites: he is the *nous*]; he changes in the way that fire, when it is mixed with spices, is named according to the scent of each of them." Philosophy, one is inclined to agree, did go to Homer's school in order to emulate his example. And one's inclination



In Tokyo...
"Someone recommended the Okura to me. Now I recommend it to others."
The Okura. The serene hotel on a quiet hill in Tokyo, near everything. You'll like the Okura. From businessmen to chiefs of state, everyone does.

Hotel Okura
In a class by itself
Akasaka, Tokyo, Japan Tel: (03) 582-0111 Telex: J22790
For reservations, contact: Robert F. Warner, Inc. Tel: 212-687-5750,
John A. Tetley Co. Tel: 800-421-0000, Hotel Representative Inc. Tel: 212-838-3110





The mark of success.
Introducing the Rolfs Designer Collection. A handsome, new concept in fashionable leather accessories with the look of success. From Billfolds to Brief Cases, each piece in the collection is created with careful attention to quality and craftsmanship and features the distinctive Rolfs monogram inside and out. Available in new leathers and colors, the Rolfs Designer Collection is perfect for the man who has made his mark . . . and wants to show it.

ROLFS...it shows you care.
West Bend, WI 53095. Available at fine stores throughout the USA and Canada

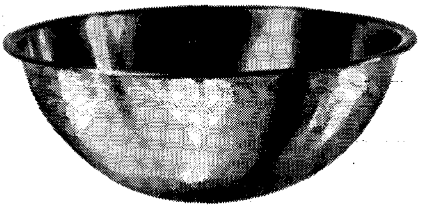
Come with us and explore

TUNISIA

Tunisia offers a fascinating variety of cultures and landscapes. Nowhere in the world will we find such splendidly preserved Roman monuments, a series of majestic imperial outposts that have survived over the centuries in splendid isolation. Come and wander into fragrant oases scattered along the edge of the Sahara. Explore Tunisia's dazzling Islamic heritage with expert lecturer-guides. 16 days, $1,550 excluding air fare. Please write for our brochure or give us the name of your Travel Agent.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NYT
133 East 55th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10022
751-2300 or toll free 800-223-9700

THE EVERYTHING BOWL



AT LAST — A bowl big enough to be **really useful!**

This 13 quart beauty is made from heavy gauge stainless steel and is as functional as it is attractive. 16" wide and 6" deep, it's perfectly proportioned for a variety of uses. For example:

- Toss and serve large salads.
- Mix stuffing, large batches of cookies, pie fillings, etc.
- Make bread dough.
- Fill with ice and use as a cooler for beverages, salad plates, etc.
- Bathe baby, soak feet, wash socks, bob for apples, catch drips, etc., etc., etc.

We Guarantee you'll find many, many more uses for it!

Now yours for only $11.95!

PLEASE RUSH ME_____**13 qt. Everything Bowl(s) @ $11.95 (plus $1.75 shipping)**
_____**8 Qt @ 7.95 (plus $1.00)**
_____**5 Qt @ 5.95 (plus $1.00)**
_____**3 Qt @ 4.95 (plus $1.00)**
_____**1½ Qt @ 2.95 (plus 75¢)**
SAVE over 15%!_____THE SET (All Five) @ $29.95 (plus $2.95)

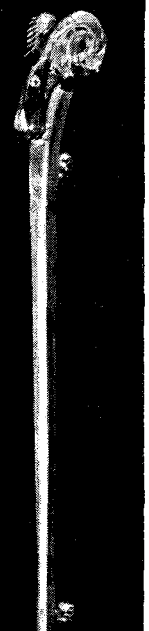
The Wooden Spoon Inc.
Dept. T2EB, Rt. 6
Mahopac, NY 10541

Check, Money Order, American Express, Master Charge, VISA please.

to agree is considerably strengthened by the two earliest, most famous, and most influential of all thought parables: Parmenides' voyage to the gates of day and night, and Plato's Cave parable, the former being a poem and the latter essentially poetic, using Homeric language throughout. This suggests at least how right Heidegger was when he called poetry and thinking close neighbors.

If we now try to examine more closely the various ways in which language succeeds in bridging the gulf between the realm of the invisible and the world of appearances, we may tentatively offer the following outline: From Aristotle's suggestive definition of language as a "meaningful sounding out" of words, which in themselves are already "significant sounds" that "resemble" thoughts, it follows that thinking is the mental activity that actualizes those products of the mind which are inherent in speech and for which language, prior to any special effort, has already found an appropriate, though provisional, home in the audible world. If speaking and thinking spring from the same source, then the very gift of language could be taken as a kind of proof—or perhaps, rather, as a token—of men's being naturally endowed with an instrument capable of transforming the invisible into an "appearance." The "land of thought" may never appear or manifest itself to our bodily eyes, yet it is manifest, with whatever distortions, not just to our minds but to our bodily ears. And it is in this context that the mind's language by means of metaphor returns to the world of visibilities to illuminate, and elaborate further, what cannot be seen but can be said.

Analogies, metaphors, and emblems are the threads by which the mind holds on to the world even when, absent-mindedly, it has lost direct contact with it, and they guarantee the unity of human experience. Moreover, in the thinking process itself they serve as models to give us our bearings, lest we stagger blindly among experiences that our bodily senses, with their relative certainty of knowledge, cannot guide us through. The simple fact that our mind is able to find such analogies, that the world of appearances reminds us of things non-apparent, may be seen as a kind of "proof" that mind and body, thinking and sense experience, the invisible and the visible belong together—are "made" for each other, as it were. In other words, if the rock in the sea "which endures the swift courses of whistling winds and the swelling breakers that burst against it" can become a metaphor for endurance



RAM'S HEAD KILT PIN

Finely hand crafted exclusively for us in Scotland's Shetland Islands, this hall-marked sterling silver pin is perfect for ladies kilt, coat lapel, shawl or scarf. Extraordinary Christmas Gift! Limited quantity. **$45 ppd.** VISA. MC. Give card #, exp. date. Add 6% sales tax in Pa. No C.O.D. Shown full size.

LONDINIUM Ltd

LONDINIUM LTD.
829 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010

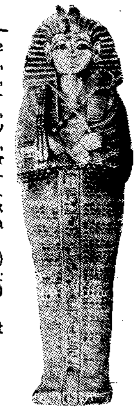
HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS

Tutankhamun, Susan B. Anthony, Jane Austen, Bach, Beethoven, Brillat-Savarin, Colette, John Dewey, Emily Dickinson, Dostoevsky, Amelia Earhart, Albert Einstein, Escoffier, Freud, Emma Goldman, William James, James Joyce, Jung, Gustav Mahler, Mao, Karl Marx, Mozart, Nietzsche, Nijinsky, Anais Nin, Pavlova, Plato, Edgar Allan Poe, Fernand Point, Bertrand Russell, George Sand, Shakespeare, G.B. Shaw, Gertrude Stein, J.R.R. Tolkien, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Wittgenstein, Virginia Woolf

Cotton shirts, xs.(30-32) sm.(34-36) med.(38-40) lg.(42-44) xlg.(46-48) white: $6.00 ea. 4/$20.00 red or lt. blue: $8.00 ea. 4/$28.00 ppd.

Special gift offer: **Tutankhamun t-shirt & exhibition catalogue** $12.50 ppd. Canadian customers add .50 per piece.

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS
Box 220X Cambridge, Mass. 02138



Boston's Colonnade Hotel.

Only the Atlantic separates us from the other grand hotels

Phone (617) 261-2800,
or your local Loews Reservations Inc. Service.
A Distinguished Hotel Represented by Robert F. Warner, Inc.

in battle, then "it is not . . . correct to say that the rock is viewed anthropomorphically, unless we add that our understanding of the rock is anthropomorphic for the same reason that we are able to look at ourselves petromorphically" (Bruno Snell). There is, finally, the fact of the irreversibility of the relationship expressed in metaphor; it indicates in its own manner the absolute primacy of the world of appearances, and thus provides additional evidence of the extraordinary quality of thinking, of its being always out of order.

This last point is of special importance. If the language of thinking is essentially metaphorical, it follows that the world of appearances inserts itself into thought quite apart from the needs of our body and the claims of our fellow-men, which will draw us back into that world in any case. No matter how close we are while thinking to what is far away and how absent we are from what is close at hand, the thinking ego obviously never leaves the world of appearances altogether. The two-world theory, as I have said, is a metaphysical delusion, although by no means an arbitrary or accidental one; it is the most plausible delusion with which the experience of thought is plagued. Language, by lending itself to metaphorical use, enables us to think—that is, to have traffic with non-sensory matters—because it permits a carrying over, *metapherein*, of our sense experiences. There are not two worlds, because metaphor unites them.

EACH of the mental activities, being driven to language as the only medium for manifestation, draws its metaphors from a different bodily sense, and in each case their plausibility depends upon an innate affinity between certain mental and certain sensory data. Thus, in formal philosophy, thinking has been thought of from the outset in terms of *seeing*, and since thinking is the most fundamental and the most radical of mental activities, it is quite true that vision "has tended to serve as the model of perception in general and thus as the measure of the other senses" (Hans Jonas). The predominance of sight is so deeply embedded in Greek speech and therefore in our conceptual language that we seldom find any consideration bestowed on it, as though it belonged among things too obvious to be noticed. A passing remark by Heraclitus, "The eyes are more exact witnesses than the ears," is an exception, and not a very helpful one. On the contrary, if one considers how easy

Pure gold! Pure design! Pure style! From our 24 Karat Boutique, unalloyed pure gold. The design is classic, the style eternal. And the stones are your favorites. At these prices, now would be a good time to buy one for every woman you wish to please. Each is set with a diamond and a marquise ruby, emerald, or sapphire. And each is only $125.
Something Beautiful for Everyone.®
Send $1 for your copy of Lambert Brother's 1977-78 catalog.

100
LAMBERT BROTHERS
Celebrating 100 Years as Fine Jewelers
545 Madison Avenue at 55th St., New York 10022
Use one of Lambert's convenient charge plans or American Express, VISA, Master Charge. Mail and Phone Inquiries Invited: (202) 838-6000.
Please add sales tax when applicable plus $2 for postage and handling.

ART THAT WARMS

You could buy the Jotul 118 simply because it is a real work of art. However, we'd like you to know that like all Jotul stoves, the 118 is a truly efficient heater in which wood burns from front to back like a cigar, rather than all at once.

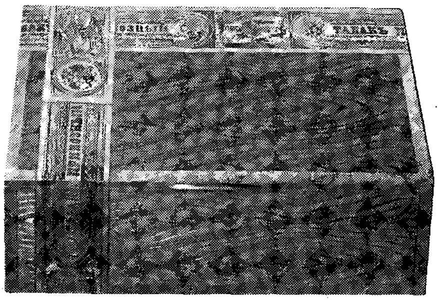
Made of heavy cast iron, a 118 can burn 24 hours on just two loads of wood, one reason Norwegians call it a "round burner." Efficient, yes. And beautiful. Art that warms. For Woodburner's Resource Guide, send $1 to:

Jøtul

KRISTIA ASSOCIATES
Home Office: 343 Forest Avenue, P.O. Box 1118 (NY3), Portland, ME 04104
Western Office: 213 S.W. Ash Street (NY3), Suite 209, Portland, OR 97204

Sotheby Parke Bernet
New York

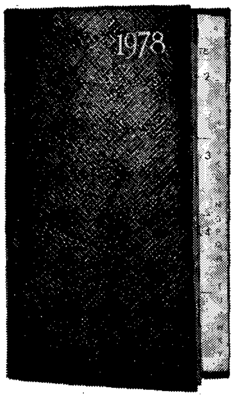
FINE
IMPERIAL RUSSIAN
CIGAR &
CIGARETTE BOXES
to be sold in an auction of enamels,
icons, Fabergé and other
Russian Works of Art
PROPERTY OF H. ROBERT GREENE,
FORBES MAGAZINE & OTHER OWNERS



A fine silver parcel-gilt cigar box
by Gratchev, St. Petersburg, 1891.
Length 8½ inches, 21.5 cm

Auction • December 13 and 14
On view from Thursday • December 8
Illustrated catalogue $7 by mail, order
by sale no. 4061 with check to Dept ER

Information: Mr. Gerard Hill 212/472-3503
980 Madison Avenue, New York 10021



Leathersmith®
1978
ENGAGEMENT BOOKS
From England
• FINE LEATHER • BLUE PAPER
• GILT EDGED PAGES plus
• INDEXED ADDRESS SECTION
Card Pocket — Navy, Scarlet, Black
4" x 2½", $7.50 or 5" x 3", $8.50
Also daily and monthly diaries.
Corporate gift enquiries invited.
At distinctive stationers, luggage
and leathergoods shops.
Leathersmith of London Ltd
New York—London

it is for sight, unlike the other senses, to shut out the outside world, and if one examines the early notion of the blind bard, whose stories are being listened to, one may wonder why hearing did not develop into the guiding metaphor for thinking.

Still, it is not altogether true that, in the words of Jonas, "the mind has gone where vision pointed." The metaphors used by the theoreticians of the Will are hardly ever taken from the visual sphere; either their model is desire, as the quintessential property of all our senses—in that they serve the general appetitiveness of a needy and wanting being—or they are drawn from *hearing*, in line with the Jewish tradition of a God who is heard but not seen. (Metaphors drawn from hearing are very rare in the history of philosophy. The most notable modern exception is the late writings of Heidegger, in which the thinking ego "hears" the "call" of Being. Medieval efforts to reconcile Biblical teaching with Greek philosophy testify to a complete victory of intuition or contemplation over every form of audition, and this victory was, as it were, foreshadowed by the early attempt of Philo of Alexandria to attune his Jewish creed to his Platonizing philosophy. He was still aware of the distinction between a Hebrew truth, which was heard, and the Greek *vision* of the true, and transformed the former into a mere preparation for the latter, to be achieved by divine intervention that had made man's ears into eyes to permit greater perfection of human cognition.)

Judgment, finally, which in terms of discovery is the latecomer of our mental abilities, draws its metaphorical language, as Kant knew so well, from the sense of *taste* (the "Critique of Judgment" was originally conceived as a "Critique of Taste"), the most intimate, private, and idiosyncratic of the senses, and somehow the opposite of sight, with its "noble" distance. The chief problem of the "Critique of Judgment" therefore became the question of how propositions of judgment could possibly claim, as they indeed do, general agreement.

Jonas enumerates all the advantages of sight as the guiding metaphor and model for the thinking mind. There is, first of all, the indisputable fact that no other sense establishes such a safe distance between subject and object, distance being the most basic condition for the functioning of vision. "The gain is the concept of objectivity, of the thing as it is in itself as distinct from the thing as it affects me, and from this distinc-

For relief
of dull panes.
Take Glassmasters' hand-made art glass.
Hang our butterflies, racing yachts, owls and more in your windows. Our rich colors won't fade. We guarantee them for 50 years!
We're in fine gift stores everywhere.

glassmasters
Our art glass is made beautiful
to stay beautiful. We guarantee it.
154 West 18th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10011

No.8 in a series of
nice little touches that
make a hotel great.
A refrigerator
in every room.
Toll-free 800-421-8795;
California 800-252-0197.
The New Otani
HOTEL & GARDEN
LOS ANGELES

REMEMBER
LAST SUMMER
FOREVER

Superbly
crafted
14-karat gold
charm replicas of
famous Old Town
canoe or kayak
(shown here actual
size). Minutely
detailed; canoe has
vented seats, tiny
ribs; kayak complete
even to knee braces, rope-
twist grab loops. $75.00 prepaid
includes 14K charm, satin-lined gift
box, handling. In Sterling — $15.00 complete.
Send check or money order to

Old Town
Old Town Canoe Company
11 Lee Street
Old Town, Maine 04468

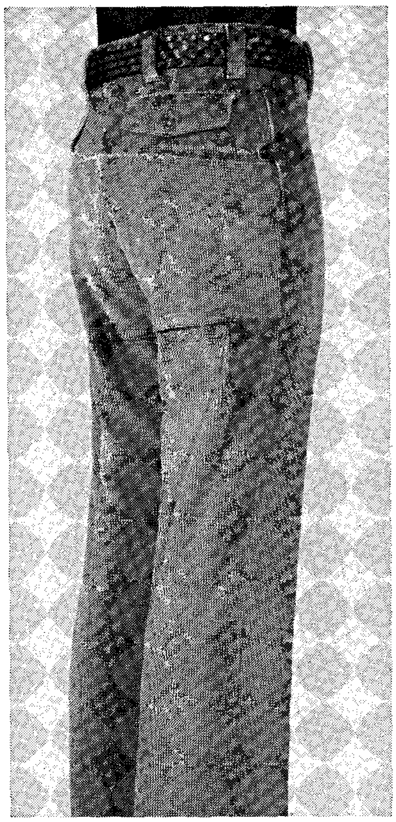
Send me
__14K Canoes __14K Kayaks
__Sterling Canoes __Sterling Kayaks
Name: ________________
Address: ________________
__________ Zip: ______

tion arises the whole idea of *theoria* and theoretical truth." Moreover, sight provides us with a "co-temporaneous manifold," whereas all the other senses, and especially hearing, "construct their perceptual 'unities of a manifold' out of a temporal sequence of sensations." Sight permits "freedom of choice . . . dependent . . . on . . . the fact that in seeing I am not yet engaged by the seen object." The seen object "lets me be as I let it be," whereas the other senses affect me directly. This is especially important for hearing, which is the only possible competitor that sight might have for preëminence, but which finds itself disqualified because it "intrudes upon a passive subject." In hearing, the percipient is at the mercy of something or somebody else. (This may be why the German language derived a whole cluster of words indicating a position of non-freedom from *hören*, to hear: *gehorchen*, *hörig*, *gehören*, to obey, be in bondage, belong.) Most important in our context is the fact that seeing necessarily "introduces the beholder," and for the beholder, in contrast to the auditor, the *present* is not "the point-experience of the passing *now*" but is transformed into a "*dimension* within which things can be beheld . . . as a lasting of the same." Jonas continues, "Only sight therefore provides the sensual basis on which the mind may conceive the idea of the eternal, that which never changes and is always present."

I mentioned before that language, the only medium in which the invisible can become manifest in a world of appearances, is by no means as adequate for that function as our senses are for their business of coping with the perceptible world, and I suggested that the metaphor, in its own way, can cure the defect. The cure has its dangers, and is never wholly adequate, either. The danger lies in the overwhelming evidence the metaphor provides by appealing to the unquestioned testimony of sense experience. Metaphors, therefore, can be used by speculative reason, which, indeed, cannot avoid them, but when they intrude, as is their tendency, on scientific reasoning, they are used and misused to create, and provide plausible evidence for, theories that are actually mere hypotheses and have to be proved or disproved by facts. Hans Blumenberg, in his "Paradigmen zu einer Metaphorologie," has traced certain very common figures of speech, such as the iceberg metaphor and the various sea metaphors, through the centuries of Western thought, and thereby discovered, almost incidentally, to what an extent typically modern pseudo-sciences owe their plausibility to the seeming evidence of metaphor, which they substitute for the lacking evidence of data. His prime example is the consciousness theory of psychoanalysis, in which consciousness is seen as the peak of an iceberg, a mere indication of the floating mass of unconsciousness beneath it. Not only has that theory never been demonstrated but it is undemonstrable in its own terms: the moment a fragment of unconsciousness reaches the peak of the iceberg it becomes conscious and loses all the properties of its alleged origin. Yet the evidence of the iceberg metaphor is so overwhelming that the theory needs neither argument nor demonstration. We would find the metaphor's use unobjectionable if we were told that we were dealing with speculations about something unknown—in the same way that former centuries used analogies for speculations about God. The only trouble is that every such speculation carries with it a mental construct in whose systematic order every datum can find its hermeneutic place with an even more stringent consistency than that provided by a successful scientific theory, since, being a mental construct, without need of any real experience, it does not have to deal with exceptions to the rule.

It would be tempting to believe that metaphorical thought is a danger only when it is resorted to by the pseudo-sciences, and that philosophic thought, if it does not claim demonstrable truth, is safe in using appropriate metaphors. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The thought-systems of the great philosophers and metaphysicians of the past have an uncomfortable resemblance to the mental constructs of the pseudo-sciences, except that the great philosophers, in contrast to their inferior brethren, who are so cocksure, have almost unanimously insisted on something "ineffable" behind the written words—something of which they, when they thought and did not write, were very clearly aware and which nevertheless refused to be pinned down and handed over to others. In short, they insisted that there was something that refused to lend itself to a transformation that would allow it to appear and take its place among the appearances of the world. In retrospect, we are tempted to see these ever-recurring utterances as attempts to warn the reader that he was in danger of a fatal mistake in understanding: What were be-

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



**Soft Cotton Corduroy
Rugged Double-Seated
Swiss Alpine Slacks $44**

Our unique, supremely comfortable Swiss Alpine style trousers of soft, pure cotton corduroy features a rugged double seat for extra long wear. Ideal for hiking, climbing, work or travel. Our fully cut, classic straight leg belt loop model in handsome British Tan shade. Waist sizes 30 to 44; specify inseam length.

☐ *Please send catalogue*

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robert Kirk, Ltd. 011128
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Slacks (86102): Size_____ Inseam _____ Qty____
Check ☐ Chg: M/C ☐ B/A ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐
Card #________________ Expir.______
Add $2 Ship. & Hdlg; Cal. Deliv. Add Sales Tax
Name________________________
Address______________________
____________________ Zip______

THE BELGIAN LOAFER

For Men
The LUI
$85

BELGIAN SHOES
Henri Bendel, Owner-President
60 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK 10022
FREE BROCHURES AVAILABLE
Major Credit Cards Accepted

FUN IN THE SUN

JUST THE GIFT FOR CHRISTMAS AND POINTS SOUTH

About $43
65% polyester
35% cotton
Fully lined
Hand Silk-Screened
Sizes 6-18

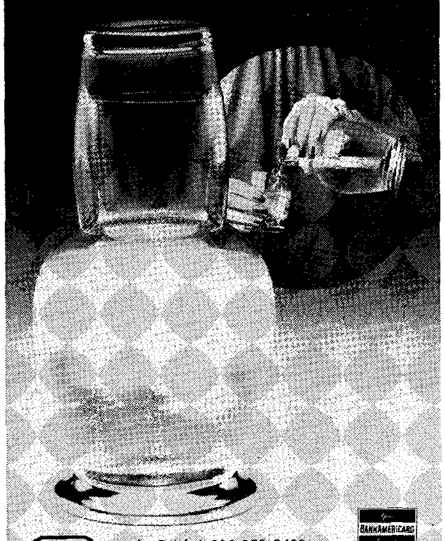
RAIN FROG SHIFT. Move on to the warm climates, and listen for the chirping of lime-green frogs with big blue eyes. Blue-and-green tie belt and rain drops on pure white shift . . . COOL and COMFORTABLE!

VG spoken . . .
at better stores everywhere

VG The Vested Gentress
VALLEY FORGE, PA 19481
(215) 489-1771

GEARY'S
BEVERLY HILLS

All purpose Carafe ... For the office or home in crystal with silverplated base. Simply use the lid as a glass! Holds 2 pints, 12.50 in Calif. add 6% tax



Inside Calif. 1-800-252-0439
Outside Calif. 1-800-424-0566
Local (213) 273-4741 or 272-9334

351 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, Ca. 90210

ing put forward were thoughts, not cognitions—not solid pieces of knowledge which, once acquired, would dispel ignorance—and what, as philosophers, they were primarily concerned with were matters that escaped human knowledge, although they had not escaped human reason but even haunted it. And since in pursuing these questions the philosophers inevitably discovered a great number of things that are indeed knowable—namely, all the laws and axioms of correct thinking and the various theories of knowledge—they themselves very early blurred the distinction between thinking and knowing.

While Plato still held that the true *arche*, beginning and principle, of philosophy is wonder, Aristotle, in the opening paragraphs of the "Metaphysics," interpreted—and was the first to do so—this same wonder as mere astonishment or puzzlement (*aporein*): Through astonishment men become aware of their ignorance of things that may be known, starting with "things close at hand" and progressing "from there to greater matters such as the sun and the moon and the stars and the genesis of all things." Men, he said, "philosophized to escape ignorance," and the Platonic wonder was understood no longer as a principle but, rather, as a mere beginning: "All men begin by wondering . . . but one must end with the opposite and with what is better [than wondering], as is the case when men learn." Hence, Aristotle, though he, too, in a different context, spoke of a truth *aneu logou*, a truth that refused to be expressed in discourse, would not have said, with Plato: Of the subjects that concern me nothing is known, since there exists nothing in writing about them, nor will there ever exist anything in the future. People who write about such things know nothing; they do not even know themselves. For there is no way of putting these things in words, like other things that one can learn. Hence, no one who possesses the true faculty of thinking (*nous*), and therefore knows the weakness of words, will ever risk framing thoughts in discourse, let alone fixing them in so inflexible a form as that of written letters.

We hear the same, almost in the same words, at the end of this whole development. Thus Nietzsche, certainly no Platonist, writes to his friend Overbeck, "My philosophy . . . can no longer be communicated, at least not in print," and, in "Beyond Good and Evil," "One no longer loves one's insight enough when one communicates

The English Officer's Field Bar. (Circa 1821) A tasteful reminder of 19th Century British elegance. Hand crafted of mahogany—beautifully finished. It is an irresistible expression of dignity and classic simplicity. A remarkable offer from us at $39.00 (Add $5 for shipping) Dimensions: 30" high. Tray—18"x30". Collapsible. It's lovely. Send Check or Charge MC/BA. Incl. exp. date. Send $1 for our catalogue.

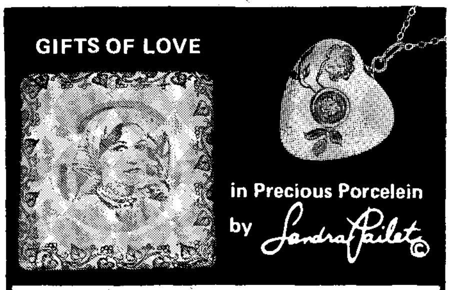
The Bombay Company
P.O. Box 52322—Dept. NY
5256 Magazine Street
New Orleans, Louisiana 70152
Telephone: 504/891-4405

Far from the madding crowd

Just far enough. Midway between Detroit and Metro airport. 180 charming rooms on 23 country-quiet acres, across from Greenfield Village. Let us help you get away from it all. Write. Or call, toll-free, 1-800-323-1776.

The Dearborn Inn
Dearborn, Michigan 48123

GIFTS OF LOVE



in Precious Porcelein by Sandra Pailet

Picture Frame—Square with 2½" Circle center and 24K gold vine design, $30.00. Free brochure on picture frame collection.

Tiny Heart Amulet—24 kt. gold design with .05 ct. diamond on 14 kt. gold 30" chain, $126.00.

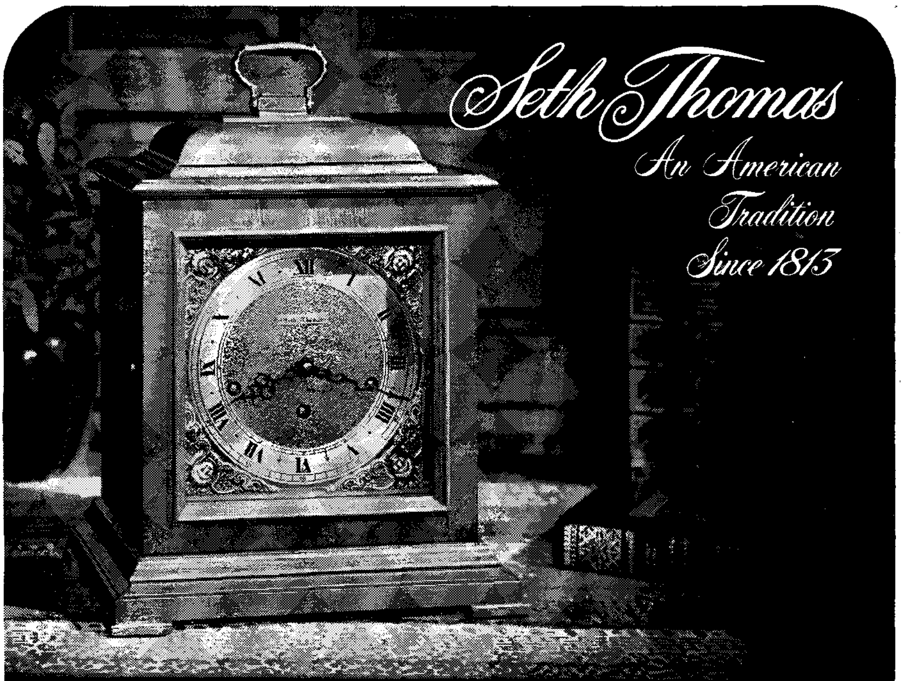
Mail Order: add tax where applicable, plus $2 for handling. Available at fine stores or direct from the famous designer.

25 W.38th St N.Y.C. 10018 (212)221-6976

it." And Heidegger writes not about Nietzsche but about himself when he says, "The internal limit of all thinking . . . is that the thinker never can say what is most his own . . . because the spoken word receives its determination from the ineffable." To which we may add a few remarks by Wittgenstein, whose philosophical investigations center on the ineffable in a relentless effort to *say* what "the case may *be*": "The results of philosophy are the uncovering . . . of *bumps* that the intellect has got by running its head up against the limits of language." These bumps are what I have called here metaphysical fallacies, and the bumps, Wittgenstein says, are what "make us see the value of the discovery." Or: "Philosophical problems arise when language goes on a holiday" ("*wenn die Sprache feiert*"). The German is equivocal: it can mean "to take a holiday"—that would mean here that language ceases to work—and it can mean "to celebrate," and would then signify almost the opposite. Or: "Philosophy is a battle against the bewitchment of our intelligence by means of language." The trouble is, of course, that this battle can be refought only by language.

Let us return to Plato, since he is, as far as I know, the only philosopher of rank who has left us more than occasional remarks on this subject. The main thrust of the argument in the "Seventh Letter" is not against speaking but against writing. This repeats in abbreviated form the objections already raised against writing in the "Phaedrus." There is, first, the fact that writing "will implant forgetfulness;" relying on the written word, men "cease to exercise memory." There is, second, the written word's "majestic silence;" it can neither give account of itself nor answer questions. Third, it cannot choose whom to address, falls into wrong hands, and "drifts all over the place;" ill-treated and abused, it is unable to defend itself. The best that one can say for it is that it is a harmless "pastime," collecting "a store of refreshment . . . against the day 'when oblivious age comes,' " or a "recreation [indulged in] as others regale themselves with drinking parties and the like." But in the "Seventh Letter" Plato goes further: he does not mention his *agrapha dogmata* (the so-called unwritten teaching), which we know about through a remark by Aristotle, but he implicitly denies them when he explicitly asserts that "these things cannot be put into words like other things we learn."

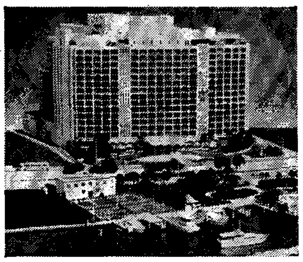
This is very different from what we



It's designed to enhance the most tasteful decor . . . the superb Legacy by Seth Thomas. Crafted in solid mahogany, its case is handsomely finished in glowing walnut. Melodic Westminster chimes signal every quarter hour. Antique brass-finished dial and handle add to its stately look. Another example of Seth Thomas 'elegance and excellence,' available at all fine stores throughout the country. For illustrated catalog showing other styles, send $1 to Dept. N-37, Seth Thomas, Thomaston, Conn. 06787.

LEGACY IV, 8 day keywound, 14½" h. $259.95

A TALLEY INDUSTRIES Company



THE UNEXPECTED MIAMI BEACH VACATION

What makes a vacation at the Carriage House so delightfully different is the uncommon pleasures that accompany it.

Take our junior suite for example. Not only does it provide you with a lot more room in your room, but it costs less than the standard room at neighboring hotels. Comes with its own kitchen, dining area and private terrace, too.

But our food alone would be reason enough to vacation here. Because the Carriage House is the site of one of the city's most outstanding continental restaurants—Bernard's.

What's more, you'll be able to while away sunny days enjoying some of the most extraordinary facilities on Miami Beach. Our private yacht club and marina. Health Club and Solarium. Saunas. Hand-painted pool. Lighted tennis courts. Private beach.

And you'll find our facilities refreshingly free from the hustling, bustling convention atmosphere. (After all, why should someone else's business interfere with your pleasure?)

This year, treat yourself to one of life's unexpected pleasures.

CARRIAGE HOUSE
Hotel, Yacht & Tennis Club.
On the ocean at 54th and Collins Avenue.
Miami Beach, Fla. 33140 (305) 865-4100.

The Preferred Alternative in Los Angeles

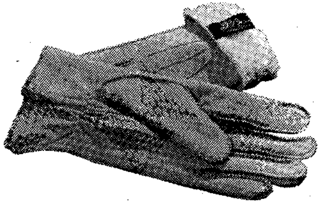
Hernando Courtright's Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

A member of a select group of 26 individually owned and managed hotels, The Preferred Hotels Association. Each known for its ambience, its discreet luxury and outstanding cuisine.

Beverly Wilshire Hotel

Beverly Hills/Los Angeles
(213) 275-4282
Toll free reservations: 800-323-7500
In Canada—800-261-6353 In Illinois—800-942-7400

L.L.Bean tm
Outdoor Sporting Specialties



Pile Lined Gloves
(For Men and Women)

Leather is strong and supple sueded deerskin. Fully lined with warm, soft "Nu-Lamb" acrylic pile. A good looking and comfortably fitting glove for cold weather driving and casual wear. Color, Natural. Women's sizes: Small, Medium and Large. Women's Pile Lined Gloves, $11.75 ppd. Men's sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. Men's Pile Lined Gloves, $12.25 ppd.

Please Ship Postpaid
____Women's Pile Lined Gloves @ $11.75
Size ____
____Men's Pile Lined Gloves @ $12.25
Size ____
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Charge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express

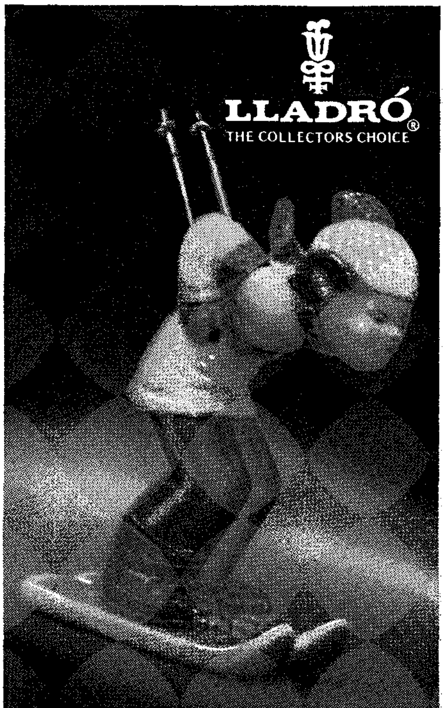
Card Number
☐ SEND FREE CATALOG Expiration Date
Name
Address
City
State Zip

L.L. Bean, Inc.
874 Casco St. Freeport, Me. 04033

read in the Platonic dialogues (though that is no reason to believe that the "Seventh Letter" is spurious). Thus we read in the "Statesman" about "likenesses" between the visible and the invisible: "Likenesses which the senses can grasp are available in nature to those real existents . . . so that when someone asks for an account of these existents one has no trouble at all—one can simply indicate the sensible likeness and dispense with any account in words. But to the highest and most important class of existents there are no corresponding visible resemblances. . . . In these cases nothing visible can be pointed out to satisfy the inquiring mind. . . . Therefore we must train ourselves to give . . . an account in words of every existing thing. For the existents which have no visible embodiment, the existents which are of the highest value and the chief importance, are demonstrable only in speech [*logos*] and are not to be apprehended by any other means." In the "Phaedrus," Plato contrasts the written word with the spoken word as it is used in "the art of talking things through" ("*techne dialektike*")—the "living speech, the original, of which the written discourse may fairly be called a kind of image." The art of living speech is praised because it knows how to select its listeners, because it is not barren (*akarpoi*) but contains a semen whence different *logoi*, words and arguments, grow up in different listeners, so that the seed may become immortal. But if in thinking we carry out this dialogue with ourselves, it is as though we were "writing words in our souls;" at such times "our soul is like a book," but a book that no longer contains words. Following the writer, a second craftsman intervenes as we are thinking, and he is a "painter," who paints in our soul those images which correspond to the written words. "This happens when we have drawn these opinions and spoken assertions away from sight or any other perception, so that we now somehow *see* the images of what we first opined and spoke about."

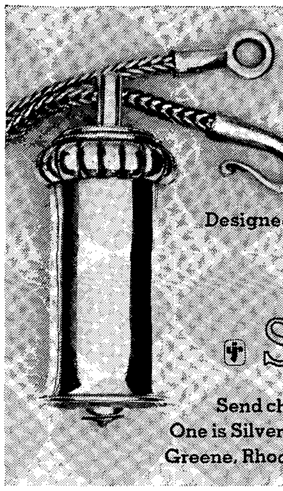
In the "Seventh Letter," Plato tells us briefly how this twofold transformation may possibly come to pass: meaning how it is that our sense perception can be *talked about* and how this talking about (*dialegesthai*) is again transformed, into an image visible only to the soul. We have names for what we see—for instance, the name "circle" for something round. This name can be explained in speech (*logos*) in sentences "composed of nouns and verbs," and we say the circle is "a thing that

LLADRÓ®
THE COLLECTORS CHOICE



"Skier Puppet", 7" high
glaze finish
superbly executed by world famous
Porcelanas Lladro of Spain.

Exclusive Importers
WEIL CERAMICS & GLASS, INC.
225 Fifth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10010



Sterling silver Bell Pendant, on 17" woven chain with hook and eye closure. $125.00

Designed and Crafted by
One is Silver
(401)397-9660
Send check or M.O. to:
One is Silver, RFD 1, Box 10,
Greene, Rhode Island 02827

Blackcurrant Pastilles

The Original English Formula.
The Original English Taste.

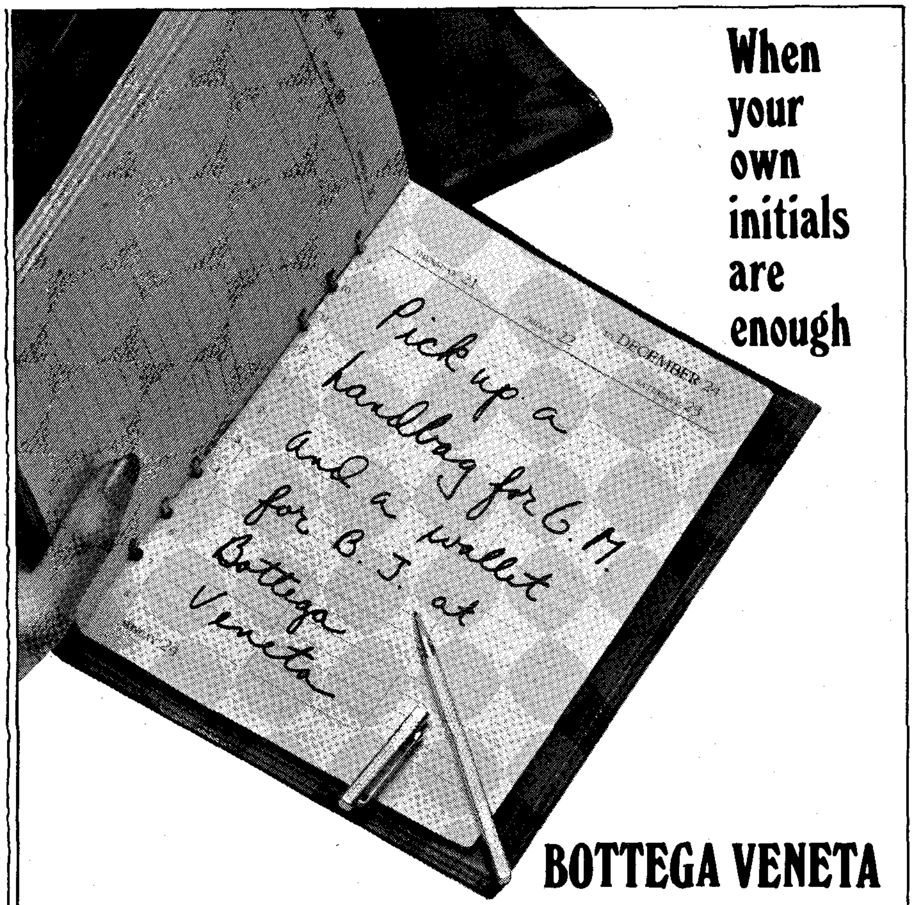
Back again—at better stores and pharmacies.

Imported exclusively by
Cody-Kramer, Inc.
1142 Lexington Ave., New York, New York 10021

has everywhere equal distances between its extremities and its center." The sentences can lead to the making of circles, of images (*eidolon*) that can be "drawn and erased, turned out and destroyed"—processes, of course, that do not affect *the* circle as such, which is different from all these circles. Knowledge and mind (*nous*) grasp the essential circle—that is, what all circles have in common, something that "lies neither in the sounds [of speech] nor in the shapes of bodies but in the soul"—and this circle is clearly "different from the real circle," perceived first in nature by the eyes of the body, and different, too, from circles drawn according to verbal explanation. This circle in the soul is perceived by the mind (*nous*), which "is closest to it in affinity and likeness." And this inner intuition alone can be called truth.

Truth of the evidential kind, construed on the principle of things perceived by our bodily vision, can be arrived at through the guidance (*diagoge*) of words in the *dialegesthai*, the discursive train of thought that can be silent or spoken between teacher and disciple, "moving up and down," inquiring into "what is true and what is false." But the result, since it is supposed to be an intuition, and not a conclusion, will follow suddenly after a long period of questions and answers—"when a flash of insight [*phronesis*] about everything blazes up, and the mind . . . is flooded with light." This truth is itself beyond words. Names from which the thinking process starts are unreliable ("Nothing prevents the things that are now called round from being called straight and the straight round"), and words, the reasoned discourse of speech that seeks to explain, are "weak;" they offer no more than "a little guidance" to "kindle the light in the soul as from a leaping spark which, once generated, becomes self-sustaining."

I have cited these few pages from the "Seventh Letter" at some length because they offer an otherwise unavailable insight into a possible incompatibility between intuition (the guiding metaphor for philosophical truth) and speech (the medium in which thinking manifests itself): the former always presents us with a co-temporaneous manifold, whereas the latter necessarily discloses itself in a sequence of words and sentences. That the latter was a mere instrument for the former was axiomatic even for Plato and remained axiomatic throughout the history of philosophy. Thus Kant still says,


Pick up a handbag for G.M. And a wallet for B.J. at Bottega Veneta
DECEMBER 24

When your own initials are enough

BOTTEGA VENETA

Madras leather agenda. In black, tan, brown or burgundy. 105.00. Tulled sterling silver pen, 50.00. Please send color preference, name, address and check to Bottega Veneta, 655 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021. Add 2.00 shipping. N.Y. Residents please add sales tax.
Major credit cards honored

GET SOME RHYTHM

Get "Gershwin On Broadway." You'll get the wonderful, marvelous and delightful Gershwin overtures conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas and performed by the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra.

MICHAEL TILSON THOMAS
GERSHWIN ON BROADWAY
BUFFALO PHILHARMONIC

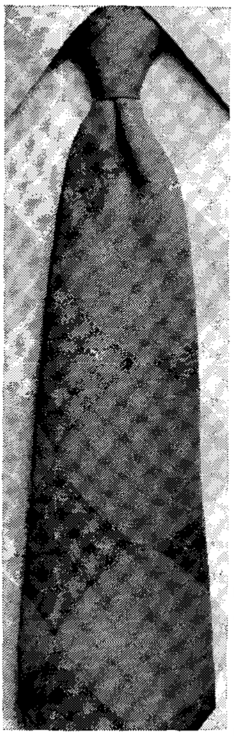
Overtures to:
Of Thee I Sing/Strike Up The Band/Funny Face
Oh, Kay!/Let 'Em Eat Cake/Girl Crazy

M 34542

On Columbia Records and Tapes.

"COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. © 1977 CBS INC

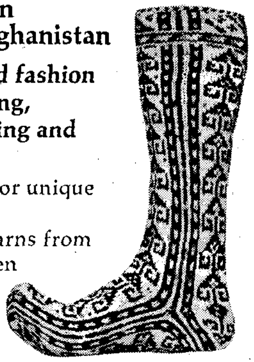
Adolfo
... the purist



Adolfo designs
a tie for the hard
to please. His
subtle signature
logo is on 100%
silk crepe de
chine and he has
it handmade in
Italy. Indulge.
Navy, dusty blue,
hunter green,
black, dark brown,
champagne,
sandalwood,
pearl grey or
burgundy. 13.50
Call toll free
800-227-3102
(U.S., except CA.,
Hawaii, Alaska);
CA., 800-652-1631;
8 a.m.-6 p.m.
Mon.-Sat.;
12 p.m.-5 p.m. Sun.
or write

Roos Atkins
799 MARKET STREET · SAN FRANCISCO 94103

The BUZKASHI Sock
The UNUSUAL GIFT



Handcrafted in Afghanistan

For warmth and fashion – great for skiing, walking, lounging and hiking.

- Design and color unique to each pair
- Wool/rayon yarns from U.S. and Sweden

$12 each pair
Two pair **$22**

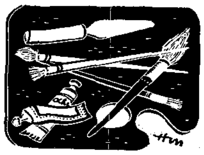
BUZKASHI
214 E. 53rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
M/C ☐ Visa B/A ☐ Am. Ex. ☐
Card # Exp. Date
Signature

Quantity	Each Price	Shoe Size	Amt
To order by phone: (212) 752-9716		N.Y. State Res. add 8% Sales Tax	
		Add $1.50 per order Shipping:	
		TOTAL AMT	

NYR-77/11-2

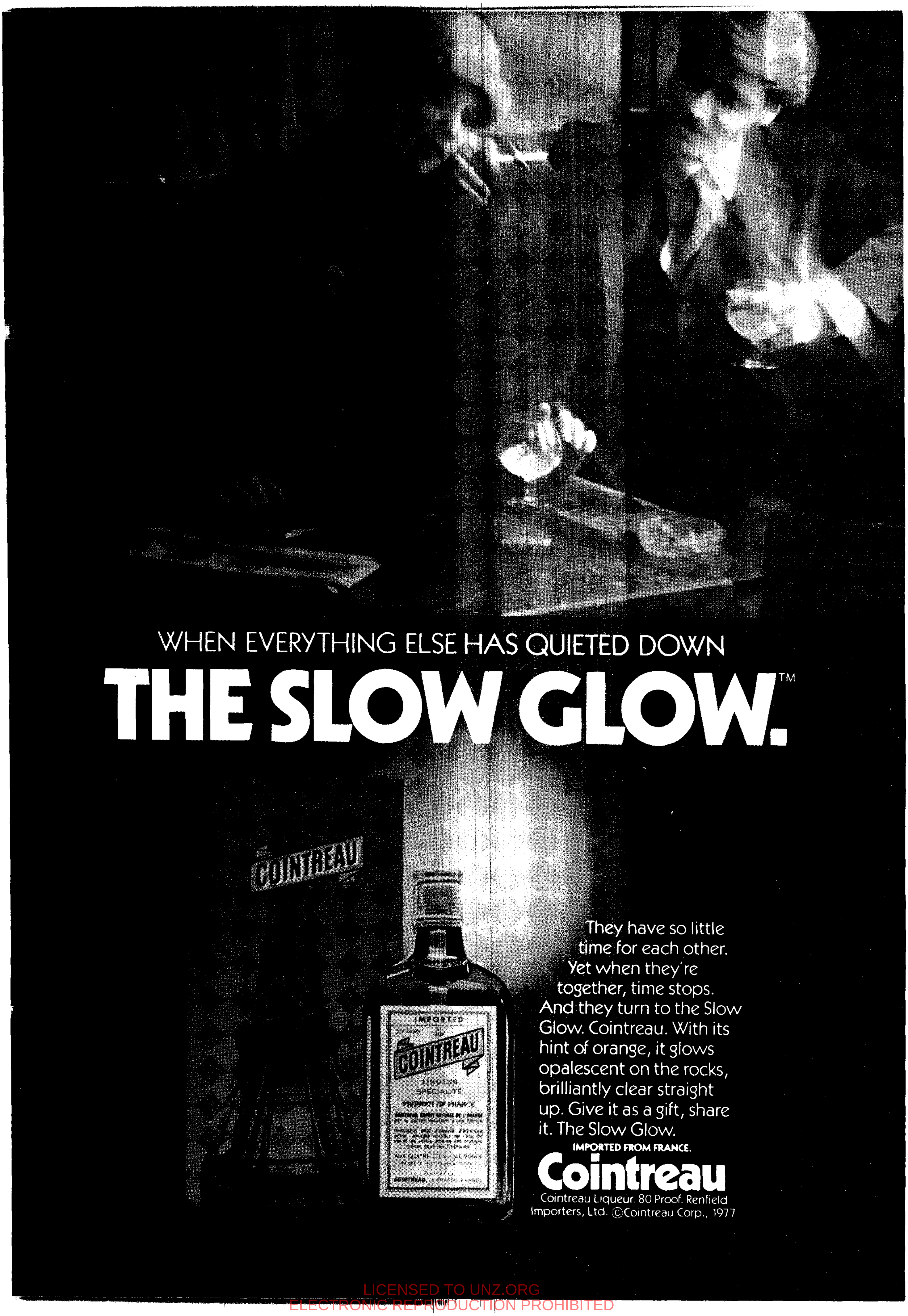
"*Worauf alles Denken als Mittel abzweckt,* [*ist*] *die Anschauung*" ("All thinking is a means of reaching intuition"). And here is Heidegger: "The *dialegesthai* has in itself a tendency toward a *noein,* a seeing. . . . It lacks the proper means of *theorein* itself. . . . This is the basic meaning of Plato's dialectic, that it tends toward a vision, a disclosure, that it prepares the original intuition through the discourses. . . . The *logos* remains tied to vision; if speech separates itself from the evidence given in intuition, it degenerates into idle talk, which prevents seeing. *Legein* is rooted in seeing, *horan.*"



Heidegger's interpretation is borne out by a passage in Plato's "Philebus," in which the inward dialogue of me with myself is once more mentioned, but now on its most elementary level: A man sees an object in the distance and, *since he happens to be alone,* he asks *himself:* What is it that appears there? He answers his own question: It is a man. "[If] he had someone with him he would put what he said to himself into actual speech, addressed to his companion, audibly uttering the same thoughts. . . . Whereas if he is alone he continues thinking the same thing by himself." The truth here is the seen evidence, and speaking, as well as thinking, is authentic to the extent that it follows the seen evidence, appropriates it by translating it into words; the moment this speech becomes separated from the seen evidence—for instance, when other people's opinions or thoughts are repeated—it acquires the same inauthenticity that for Plato characterizes the image as compared to the original.

Among the outstanding peculiarities of our senses is the fact that they cannot be translated into each other—no sound can be seen, no image can be heard, and so on—though they are bound together by common sense, which for this reason alone is the greatest of them all. I have quoted Aquinas as calling it "the one faculty [that] extends to all objects of the five senses." Language, corresponding to or following common sense, gives an object its common name; this commonness not only is the decisive factor for intersubjective communication—the same object being perceived by different persons and common to them—but also serves to identify a datum that appears altogether differently to different senses: hard or soft when I touch it, sweet or bitter when I taste it, bright or dark when I see it, sounding in different tones when I hear it. None of these sensations can be adequately described in words. Our cognitive senses, seeing and hearing, have little more affinity with words than the lower senses of smell, taste, and touch. Something smells *like* a rose, tastes *like* pea soup, feels *like* velvet—that is as far as we can go. "A rose is a rose is a rose."

All this, of course, is only another way of saying that in the metaphysical tradition truth, understood in terms of the sight metaphor, is ineffable by definition. We know from the Hebrew tradition what happens to truth if the guiding metaphor is not vision but hearing (in many respects more akin than sight to thinking, because of its ability to follow sequences). The Hebrew God can be heard but not seen, and truth therefore becomes invisible: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above or that is on the earth beneath." *The invisibility of truth in the Hebrew religion is as axiomatic as its ineffability in Greek philosophy.* Yet all later philosophy derived its axiomatic assumptions from the Greek. And while truth understood in terms of hearing demands obedience, truth understood in terms of vision relies on the same powerful self-evidence that forces us to admit the identity of an object the moment it is before our eyes. Metaphysics, the "awesome science" that, in Aristotle's words, "beholds what is insofar as it is" ("*episteme he theorei to on he on*"), could discover a truth that "forced men by the force of necessity" ("*hyp' autes tes aletheias anagkazomenoi*") because it relied on the same imperviousness to contradiction we know so well from sight experiences. For no discourse, whether dialectical in the Socratic-Platonic sense or logical, using established rules to draw conclusions from accepted premises, or rhetorical-persuasive can ever match the simple, unquestioned, and unquestionable certainty of visible evidence. "What is it that appears there? It is a man." This is the perfect "*adequatio rei et intellectus*" ("the agreement of knowledge with its object"), which even for Kant was still the definite definition of truth. Kant, however, was aware that for this truth "no general criterion can be demanded," since it "would . . . be self-contradictory": Truth as self-evidence does not need any criterion; it *is* the criterion, the final arbiter, of everything that may follow. Thus Heidegger, discussing the traditional truth concept in


COINTREAU
IMPORTED
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
SPÉCIALITÉ
PRODUIT DE FRANCE

WHEN EVERYTHING ELSE HAS QUIETED DOWN

THE SLOW GLOW.™

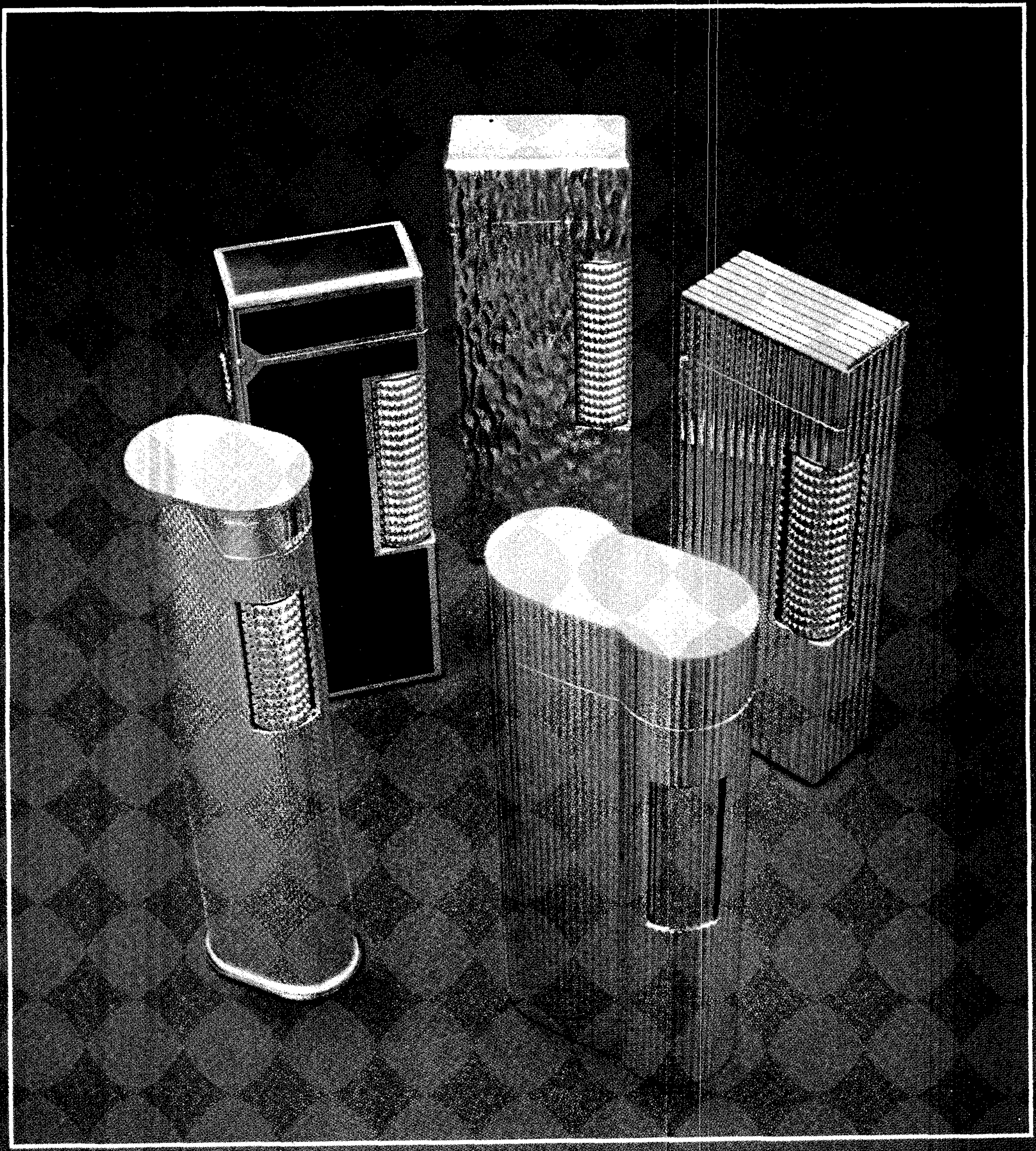
They have so little time for each other. Yet when they're together, time stops. And they turn to the Slow Glow. Cointreau. With its hint of orange, it glows opalescent on the rocks, brilliantly clear straight up. Give it as a gift, share it. The Slow Glow.

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE.

Cointreau

Cointreau Liqueur. 80 Proof. Renfield Importers, Ltd. ©Cointreau Corp., 1977

dunhill LONDON

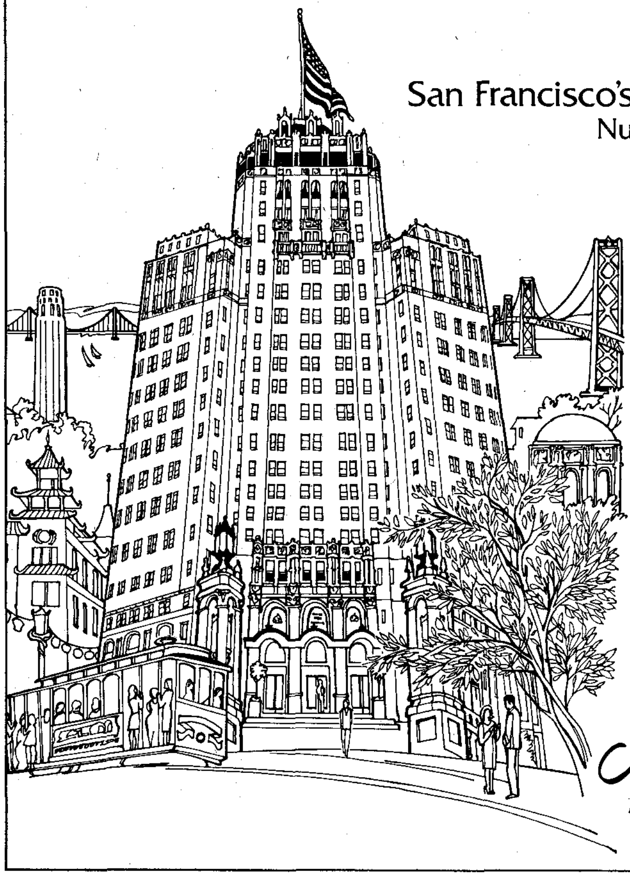


The world's most exclusive lighters are made for Dunhill.
To see more of the incomparable Dunhill collection of cigars, pipes and *other accessories*, visit
Alfred Dunhill of London, Fifth Avenue at 50th Street, New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco, Dallas and Houston.

"Sein und Zeit," illustrates it as follows: "Let us suppose that someone with his back turned to the wall makes the true assumption that 'the picture on the wall is hanging askew.' The assertion is confirmed when the man who makes it turns around and perceives the picture hanging askew on the wall."

The difficulties to which the "awesome science" of metaphysics has given rise since its inception could possibly all be summed up in the natural tension between *theoria* and *logos*, between seeing and reasoning with words, whether in the form of "dialectics" (*dia-legesthai*) or, on the contrary, in the form of the "syllogism" (*syl-logizesthai*)—i.e., whether it takes things, especially opinions, apart by means of words or brings them together in a discourse depending for its truth content on a primary premise perceived by intuition, by the *nous*, which is not subject to error, because it is not *meta logou*, sequential to words. If philosophy is the mother of the sciences, it is itself the science of the beginnings and principles of science, of the *archai;* and these *archai*, which then become the topic of Aristotelian metaphysics, can no longer be derived—they are given to the mind in self-evident intuition.

What recommended sight to be the guiding metaphor in philosophy—and, along with sight, intuition as the ideal of truth—was not just the "nobility" of this most cognitive of our senses but the very early notion that the philosopher's quest for meaning was identical with the scientist's quest for knowledge. Here it is worth recalling the strange turn that Aristotle, in the first chapter of the "Metaphysics," gave to Plato's proposition that *thaumazein*, wonder, is the beginning of all philosophy. But the identification of truth with meaning was made, of course, even earlier. For knowledge is indeed the result of a searching for what we are accustomed to call truth, and the highest, ultimate form of cognitive truth is indeed intuition. All knowledge starts from investigating the appearances as they are given to our senses, and if the scientist then wants to go on and find out the causes of the visible effects, his ultimate aim is to make appear whatever may be hidden behind mere surfaces. This is true even of the most complicated mechanical instruments, which are designed to catch what is hidden from the naked eye. In the last analysis, confirmation of any scientist's theory comes about through sense evidence—just as in the simplistic model I took out of Heidegger. The

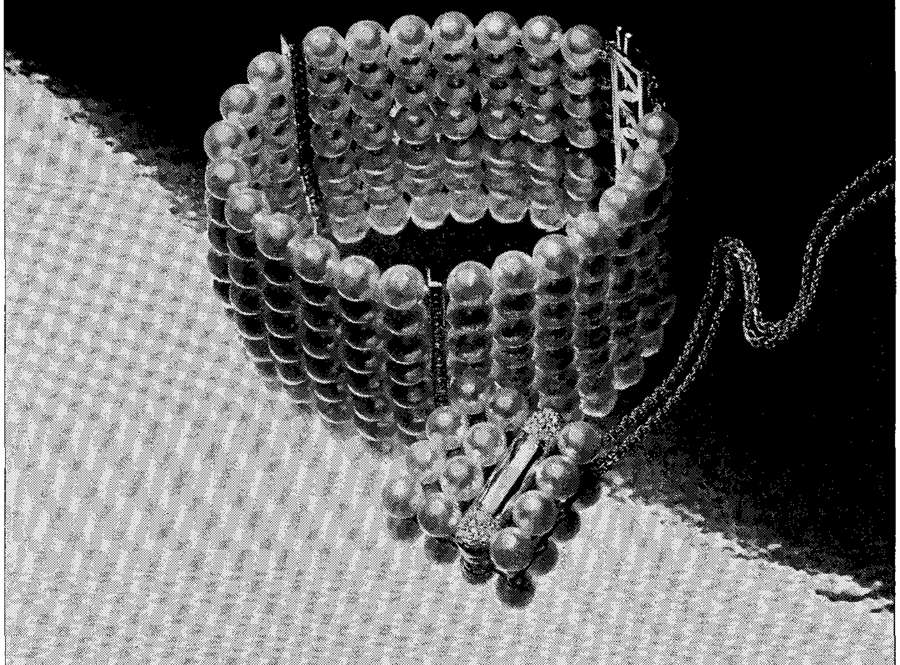


San Francisco's Finest Location
Number One Nob Hill

Cable cars stop at your doorstep. Tourist attractions and shopping are just moments away. Plus...the world-famous Top of the Mark and Nob Hill Restaurant are right in your hotel. Come. Enjoy the grand style of The Mark.

Call your travel agent or dial toll free for reservations.
800-621-1155

THE Mark Hopkins
AN INTER•CONTINENTAL HOTEL

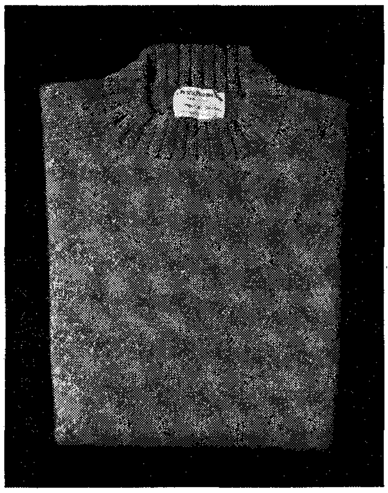


TURN AN ORDINARY EVENING INTO A CULTURAL EVENT.

MIKIMOTO
CULTURED PEARLS

See our Christmas collection at:
Mikimoto New York
608 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020
TEL (212) 586-7153

A. Peter Pushbottom
New York



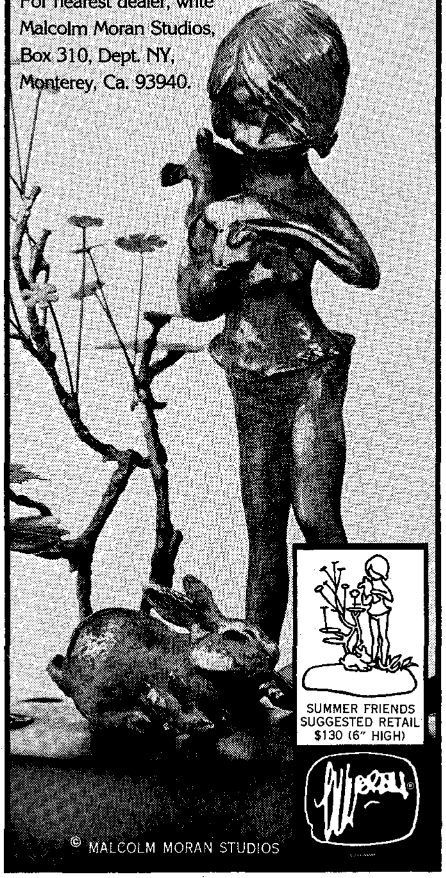
The Classic Shetland.
100% virgin shetland wool from the Shetland-Isles. Hand-loomed and fully-fashioned in the U.S.A.

Ladies crewneck	*$22.*	*S,M,L*
Mens crewneck	*$22.*	*S,M,L,XL*
Ladies Turtleneck	*$25.*	*S,M,L*

Red, Navy, Beige, Oxford Gray, Lt. Blue, Yellow, Ivory, Seafoam Green, Fuchsia
Postage and Handling $2.85
Add sales tax as applicable
Catalogue available

A. Peter Pushbottom
1157 Second Avenue (61 St.)
New York, New York 10021

Relive your childhood dreams. Treasured moments of childhood joy, recreated in bronze by Malcolm Moran. Suggested retail: $55 to $800. For nearest dealer, write
Malcolm Moran Studios,
Box 310, Dept. NY,
Monterey, Ca. 93940.



SUMMER FRIENDS
SUGGESTED RETAIL
$130 (6" HIGH)

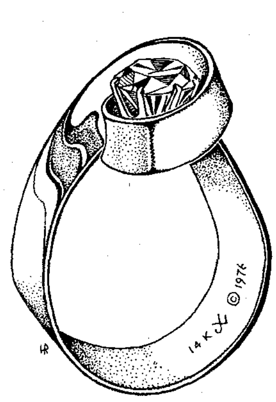
© MALCOLM MORAN STUDIOS

tension I alluded to between vision and speech does not enter here; on this level, as in the example quoted, speech quite adequately translates vision. (It would be different if the content of the painting, and not just its position on the wall, had to be expressed in words.) The very fact that mathematical symbols can be substituted for actual words and be even more expressive of the underlying phenomena that are forced by instruments to appear, as it were, against their own bent demonstrates the superior efficacy of sight metaphors to make manifest whatever does not need speech as a conveyor.

Yet thinking, in contrast to cognitive activities that may use thinking as one of their instruments, needs speech not only to sound out and become manifest but to be activated at all. And since speech is enacted in sequences of sentences, the end of thinking can never be an intuition; nor can it be confirmed by some piece of self-evidence beheld in speechless contemplation. If thinking, guided by the old sight metaphor and misunderstanding itself and its function, expects "truth" from its activity, this truth is ineffable not only by definition. "Like children trying to catch smoke by closing their hands, philosophers so often see the object they would grasp fly before them": Bergson, the last philosopher to believe firmly in "intuition," described what really happened to thinkers of that school. And the reason for the "failure" is simply that nothing expressed in words can ever attain to the immobility of an object of mere contemplation. Compared to an object of contemplation, meaning, which can be uttered and spoken about, is slippery; if the philosopher wants to *see* and *grasp* it, it "slips away" (Bergson).

Since Bergson, the use of the sight metaphor in philosophy has kept dwindling, not unsurprisingly, as emphasis and interest have shifted entirely from contemplation to speech, from *nous* to *logos*. With this shift, the criterion for truth has shifted from the agreement of knowledge with its object—the *adequatio rei et intellectus*, understood as analogous to the agreement of vision with the seen object—to the mere *form* of thinking, whose basic rule is the axiom of non-contradiction, of consistency with itself; that is, to what Kant still understood as the merely "negative touchstone of truth": "Beyond the sphere of analytic knowledge it has, as a *sufficient* criterion of truth, no authority and no field of application." In the few modern philosophers who still cling, however tenuously and

©1977



Precious Tourmaline Gemstone of light red from the Plumbago Mine in Newry, Maine—set in a ring of 14 Karat yellow gold—$250.00.

Designed & Made by
John Lewis, inc.
97 Newbury Street
Boston, Massachusetts • 02116
subject to previous sale • Drawn 2× actual size
Postfree with correct ring size.
Mass. residents add 5% sales tax.

PENNA. DUTCH TASTE TREAT!

WEAVER'S *famous*
SMOKED BACON
Gourmet quality! Full slab or sliced!
Our bacon is trimmed from choice, carefully selected corn-fed porkers, then smoked in our old-fashioned smokehouses. The thick billowy smoke completely penetrates the bacon from both sides, producing an exceptionally rich smoky flavor.
Send for yours today! Money-back guarantee!
6 to 8 lb. slab—**$2.50** lb. ppd.
4 1-lb. pkgs. sliced—**$10.75** ppd.
No C.O.D. Send check, M.O. or use Bank Americard, Master Charge, or American Express. Include all numbers and your signature.
SEND FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG OF WEAVER'S SMOKED MEATS.
WEAVER'S P.O. BOX 525-D31
LEBANON, PA. 17042

MAXIM'S
de PARIS
Luncheon • Dinner • Dancing
1300 N. Astor St.• Chicago, Il. 60610 • WH3-1111

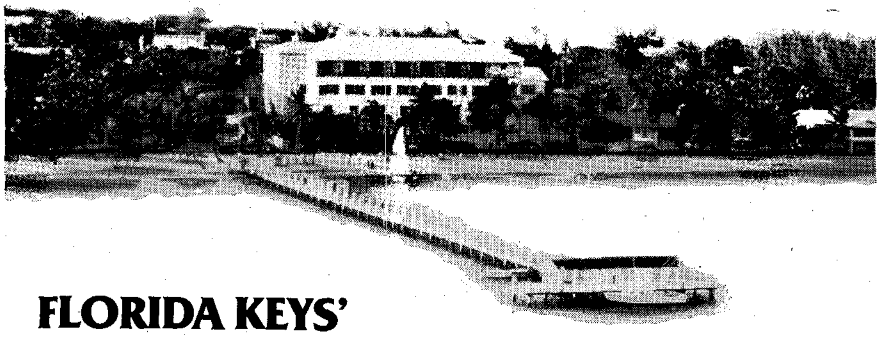
doubtfully, to the traditional assumptions of metaphysics, in Heidegger and Walter Benjamin, the old sight metaphor has not altogether disappeared but has shrunk, as it were: in Benjamin truth "slips by" (*huscht vorüber*); in Heidegger the moment of illumination is understood as "lightning" (*Blitz*) and is finally replaced by an altogether different metaphor, *das Geläut der Stille*, "the ringing sound of silence." In terms of the tradition, the latter metaphor is the closest approximation to the illumination arrived at in speechless contemplation. For though the metaphor for the end and culmination of the thinking process is now drawn from the sense of hearing, it does not in the least correspond to listening to an articulated sequence of sounds, as when we hear a melody, but, again, to an immobile mental state of sheer receptivity. And since thinking, the silent dialogue of me with myself, is sheer activity of the mind combined with complete immobility of the body ("Never is a man more active than when he does nothing," said Cato), the difficulties created by metaphors drawn from the sense of hearing would be as great as the difficulties created by the metaphor of vision. Bergson, still so firmly attached to the metaphor of intuition for the ideal of truth, speaks of the "essentially active, I might almost say violent, character of metaphysical intuition," without being aware of the contradiction between the quiet of contemplation and any activity, let alone a violent one. And Aristotle speaks of "philosophical activity [*energeia*]" as "the perfect and unhindered activity which [for this very reason] harbors within itself the sweetest of all delights" ("*Alla men he ge teleia energeia kai akolytos en heaute echei to chairein, hoste an eie he theoretike energeia pason hediste*").

In other words, the chief difficulty here seems to be that for thinking itself—whose language is entirely metaphorical, and whose conceptual framework depends entirely on the gift of the metaphor, which bridges the gulf between the visible and the invisible, the world of appearances and the thinking ego—there exists no metaphor: none that could plausibly illuminate this special activity of the mind, in which something invisible within us deals with the invisibles of the world. All metaphors drawn from the senses will lead us into difficulties for the simple reason that all our senses are essentially cognitive, and hence, if they are viewed in the mode of activities, have an end outside themselves; they are not *energeia*, an end in itself, but instru-

"Yes, that cute little Monica just beat me. And yes, the turkey was using a Prince racket."

prince TENNIS RACKET.

For people who, given a choice, would rather win than lose.



FLORIDA KEYS'
MOST PRIVATE RESORT GOES PUBLIC.

For years, Cheeca Lodge in Islamorada was a secret winter hideaway for the rich. With exceptional surroundings and service.

The surroundings and service are still great, but, thanks to new owners, it's now a year-round resort for everyone. Casual and informal. 25 acres of the greatest escape this side of the Caribbean.

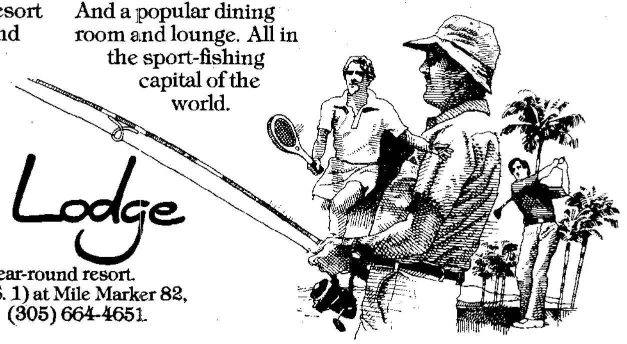
With an 1,100-foot ocean beach. 525-foot lighted fishing pier. Four lighted tennis courts. An executive golf course. Two freshwater pools. Playground. Spacious guest rooms and villas. And a popular dining room and lounge. All in the sport-fishing capital of the world.

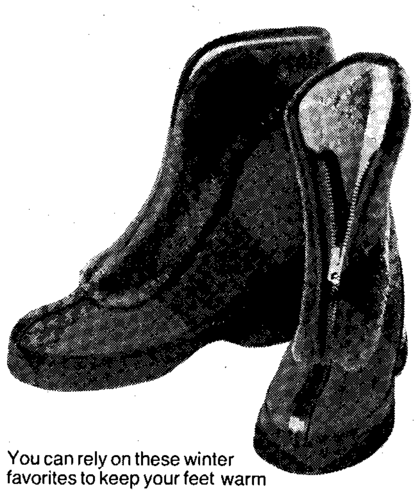
It's the most complete family resort in the Florida Keys.

Call your travel agent or toll-free (outside Florida) 800-327-2888. Miami direct line: 245-3755.

Cheeca Lodge

The Keys' most complete year-round resort.
On Overseas Highway (U.S. 1) at Mile Marker 82,
Islamorada, Florida 33036. (305) 664-4651.



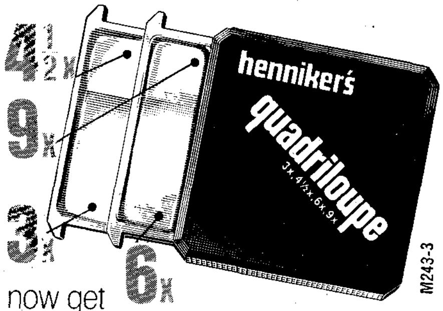


You can rely on these winter favorites to keep your feet warm and dry! Our famous storm boots are made of genuine suede and leather, treated for water-repellency and comfortably lined with soft wool pile. Non-slip crepe soles. Best of all, they can be worn over any shoe, high or low heel. Once you've tried them, you'll never want to be without them. Brown or black. Whole sizes 6-10, Medium, to fit shoe sizes 5½-10 (please state shoe size). $40.
Add $2 for postage. Order by mail, or phone 617-749-7830. Master Charge, BankAmericard or American Express. Prompt shipment. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send for our free catalog.

The Talbots

DEPT. SN, HINGHAM, MA. 02043
Stores in: Acton, Duxbury, Lenox, So. Hamilton, MA.; Avon, Hamden, CT.



now get
FOUR GREAT MAGNIFIERS
in one with... incomparable
Quadriloupe...

$6.66 Now — real breakthrough in optics. **Quadriloupe**, just 2"x 2," scant oz. offers four different magnifiers in one amazing instrument. How is this marvel achieved? By combining two double lenses that slide against each other, giving you choice of 3x, 4½x, 6x and (hard to believe) 9x magnification, all in brilliantly clear and undistorted field. This little marvel comes from Germany where they still know how to make superb optics. And best surprise is price — imagine just $6.66. Shouldn't you have your own **Quadriloupe!**

779 Bush St., Box 7584
San Francisco, 94120
henniker's

Mail to **Henniker's,** 779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco 94120
Yes, I want to take four close looks in one. Please send me:
_____ **Quadriloupes** @ 6.66. each YN1128
○ Save: Six (6) **Quadriloupes** for just $36.66.
☐ My check for this amount, plus $1 for post. and insur. (plus sales tax for California delivery) is enclosed.
My name is ________________
I live at ________________
City/State/Zip ________________

ments enabling us to know and deal with the world.

Thinking is out of order because the quest for meaning produces no end result that will survive the activity—that will make sense after the activity has come to its end. In other words, the delight of which Aristotle speaks, though manifest to the thinking ego, is ineffable by definition. The only possible metaphor one may conceive of for the life of the mind is the sensation of being alive. *Without the breath of life the human body is a corpse; without thinking the human mind is dead.* This, in fact, is the metaphor that Aristotle tried out in the famous seventh chapter of Book Lambda of the "Metaphysics": "The activity of thinking [*energeia* that has its end in itself] is life." Its inherent law, which only a god can tolerate forever, man merely now and then, during which time he is godlike, is Aristotle's "unceasing motion, which is motion in a circle"—the only movement that never reaches an end or results in an end product. This very strange notion that the authentic process of thinking—namely, the *noesis noeseos*—turns in circles (the most glorious justification in philosophy of the circular argument) has, oddly, never worried either the philosophers or Aristotle's interpreters: partly, perhaps, because of the frequent mistranslations of *nous* and *theoria* as "knowledge," which always reaches an end and produces an end result. If thinking were a cognitive enterprise, it would have to follow a rectilinear motion, starting from the quest for its object and ending with cognition of it. Aristotle's circular motion, taken together with the life metaphor, suggests a quest for meaning that for man as a thinking being accompanies life and ends only in death. The circular motion is a metaphor drawn from the life process, which, though it goes from birth to death, also turns in circles as long as man is alive. This simple experience of the thinking ego has proved striking enough for the notion of the circular movement to be repeated by other thinkers, even though it stands in flagrant contradiction to their traditional assumption that truth is the result of thinking, that there is such a thing as Hegel's "speculative cognition." We find Hegel saying, without any reference to Aristotle, "Philosophy forms a circle. . . . [It] is a sequence which does not hang in the air; it is not something which begins from nothing at all; on the contrary, *it circles back into itself*" (italics added). And we find the same notion at the

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS

It's Bahlsen's Knusperhaus. The enchanting build-it-yourself cookie house your whole family will enjoy. Delightful to assemble, delicious to eat, it's the unforgettable holiday decoration kids will love, friends will appreciate. Now on display at fine stores everywhere.

TREAT YOURSELF...
ENJOY BAHLSEN

Bahlsen

©1977 BAHLSEN OF NORTH AMERICA, INC

LADIES' BLAZER

Ladies' mid-weight 100% navy blue flannel blazer, $155. Sizes 6-16. A completely hand-constructed A-line patch tweed skirt with tweed covered buttons, $85. Sizes: 6-16. Please state exact waist size.

Catalogue upon Request
127 Main St.

The Andover Shop

Master Charge, American Express, or Visa Welcomed
Andover, MA 01810

Hacienda del Sol

...a distinctive resort ranch

Enjoy the southwest with style, taste, charm. A wonderfully detached, restful place with an aura of Old World graciousness. All ranch-resort features. Tennis. Every convenience of a fine Inn! R. E. Hartman, Patron Grande, Hacienda del Sol Road, Tucson, AZ. Call (602) 299-1501.

end of Heidegger's "What Is Metaphysics?," where he defines "the basic question of metaphysics" as "Why is there anything, and not, rather, nothing?"—in a way, thinking's first question but at the same time the thought to which it "always has to swing back."

Yet these metaphors, although they correspond to the speculative way of thinking, and remain loyal to the fundamental experiences of the thinking ego—since they relate to no cognitive capacity—remain singularly empty, and Aristotle himself uses them nowhere else: except when he asserts that being alive is *energein;* that is, being active for its own sake. Moreover, the metaphor obviously refuses to answer the inevitable question "Why do we think?," since there is no answer to the question "Why do we live?"

In Wittgenstein's "Philosophical Investigations"—written after he had convinced himself of the untenability of his attempt, in the "Tractatus," to understand language, and hence thought, as a "picture of reality" ("A proposition is a picture of reality. A proposition is a model of reality as we conceive it")—there is an interesting thought game that may help illustrate this difficulty. He asks, "What does man think for? . . . Does man think because he has found that thinking works—Because he thinks it advantageous to think?" That would be like asking, "Does he bring his children up because he has found that it works?" Still, it must be admitted that "we do *sometimes* think because it has been found to work," he continues, implying by his italics that this is only sometimes the case. Hence, "How can we find out *why* man thinks?" To which he answers, "It often happens that we only become aware of the important *facts,* if we suppress the question 'why?;' and then in the course of our investigations these facts lead us to an answer." It is in a deliberate effort to suppress the question "*Why* do we think?" that I shall deal with the question "*What makes* us think?"

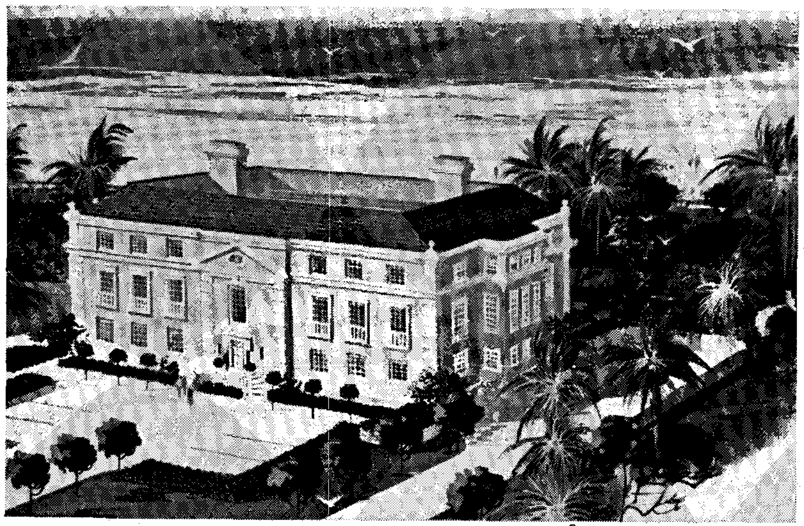
—HANNAH ARENDT

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

A few days ago, doctors injected the first doses of the National Institutes vaccine into a group of monks in a safety test that will last six months. If no unusual reactions occur, the vaccine will then enter another six-month test whereby scientists will measure the amounts of antibody produced after injection into another group of monks.—*The Times.*

Meanwhile, let us pray.



Elegance by the Sea

On a high natural dune, with ocean view from each of but six apartments, is Ocean House III. Large rooms, parking under building with elevator, elegant interiors. Enjoying John's Island security and maintenance, they are excellent values at $250,000–$285,000.

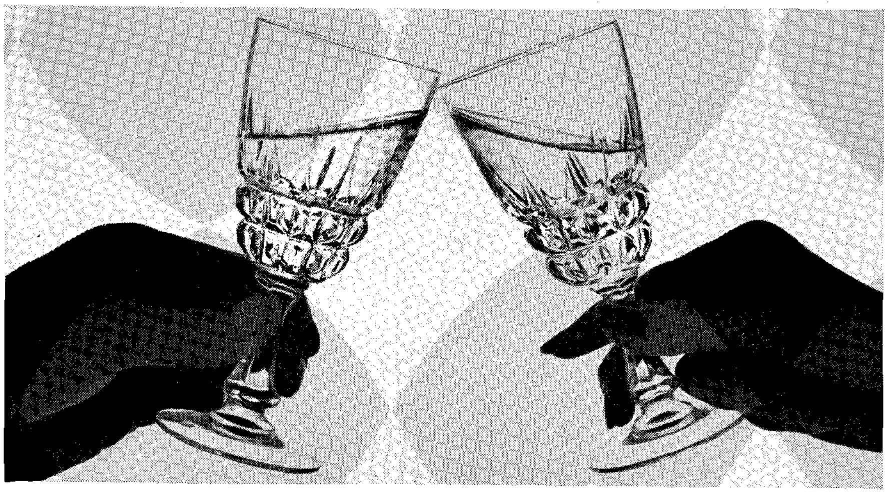
John's Island is a unique community situated between 2-1/2 miles of private ocean beach and many more of riverfront, just north of Vero Beach, FL. With its two championship golf courses, private Beach Club, tennis courts, it offers many life-styles.

Write on your own stationery for illustrated magazine of new properties available. The John's Island Co., Reg. R.E.B., 4 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, FL 32960 or call (305) 231-0900.

john's island

This offer not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.

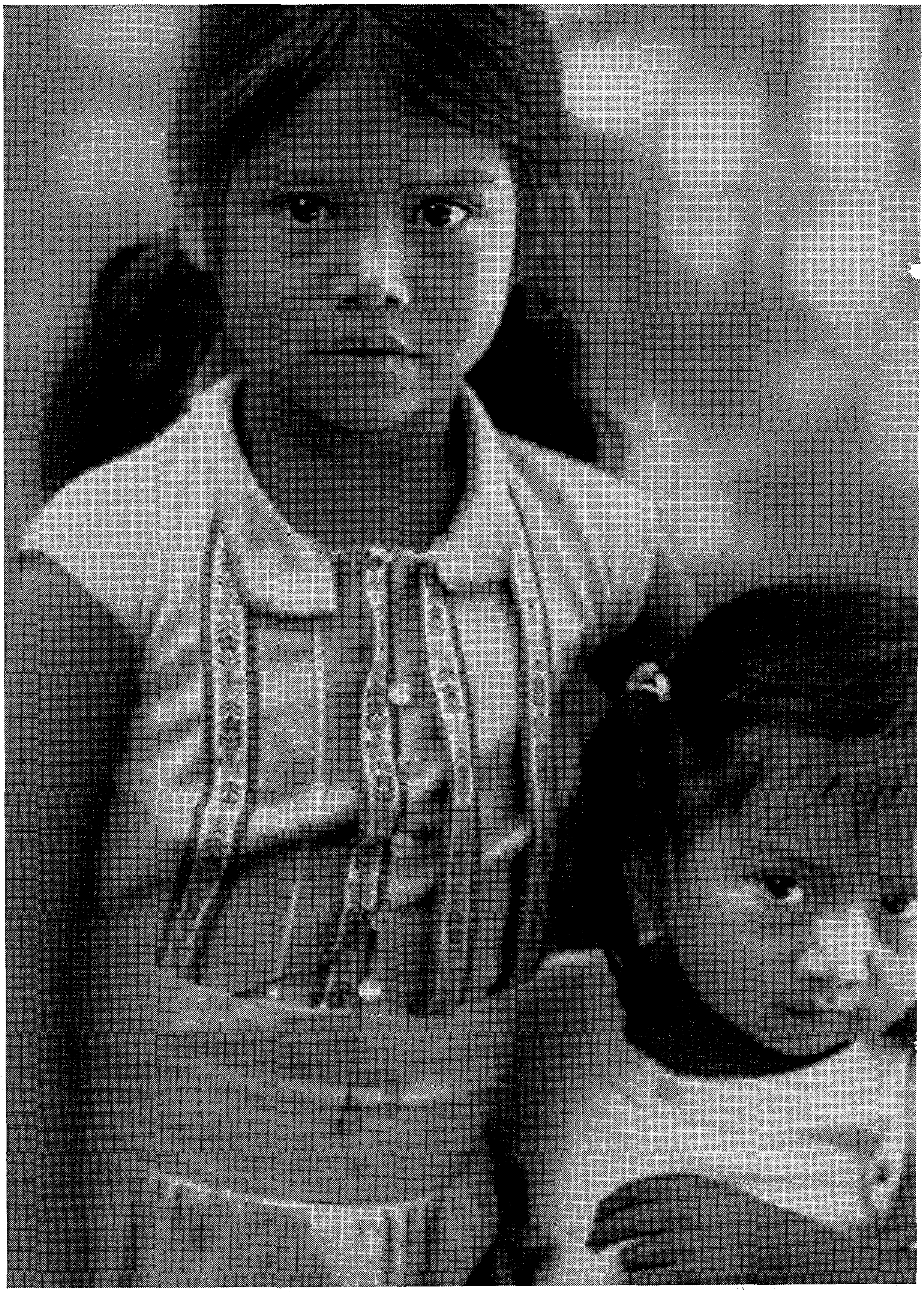
"Let us make this moment in time that we share—a thing of beauty. Let us fill our finest cups with wine and celebrate our love of life."



You can afford to celebrate everything with Cristal d'Arques.
The Cristal d'Arques Collection.
Fine French crystal. Affordably priced.

cristal d'Arques
by J.G. Durand

Genuine lead crystal (24%) with the clarity and weight that marks true quality.
Shown: Pompadour, $5 a stem. Other patterns from $4 to $7 a stem. In all better gift and department stores.
Imported by J.G. Durand International, Dept. N, Millville, N.J. 08332. Catalogue on request.



Fill out this coupon and save the children

Complete this simple questionnaire, and befriend a needy child through Save the Children. For only fifty-two cents a day, your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village...help hardworking people in their fight for dignity ...turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. Fifty-two cents may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles.

NY 11/28/7

My Name Is____
(please print)

Address____

City__________________State________________Zip_________

Tell us how you want to help, by answering these questions:

1. What kind of child would you like to help?

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ No preference

2. What geographical area are you interested in?

Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below, especially overseas. If you have a strong preference for a particular location, check the area of your choice. If not, won't you please let us assign a child where the need is greatest?

☐ **Certainly. Choose a child for me in an area of greatest need.**

I strongly prefer:

- ☐ Appalachia (U.S.)
- ☐ Bangladesh
- ☐ Chicano (U.S.)
- ☐ Colombia
- ☐ Dominican Republic
- ☐ Honduras
- ☐ Indian (Latin America)
- ☐ Indian (U.S.)
- ☐ Indonesia
- ☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)
- ☐ Israel
- ☐ Korea
- ☐ Lebanon
- ☐ Mexico
- ☐ Rural South (U.S.)
- ☐ Upper Volta

3. Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.

☐ Yes ☐ No

4. Would you like to exchange correspondence?

If desired, correspondence can build a meaningful one-to-one relationship and provide a unique educational experience for the sponsored child. In areas where illiteracy is high, a village representative will keep you informed of the progress your child is making. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.

☐ Yes ☐ No

5. Would you like information about the child's community?

Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on the activities and projects being undertaken in the community to benefit your sponsored child. These community reports show how your money is being used most effectively for permanent improvements to the child's environment—for health care, education, food production, nutrition, and community training. Would you like to receive such information?

☐ Yes ☐ No

6. How do you wish to send your sponsorship contribution?

Enclosed is my check for $________.

☐ Monthly, $16 ☐ Semi-annually, $96
☐ Quarterly, $48 ☐ Annually, $192

7. Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

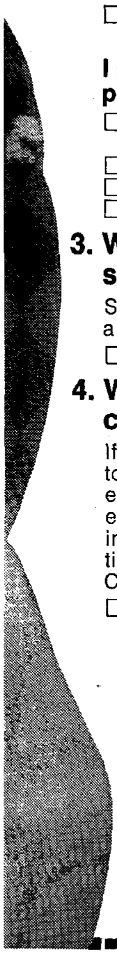
Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage (78.1%) of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?

☐ Yes ☐ No

(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

8. Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor of an individual child at this time?

☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of $________.
☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.



Save the Children®
50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880

Thank you for caring enough!

YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE

Established 1932. The original U.S. child sponsorship agency. Member of the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service.

TO ALL NEW YORK STATE RESIDENTS: You may obtain a copy of Save the Children's latest annual financial report filed with the New York State Board of Social Welfare by writing to: Save the Children, Westport, CT 06880 or the N.Y.S. Board of Social Welfare, Charities Registration Section, Office Tower, Empire State Plaza, Albany, N.Y. 12242.

© 1977 SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION, INC.

THE AIR

The Prosecutor

I LIKE "60 Minutes" a lot, most of the time. The program usually seems solid—or as solid as any news magazine—and there's a breadth to it that's adventurous and entertaining. The show's three correspondents, Mike Wallace, Morley Safer, and Dan Rather, are tough interviewers, and it's good to see tough interviewing on the air—particularly in an era when important people so often hide behind imperturbable on-camera pronouncements, or else behind shields of lawyers and accountants so thick that most ordinary reporters can scarcely make a dent in them. The "60 Minutes" musketeers unfailingly dent such shields, and sometimes penetrate them, while awards are won and ratings climb. But there's a danger in this approach, for much of what sustains the popularity of the program is clearly the thrill of the chase which comes from watching a subject being pursued by tough questions on the air—especially a subject who has already been defined for the audience as a bad guy. So the program is bound to be on the lookout not just for newsworthy situations but for situations that will provide this thrill of pursuit, and for interview subjects who can be made to serve, willingly or unwillingly, as bad guys. And so, too, as the "60 Minutes" newsmen have been more frequently drawn into prosecutorial roles, it's been inevitable for them to increasingly assume a trial lawyer's manner, with an emphasis on courtroom tactics and judgmental righteousness.

A recent example of this growing tendency to let prosecutorial indignation do the work of investigative reporting—or do more of the work than it should—occurred a few weeks ago when one of the program's sternest musketeers, Dan Rather, galloped into Wyoming to uncover low- and high-level corruption in the state. To begin with, I should say that I have no doubt that all kinds of wickedness exist in Wyoming, for it is a place of enormous mineral wealth, much of which has only lately been developed (or exploited), and where there are grown men trying to make money out of the ground there are usually all kinds of deals and payoffs and improper goings on to be found. But, unfortunately, the accusations that Rather made he hardly ever proved. Moreover, for much of the program he seemed interested mainly in decrying sin, somewhat in the fashion of a district attorney running for office who tries to stir up the citizenry against the local whorehouse.

In fact, the first of two Wyoming reports—it was entitled "Our Town"—was largely devoted to the prostitutes of Rock Springs, Wyoming: a historically tough town of around twenty-five thousand inhabitants, half of whom have arrived in the past five years, as a result of the statewide energy boom. To start off, Rather professed to be astonished at the presence of vice in semi-desert communities:

> Tonight, "60 Minutes" looks at charges of payoff and coverup in one American city where vice runs rampant and a handful of men run the city as they please. New York? Detroit? Los Angeles? Chicago? Wrong. Not this time. The corruption we're talking about is in a city far off in the hills of Wyoming.

Then he professed to be shocked at vice itself:

> When the sun goes down in Rock Springs, the town becomes a Western sin city. Hookers openly work the streets and the bars, each of them earning a minimum of a thousand dollars a week.

Then, as if his audience wasn't sufficiently writhing in prurient disapproval, he returned to his initial theme—which had made "Winesburg, Ohio," so popular sixty years ago: Good people, can you believe that they're doing it *right here* in Winesburg? Thus:

> If you're saying, "So what?"—remember this is not New York or New Orleans or Chicago. This is Rock Springs, with more working hookers than you can shake a wallet at. By conservative estimate, prostitution alone is a two-million-dollar-a-year business here in this little Wyoming town.

Notice that Rock Springs has changed from "one American city" to "a Western sin city" to "this little Wyoming town." Notice also the mathematics. If each prostitute earns a thousand dollars a week and all of them together earn two million dollars a year, then there must be a grand total of around forty hookers in Rock

"Whatever he is, he certainly looks the part."

Springs. Which may be vice, but in a town of miners, oil workers, and construction hands it may not be everybody's idea of vice running rampant.

Then we got to see the sinful creatures themselves. For "60 Minutes," sparing no expense, had brought "a special night lens," as Rather described it, which "enabled us to film it all in almost total darkness." Indistinct women varying in color and appearance drifted about in the murky Rock Springs night, as if moving through fog. Stoutish women, clearly of ill repute, shuffled along on a sidewalk. Others stood in a parking lot. There was a brief scene of a prostitute overheard engaging in a transaction with a man. She: "Well, what can you spend—thirty?" He: "Well, what kind of work for thirty?" This was surely pretty heady stuff for members of the urban audience who would otherwise have had to drive several miles out of their way, wherever they lived, to witness similar transactions in their own cities.

But Rather wasn't interested only in bringing back U-2 photographs showing that prostitution existed in Rock Springs. He was after bigger game: official corruption. Thus he observed solemnly, "The local police will hurry to stop a fight but hardly ever to arrest for prostitution." A female undercover agent was produced on camera, who substantiated this grave charge.

"Were you hassled by the police?" Rather asked the woman.

"No, not at all," she replied. "The police—we've seen them several times on K Street in their cars. Never was any attempt ever made [at an arrest]."

A less determined prosecutor, one imagines, or a less pious reporter who had once worked a city beat might have asked himself if police in most American cities—certainly including New York, where "60 Minutes" and Rather are based—even hurry to stop fights, let alone bother with arresting hookers and dumping them in the courts. But to admit the question, or the answer, would be to diminish the tone of moral outrage—and thus the story. As it was, having so far put forward a supposedly significant case against Rock Springs vice which consisted of (a) blurry views of prostitutes on a sidewalk and in a parking lot, and (b) his own shocked indignation, Rather next brought his courtroom talents to bear on an effort to involve the upper reaches of the state administration itself in the shady doings on K Street.

Now there were two undercover agents on camera, and they sat facing Rather, who was all business in a trim-

The Original. One-and-Only Fruit-of-the-Month Club®

Christmas Royal Riviera® Pears
January – Apples
February – Grapefruit
March – Royal Oranges
April – Hawaiian Pineapples
May – Preserves
June – Home-Canned Fruit
July – Kiwi Berries
August – Nectarines
September – Peaches
October – Grapes
Nov. Royal Beurre® Bosc Pears

WE GUARANTEE COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Tabletop Christmas Spruce

Northwoods beauty and fresh evergreen scent in a perfectly formed live miniature Christmas tree! About a foot tall, this lovely Dwarf Alberta Spruce comes prepotted and completely decorated with 20 chocolate bells and candy canes. Available December 1 to January 5.

Order Gift No. 812 . . . $1695 delv'd

©1977 Harry and David

A dozen dazzling gifts – all year

You never SAW 'em so big or TASTED 'em so good. Only 1 person in 1000 ever gets such impressive, exciting gifts. You'll get thanks and praise all year from the lucky folks you name. They'll receive a sumptuous Gift Box every month, each with your greetings.

3-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 111 . . . $2595 delivered Surprise 'em with gorgeous Gift Boxes for Christmas, January and February!

8-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 151 . . . $6995 delivered Delight 'em to pieces, again and again – Christmas, Jan., Feb., May, Aug., Sept., Oct., and November!

12-BOX CLUB: Order Gift No. 201 . . . $10495 delivered A gift Box every month, all year around!

EASY TO ORDER: Send list of names plus check or money order. (No C.O.D.'s) Tell us how to sign your greetings. Everything's beautifully packaged.

Harry and David®
Box 503-U Medford, Oregon 97501

® Visit our Bear Creek Store in Medford.

Maupintour's

Egypt-The Nile

INCLUDING ASWAN, LUXOR, CAIRO!

MAUPINTOUR'S care and management assures you see everything you should see, comfortably. Join us for this new travel adventure. 15 days.

GOOD HOTELS such as Aswan's new Oberoi, Luxor Winter Palace; and Mena House resort beside the Pyramids, and Sphinx. Spectacular views.

LEARN the significance, historic, contemporary. People. Scenic marvels. Incredible antiquities, art treasures. See *Abu Simbel* raised from the Nile!

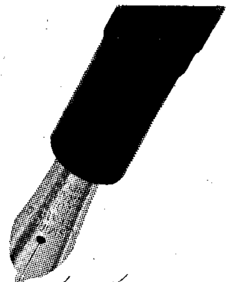
WHAT YOU DREAM Egypt should be begins every Thursday. Ask today for Maupintour's new *Egypt/Middle East* folder or mail the coupon below now.

Maupintour, 408 East 50th St., New York, N.Y. 10021. 212/688-4106.

quality touring since 1951 Maupintour

name ____
address ____
city ____
state/zip ____
nyk-egp

Ask about these Maupintour escorted holidays:
☐ Africa ☐ Alps ☐ British Isles ☐ Colorado
☐ Alaska ☐ Canadian Rockies ☐ Middle East
☐ Asia ☐ Tunisia/Malta ☐ Egypt ☐ Europe
☐ France ☐ Greece ☐ Hawaii ☐ India ☐ Iran
☐ Italy ☐ Turkey ☐ Morocco ☐ North Africa
☐ Orient ☐ Portugal ☐ Scandinavia ☐ Spain
☐ S. America ☐ S. Pacific ☐ USSR/E. Europe

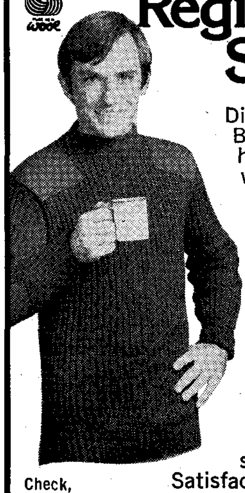


Osmiroid... anything less wouldn't be you.

So, don't settle for less.
Ask for Osmiroid*. By far the best known, best selling pen for lettering/calligraphy.
Made in England. Made in left-handed models. And available with a free instruction book in any good art, stationery or college bookstore.
Osmiroid. The pen with the golden nib... for the person with the golden touch. You.
* Reg. TM E.S. Perry Ltd.

Osmiroid
Osmiroid Italic Pen

Hunt Manufacturing Co., Dept. NN
1405 Locust St., Phila., PA 19102



Order now by mail or phone.
The Original British Regimental Sweater.
Direct from England. Beautifully made of heavy, 100% Virgin wool. Extra-long... Double ribbed to stay in shape... with smart Regimental patches on shoulders and elbows! Navy Blue, Olive, Air Force Blue, Dartmouth Green, in Men's and Women's sizes 32-46. Olive and Navy in children's sizes: ages 7 to 12.
Check, money order, MasterCharge and Visa Accepted.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. $34.75 ppd. (Children's $21.50).
Buy 2 or more—take $1.50 off each.
Call Toll Free 800-453-2400
The Scottish Pedlar, Ltd. Dept. NY-4
P.O. Box 314, South Orange, N.J. 07079

KEY BISCAYNE, FLORIDA. Imagine renting a posh villa on a tropical island 20 minutes from Miami's airport. Florida Sonesta Corporation has lavish villas with kitchens and pools, for single families and their guests. Rental gives unlimited use of facilities at adjoining Sonesta Beach Hotel & Tennis Club. Call Ralph Arias collect at 305-361-2021.

ly tailored suit and was seated stiffly in a straight-backed chair, balancing a reporter's notebook on his knee, though it was unclear why he needed the notebook, since a tape machine was clearly running along with the camera. One of the agents had just given it as his opinion that Rock Springs not only was a place where prostitution ran rampant but was also a transfer, or "pass through," point for narcotics. Rather then engaged the two agents in a trial lawyer's catechism that went as follows:

Rather: In your personal opinion, the police chief knows about it?
Agents: Yes.
Rather: Sheriff know about it?
Agents: Yes.
Rather: Mayor know about it?
Agents: Yes.
Rather: Members of the city council know about it?
Agents: Yes.
Rather: County attorney know about it?
Agents: Yes.
Rather: State attorney general know about it?
Agents: Yes.
Rather: Governor know about it?
Agents: Yes.

On a theatrical level, this was an obviously effective performance. Like a good lawyer, Rather had presented his allegations in the form of dramatic questions—knowing that the questions contained the power of persuasion, regardless of the validity of the answers—and so had brilliantly led the jury in the direction he wished it to take. For, starting only with those nighttime glimpses of prostitutes, whom the audience could more or less see for itself, he had then asked it to accept an opinion that pimps and narcotics traffic existed alongside the prostitutes, which is generally a plausible supposition, and then—by presenting, in a decidedly courtroom manner, additional opinion as to who might "know about" this situation—he had involved the attorney general and the governor of the state in the vice in Rock Springs. But the fact remains that, whatever the real situation in Wyoming might be, Rather's "case" before the TV audience consisted almost entirely of style, with little reportorial substance to back it up. After all, think of whom one might not ensnare in a similar catechism about vice in most cities. "Sir, do not prostitutes openly parade the sidewalks of Forty-second Street?" asks the prosecutor of his witness. "And does not the mayor know about it? Does not the police commissioner? Do not both senators? Does not the governor? Does not the archbishop? Does not the Vice-President of the United States? Does not the *President* himself?" In other words, if a link did exist between vice in Rock Springs and the State House in Cheyenne, it was not being shown on "60 Minutes"—it was only appearing to be shown.

EVEN so, Rather, with his "special night lens," seemed on solider footing that week, trying to press charges of sinfulness against the little Wyoming town (or Western sin city) of Rock Springs—whose mayor, on camera, inspired no greater confidence than the mayors of most American towns—than he did a week later, when he made further attempts to find corruption in high places in the state. This installment was titled "High Noon in Cheyenne," and Rather began it in the confident, upright style of a successful prosecuting attorney who has already proved his first point and is now going after the "big one." Thus:

> Our story last week, entitled "Our Town," looked at the little city of Rock Springs, Wyoming, steeped in prostitution, gambling, and narcotics.... Tonight, "High Noon in Cheyenne," as we look at charges that Wyoming state officials as high as the governor and the attorney general may be involved in covering up corruption, not just in that little city of Rock Springs but in the state as a whole, with alleged links to organized crime out of state. It is accusation and confrontation and it is high noon in Cheyenne!

Soon it became clear that Rather's charges were actually those of a man named Neil Compton, who until his dismissal five months before by the governor had been head of Wyoming's criminal-investigation unit. On camera, Compton was controlled, assertive, and articulate.

Rather asked him why he had been dismissed.

Compton said, "I was fired because I went to the governor on two separate occasions and brought to his attention that the attorney general for the State of Wyoming was a crook."

Rather then backed up his own witness. "We'll get back to the specific charges in a moment," he said, "but first it's important to know that the man who makes them, Neil Compton, has a long reputation for being a superb investigator. He does not have a reputation for shooting from the hip."

However, it turns out, after a brief check with various members of the press and with civic officials around the state, that Neil Compton was at the least a highly controversial figure. In fact, during the two years before his dismissal he had been the subject of two meetings of Wyoming sheriffs and police chiefs, who had criticized his investigative methods. For instance, the sheriff of a fair-sized Wyoming town said on the phone recently, "I think about eighty per cent of the law officers of this state questioned his judgment." As for his shooting from the hip, there had been numerous complaints, from all over the state, that Compton tended to be an overzealous investigator; one citizen had complained that Compton himself arrived at her house in the middle of the night seeking to arrest her son, then away at college, for selling one ounce of marijuana.

At any rate, Rather had three main charges of Compton's to present to the large "60 Minutes" audience. The first was that the state's Democratic Party chairman, Don Anselmi, had "attempted political coverup" in order to protect an employee of a motel he co-owns "who was caught in a major drug case." Briskly, Rather interviewed Anselmi as if he had him on the witness stand:

RATHER: You know John Vase? He works for you?
ANSELMI: He's my assistant beverage manager. My partner's son.
RATHER: He's the son of Mike Vase. Right? Your partner here?
ANSELMI: Right.

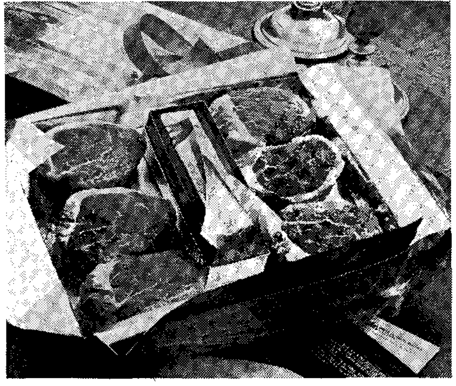
Notice that Anselmi had already told Rather, in his first reply, that John Vase was his partner's son, so that Rather's second question had no point except as courtroom rhetoric—to make it sound as if the investigator were ferreting out information from a recalcitrant witness. Then Rather buttressed his charge by producing another female undercover agent, who had apparently befriended young Vase and then turned him in:

RATHER: The case stood up?
AGENT: The case then was transferred to be prosecuted in the federal government.
RATHER: The county attorney in effect got rid of it?
AGENT: Yes, sir. The attorney general got rid of it. It was taken out of his hands. And the federal government took over this case. And at this time he pled guilty. He didn't want to go to court. He pled guilty.

However, a fairly rapid check of this situation produces a somewhat different impression. In the first place, according to the easily accessible Sweetwater County records, young Vase's crime turns out to have been the delivery of "five baggies, a tie-stick, and one branch of marijuana," which may be illegal but hardly constitutes a "major drug case." Secondly, the undercover agent seems to have got the dis-

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER ON A VERY SPECIAL GIFT.

Now, it's easier than ever to give a loved one, valued business associate—or yourself—the kind of gift that creates truly memorable dining...a gift of Pfaelzer gourmet meat.



Its mouthwatering taste and texture is legend among gourmets everwhere.

And it is now available at the special *introductory* price of $24.95 for six of the six-ounce Filet Mignon with a stick of Pfaelzer Seasoned Steak Butter pictured here. (Because this is a special *introductory* offer, we must limit it to an order of two cartons shipped to the same address.) Additional gifts can be shipped at our regular price of $29.95.

Carefully boxed and packed with plenty of dry ice, it's unconditionally guaranteed to arrive in perfect condition.

A personal greeting from you can be included with your order at no extra cost.

We accept Diners Club, American Express, and Master Charge and you may place your order by phone.

pfaelzer BROTHERS NT-10

Pfaelzer Brothers, 4501 West District Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois 60632.

TO ORDER A PFAELZER GOURMET GIFT CALL, TOLL FREE, 800-621-0226, ANYTIME.

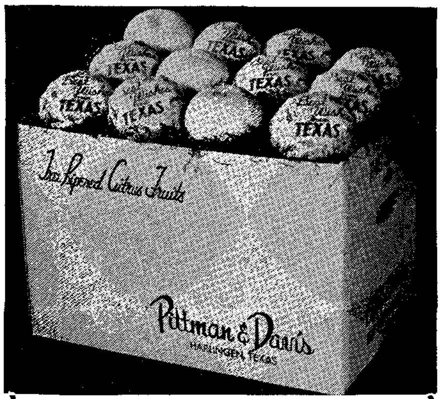
Illinois residents call collect (312) 927-7100.

Say "Merry Christmas" to someone 253 times.

WALL STREE
WALL STR
News

Is there a perfect Christmas gift for any man or woman who's in business and serious about it? There is. The Wall Street Journal. When you give a special one-year subscription to The Journal, you give a *useful* gift. And you give a gift that 253 times a year—every business day—reminds your friend of your thoughtfulness and your admiration. Just fill out and mail in the coupon. It's like giving someone 253 gifts.

The Wall Street Journal
200 Burnett Road, Chicopee Massachusetts 01021
My check for $45 is enclosed. Please send a one-year gift subscription to The Wall Street Journal to:
Name__________
Street Address__________
City__________State______Zip______
Also please send your gift announcement card telling him/her that The Journal subscription is from:
Name__________
Offer good in the U.S. and possessions, and for a limited time only. For subscription information, call 800-325-6400. (In Missouri, call 800-324-6600.) 3V4R



TEXAS RED GRAPEFRUIT!

The Best - From the Lush Rio Grande Valley

THIS IS OUR 52nd YEAR

½-bu. Grapefruit	$ 9.65
Carton of 12 Grapefruit	$ 7.50
Full bu. Grapefruit	$14.25
Carton of 6 Grapefruit	$ 5.40
½-bu. G.F. & Oranges	$ 9.70
Full bu. G.F. & Oranges	$14.30
G.F. & Oranges in Mexican bamboo baskets:	
½-bu. $11.50	Full bu. $16.25

All are *delivered* prices

WE TRUST YOU! Send your gift list now and pay our invoice in January.

Other citrus packs and also pecans, rare honey, fruit cakes, cheese, smoked hams and turkeys.

Write for free Illustrated folder.

PITTMAN & DAVIS, INC.
875 N. Exp., HARLINGEN, TEXAS 78550
Established 1926

Johnny Appleseed's

Tartan Slacks for men

Authentic Tartans for fine Polyester/Wool slacks. Belt loops, side and hip pockets. Tartan choice: *GORDON (green/blue/yellow), DRESS CAMPBELL (navy/green/white), BLACK WATCH (blue/green), ROYAL STEWART (red/green/white), CUNNINGHAM (red/black/white).* Sizes 32-42 **$30.00** ppd. *(Specify inseam measurement if you wish slacks finished. State with or without cuffs. Not returnable if cuffed.)*

Send for Free Catalog
Johnny Appleseed's
59 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Retail shops in Beverly, Concord, Marblehead

A Broadway hit for 40 years

Gallagher's
Naturally Aged
STEAK HOUSE
Open 7 Days for Lunch and Dinner
52d Street just west of Broadway • CI 5-5336

position of the case upside down, for the state court hadn't "got rid of" it to the federal court. In fact, the federal government had never taken over the case, for the charges had originally been filed in the state court, where they had been prosecuted. And there, far from escaping justice, Vase had pleaded guilty for the reason that he was guilty, and was punished with a fine of seven hundred and fifty dollars, five years' probation, and the forfeiture of his car.

But, having disposed of the Vase case to his satisfaction, Rather went on to list other charges against the Democratic state chairman; for instance, "that Anselmi was party to a stolen-gun deal." He said, "Anselmi denies it. A federal grand jury looked into that case three years ago. A prosecutor told us political pressure stopped the investigation." Here a little checking turns up the fact that Compton's "stolen-gun deal" charges against Anselmi stemmed largely from accusations brought by a former convict, Michael Dansdill, whose release Compton was involved in—and who later retracted the charges. The possibility of "political pressure" always exists, but since the Dansdill affair was well known in Wyoming, having been amply covered in the local press, it was too bad that Rather's "prosecutor" didn't mention that aspect of the matter, or that Rather didn't pass the word along to the audience.

In any event, having further demonstrated Anselmi's shadiness, Rather went on to link the Democratic chairman to even bigger crime. Compton broached the charge:

> At that time [1970], I found that there were the connections between Mr. Anselmi and Arizona. . . . There was a real-estate and property buy-up in Wyoming by subjects from Arizona, Colorado that had related and had been a subject of organized-crime investigations in those particular states.

Rather took it up:

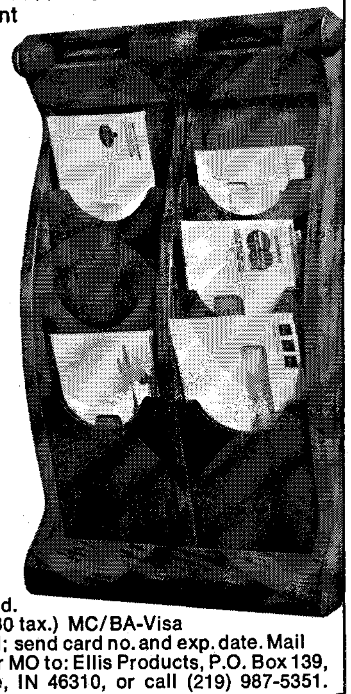
> The Arizona connection means to Compton that Don Anselmi is doing business with the land-scandal people who have connections to mobsters, who have bilked the public out of the millions of dollars in fraudulent deals in the Southwest.

There was a brief glimpse of Anselmi flatly denying the charge. Compton and Rather then tried to link Anselmi's "connections" with Arizona to a man called Danny O'Keefe, who, Rather said, had been indicted in Colorado on land-fraud charges. Anselmi also denied ever having talked with O'Keefe, or ever having known him.

Here, Rather had linked Anselmi to

THE Bill Tender™

The ultimate organizer for bills, memos, birthdays, engagements, reminders, etc., for home or office. Perpetual two-month basis. Compatible with period or contemporary decor. Patented. Unique. Beautifully handcrafted in oak. Wall-mounted. 20½" x 11¼" x 3". An excellent gift!



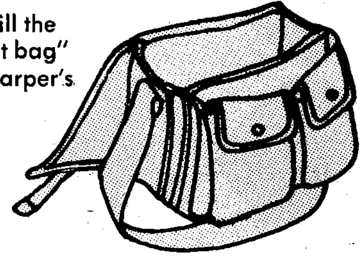
$45.00 prepaid UPS. (Ind. add $1.80 tax.) MC/BA-Visa honored; send card no. and exp. date. Mail check or MO to: Ellis Products, P.O. Box 139, DeMotte, IN 46310, or call (219) 987-5351.

REISLER'S, Michigan Avenue, Chicago

DANISH SOUPERBAG

In squashy grey, chocolate brown, or bright blue waterproof canvas.
$29.50 (plus $2.00 shipping).

"Still the best bag"
—Harper's



THE CHOCOLATE SOUP
249 East 77th, New York 10021

BALSAM CHRISTMAS WREATH

Fresh from the Maine Woods

Handcrafted from fragrant, freshly cut, dark green boughs. Tastefully decorated with cones, nuts, berries, reindeer moss, and a large velvetina bow. 21" diameter. Packed with gift card, extra greens, and cones. Shipped postpaid to arrive before holidays anywhere in the 48 states if ordered before Dec. 10th. **$12.50 each**

The Christmas Greens Shop
Conrad C. Rupert • Blue Hill, Maine 04614
Tel. 207/374-5059 or 2241

Pre-Civil War home on 14 acres adjacent to wildlife preserve for sale. Outbuildings include half size childrens playhouse. Near Plymouth, Michigan, 20 miles west of Detroit. $250,000. Call (313) 842-1000.

an "Arizona connection"—which was as yet unproved—by showing unrelated scenes of Arizona desert and also a brief film sequence of a man said to be Danny O'Keefe, who was seen arriving on his own at an airport. Now Rather proceeded to cast his net over the top officials in the Wyoming capital. First, he asked Compton what he thought a grand jury might concentrate on. Compton replied:

> I would ask that the grand jury look at the governor in relationship to land purchases with Don Anselmi.

Rather showed some exterior views of a ranch that had apparently been bought by Governor Ed Herschler, of Wyoming, and then took his camera to the Governor himself:

> RATHER: Governor, your partner in purchasing this Yellowstone Ranch in Fremont County, nineteen hundred acres, is Mr. Don Anselmi.
>
> GOVERNOR: It's closer to twenty thousand acres. And leases—and federal leases. I suppose there's about a million acres involved.
>
> RATHER: And your partner is Mr. Anselmi?
>
> GOVERNOR: He's one of them, yes.

Having thus linked Governor Herschler with Anselmi, who had earlier been linked with a "connection" in Arizona and "land-scandal people who have connections to mobsters," Rather returned to Compton:

> RATHER: Source of the money [for the Yellowstone Ranch]?
>
> COMPTON: Source of the money? It is my belief the source of money is from organized crime.
>
> RATHER: Do you think that could be proven?
>
> COMPTON: I believe that could be proven with subpoena power from a grand jury.
>
> RATHER: Organized-crime connections with the Governor of the state? Democratic state chairman?
>
> COMPTON: That's correct.

In effect, the intrepid investigators had shown us some television views of the Yellowstone Ranch and of Governor Herschler saying that he was one of its purchasers, while darkly implying that if the real source of the purchase funds should ever be uncovered (an investigative operation that would require the assistance of a grand-jury subpoena!) it would be traceable to the coffers of organized crime. But, in fact—though, for all I know, the Governor of Wyoming, or anyone else, may be allied with the Black Hand in other areas—in the matter of the purchase of the Yellowstone Ranch a couple of modestly investigative phone calls produces the somewhat less exciting information that this particular deal was consummated through Lowham Asso-

★

Britex-By-Mail gets gift wrapped! A Britex Gift Certificate represents rare and beautiful possibilities, limited only by her imagination. She can use our swatch service to find out what she wants, then order by mail with her Britex Gift Certificate. We advertise regularly, often with enticing Britex-By-Mail packages very specially priced. To order a Britex Gift Certificate just write to Department NY-1128.

Britex accepts BankAmericard, Master Charge and American Express.

Britex Fabrics/146 Geary Street/San Francisco, CA 94108

Come to the tropical island with only one hotel.

Our island is called Marco. Very tropical. Very secluded. Very beautiful.

An island where you can make a three and a half mile trail of footprints on a sugar white beach.

Where the crack of a golf ball, the twang of a racquet, the call of a sandpiper, the ripple of laughter, all act to punctuate the serenity.

And when the sun goes down, life on our island rises to the occasion.

Our nights are filled with tinkling pianos, clinking glasses, sizzling crepes, strumming guitars, excited applause and warm feelings for one of life's most delightful island vacations.

It's all here. At the Marco Beach Hotel. On Florida's southwest coast.

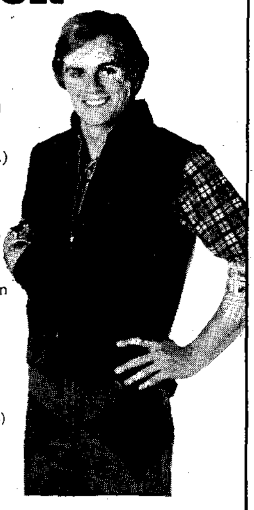
For brochures or reservations, see your travel agent. Or call toll free: 800-237-7509. (In Florida: 813-394-2511.) Marco Beach Hotel & Villas, Dept. NY Marco Island, Fla. 33937.

Pensic

OUTDOOR VEST

$14.95

(plus $1.25 for postage & handling.)



Most of goose down's warmth, at less than half its price.

Warm 100% Polyester fiberfill in tough nylon shell. Extra-long rear flap keeps cold air from going up your back. Slash pockets, nylon front zipper, stand-up collar, water-repellent silicone finish.

Available in Navy (V13) or Scarlet (V11)
Order chest sizes: S(34-36), M(38-40), (L42-44), XL(46).

Please send me the warm fiberfill Outdoor Vest(s) I've specified. A check or money order for the full amount made out to "Pensic Corp." is enclosed.

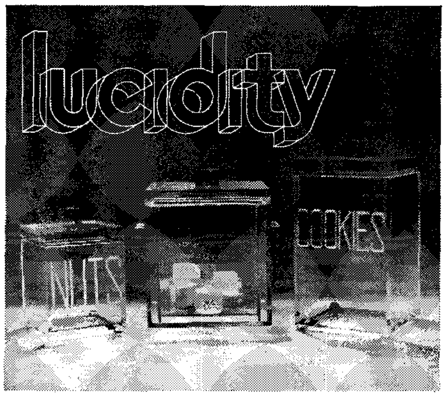
Quantity	Size	Color	Code	Amount

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ________

Mail to: Pensic Corp., PO Box 1448, 314 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, NY 14603. NYS residents only add 4% sales tax and appropriate local tax. Canadian residents please add $1 additional. Allow four weeks for delivery. NN8

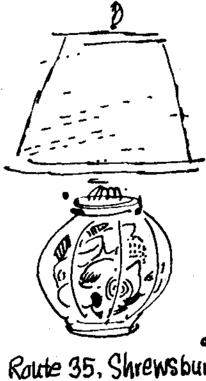


LUSCIOUS LUCITE

For NUTS (6" H.) .... $36.
For ICE (8" H.) .... $98.
For COOKIES (9½" H.) .... $52.

Please add $2.50 for mailing. NY residents add tax.

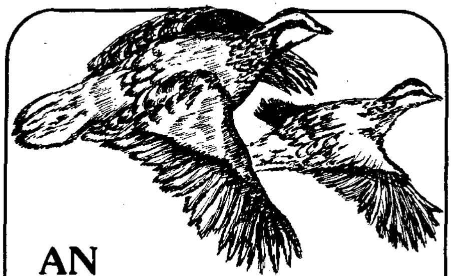
LUCIDITY 775 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10021



Put your favorite sea shells inside a melon glass ball and make a lamp. We ship everything except the shells for a 19" lamp with burlap shade, pre-wired, prepaid UPS. Send $25.00 (plus 5% tax in N.J.) to •Hilo Steiner,
Route 35, Shrewsbury, N.J. 07701 - (201) 741-5862

ciates, a well-known Wyoming firm specializing in ranch properties; that a major portion of the purchase price of one million eight hundred thousand dollars was financed by loans from the Federal Land Bank Association of Wyoming and the First National Bank of Casper; that a lesser part of the purchase price was financed through a second mortgage to the sellers, Mr. William McIntosh and his niece Jennifer McIntosh; and that the relatively minor sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash was paid by each of the four partners.

The subject of Rather's final charge against the Wyoming administration was not without foundation, and had already been extensively covered in the regional press, but, once again, Rather seemed more interested in prosecuting *it than in reporting it.* A case that "involved charges that public officials were stealing from a state home for the elderly" was first grimly described by Rather as "a seemingly minor scandal, perhaps no bigger than that 'third-rate burglary' at Watergate," and then, more portentously, in the statement "It may become a Democratic prairie-gate here in Wyoming!" According to numerous earlier newspaper accounts, the mess in question had to do with allegations that two officials involved with the administration of Wyoming's old-age homes—both of whom were Republican appointees from a previous state administration—between them had ripped off the Pioneer Home, in Thermopolis, Wyoming, taking several thousand dollars' worth of goods presumably intended for the elderly pioneers: a half-dozen or so TV sets; several stereo units; some bath towels; and generous supplies of nuts and candy. It was Compton's and Rather's accusation that Governor Herschler and his attorney general, Frank Mendicino, had engaged in a coverup when the latter "refused to prosecute." But, once again, the facts, though they hardly spoke well for the Attorney General's political savvy, were decidedly more ambiguous than they were made to appear on the air. For one of the two men, Kenneth Brighton, had indeed been charged in a state court on eleven felony counts and was awaiting trial when he died, as a result of complications from heart surgery. It is true that Mendicino was laggard in prosecuting the second man, Lloyd Hovee, but his explanation (which was repeated in several press stories) was that he needed Brighton's testimony in order to build a strong case against Hovee, and was plea bargaining with Brighton when he died. Perhaps there was more than carelessness in Mendi-



AN INVITATION TO DINING PLEASURE

Enjoy the finest in gourmet dining with delightfully delicious quail from Madison Farms. Specially raised to assure a rich delicate flavor, our plump birds arrive ready to prepare. Whether you use one of the outstanding recipes included, or a favorite recipe of your own, you'll have an exciting gourmet treat you'll be proud to serve. Shipped in a reusable picnic cooler with plenty of dry ice, Madison Farm quail are unconditionally guaranteed.

16-4/5 oz. Quail $34.95
32-4/5 oz. Quail $56.95

BankAmericard & MasterCharge accepted.
Also send for our free full color Southern Gourmet Catalog.

MADISON FARMS
Dept. NN28, P.O. Box 902
Camden, S.C. 29020 (803) 432-0341

The Children's Boutique

Our very special Fairisle Shetland sweater. Available in crew neck in shades of grey, navy, hunter, emerald, beige and yellow. Sizes (8-10) (12-14) (16). Order by mail, or major credit card. $25.
1.50 handling charge.

Children's Boutique, Inc.
Elkins Park, Pa. 19117

Sterling Imports
features the Janna Collection
handcrafted sterling silver

Swirled Angel Tree Ornament
$19.00 ppd.
Actual Size 3" High
PA add 6% Sales Tax
●Check
●Master Charge
Mail to:
Sterling Imports
174 E. Airport Rd.
Butler, PA 16001
(412) 586-6366

cino's delay in bringing the second Pioneer bandit to trial, but it is troubling that Rather, in his desire to produce a "Democratic prairie-gate," neglected to mention the charges against Brighton, or the eleven counts that the state was prosecuting him on, or any of the background that might have put the Attorney General's behavior in a different perspective.

In short, there rested the "60 Minutes" investigation of corruption in Wyoming. A couple of conclusions seem worth drawing. One is that since for some years now newsmen have been protected by the Supreme Court decision in the case of New York *Times* Co. v. Sullivan to the extent that "actual malice" must be proved before a public official can be awarded damages in a libel action, it might be in the self-interest of the press not to act continually, out of "racial memory," as if it were the reporter's neck that was always on the line. Thanks to the *Times* decision, the reporter's neck is relatively safe, for a change. A second conclusion is that, whereas the airing of charges in a newspaper is usually a pretty cold, factual process, the airing of charges on television can be a matter of high drama, with the audience instinctively following the flow of the drama and not necessarily listening closely to the factual content. If, then, an on-camera newsman assumes the additional role of courtroom lawyer (and controls the tape-editing machines to boot), the results can often drift fairly far from an orderly or reporterly presentation of information. Or, to put it in simpler terms, perhaps Dan Rather and his colleagues on "60 Minutes" will soon give up their trial robes—and courthouse righteousness—and return to the kind of reporting they've often done so well. Maybe they'll even revisit Wyoming. They don't seem to have quite got the story the first time around.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

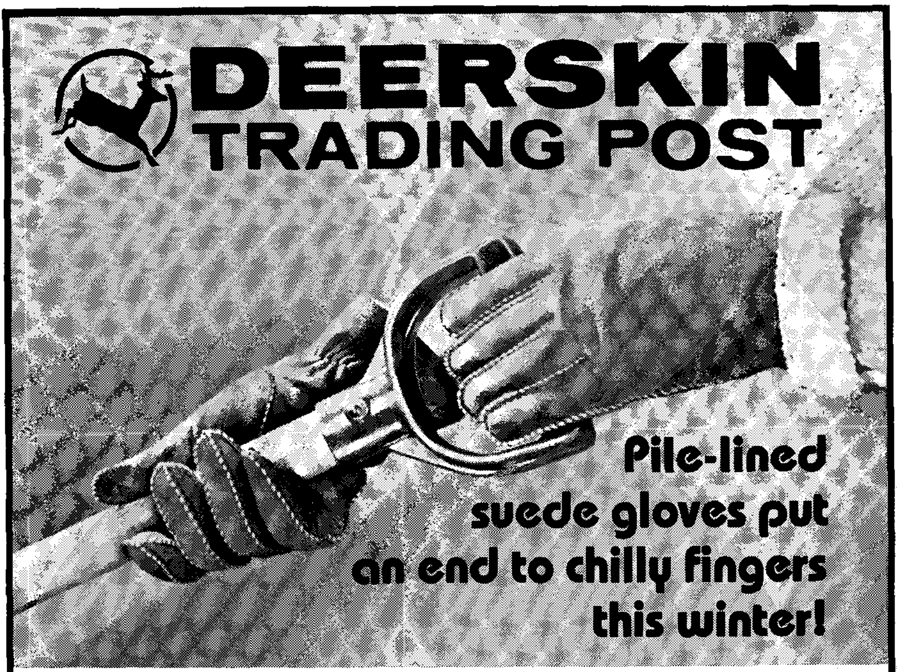
THE MYSTERIOUS, EVER-THIRSTY EAST

[*Instructions on a soft-drink dispenser in Causeway Bay, Hong Kong*]

1. Please throw 2 HK$ 1.00 coins into Ⓐ.
2. Please make it sure that Ⓑ lamp is lighted.
3. Please push one of Ⓒ buttons.
4. Please take a can out of Ⓓ.

*** When you don't get a can, even if you do above mentioned 1,2,3,

1. Please find coins in Ⓔ and try again.
2. If you don't find coins in Ⓔ please turn Ⓖ lever to the left, find coins in Ⓔ and try again.
3. If you don't get coins doing 2, please ask a shopkeeper.


DEERSKIN
TRADING POST
Pile-lined suede gloves put an end to chilly fingers this winter!

$15 a pair. Save! Buy two pair for only $28!

Warm Hands, All Winter because these suede gloves are lined with thick acrylic pile, right down to your fingertips; elasticized to hug your wrist, keep snow out. Antelope (shown), or dark brown. **Men's** sizes S-M-L. **Women's** half sizes 6-9. Buy 2 pair and save!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

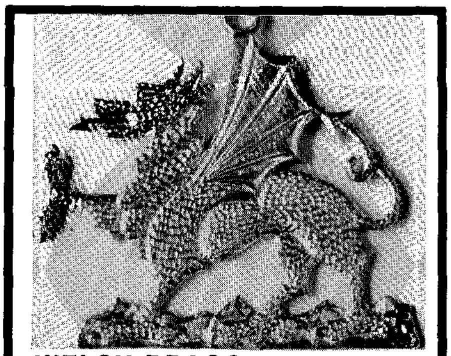
☐ #M-Y4442 One Pair Men's Gloves. Size ________.
☐ #M-Y0433 One Pair Women's Gloves. Size ________.
☐ #M-Y4506 Two Pair Men's Gloves. Sizes ________.
☐ #M-Y4752 Two Pair Women's Gloves. Sizes ________.
☐ #M-Y4506/4752 One Pair Men's & One Pair Women's Gloves. Sizes ________.

(Add $2 postage & handling).
Enclosed is a check or money order for $ ____.
CHARGE to:
☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express ☐ Diner's Club

Card # ________ **Exp. Date** ________
Name ________
Address ________
City ________
State ________ **Zip** ________

☐ **Please send FREE Deerskin 1977 Fall Catalog**

DEERSKIN TRADING POST
Dept. PH, 119 Foster St., Peabody, Mass. 01960



WELSH DRAGON Pendant or Pin
Y Ddraig Goch, or the Red Dragon, is the national emblem of Wales. It can be traced to the standard of one of the Roman Legions where it appeared as a Griffin. Boldly rendered in sterling silver, finely detailed on both sides. Sterling neckchain.
Shown full size. State pendant or pin.
Welsh Dragon **$24.00 ppd.**
Send for our unique catalog
Visit our Seattle store at 1523 N.W. Ballard Way.
AUSTRAL ENTERPRISES
Box 70190, Seattle, Washington 98107

DOG NOTEPAPER

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS OF ROBERT A. CHRISTIE ON RAG CONTENT PAPER

☐ INFORMALS, 40 sheets, 40 envelopes	**5.00**
☐ SINGLE SHEET, 50 sheets, 50 envelopes	**6.50**
☐ FRENCH FOLD, 25 sheets, 25 envelopes	**6.50**
☐ DOODLE PADS, 300 sheets	**5.00**
☐ COMBINATION Assorted Gift Box	**15.00**

Available in most breeds.

Please send my breed ————————
☐ Please send free catalogue.

Add $1.50 for handling. NYS residents add applicable tax.

David • Barrato
1530A Northern Blvd., Manhasset, N.Y. 11030
516-869-8133
MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

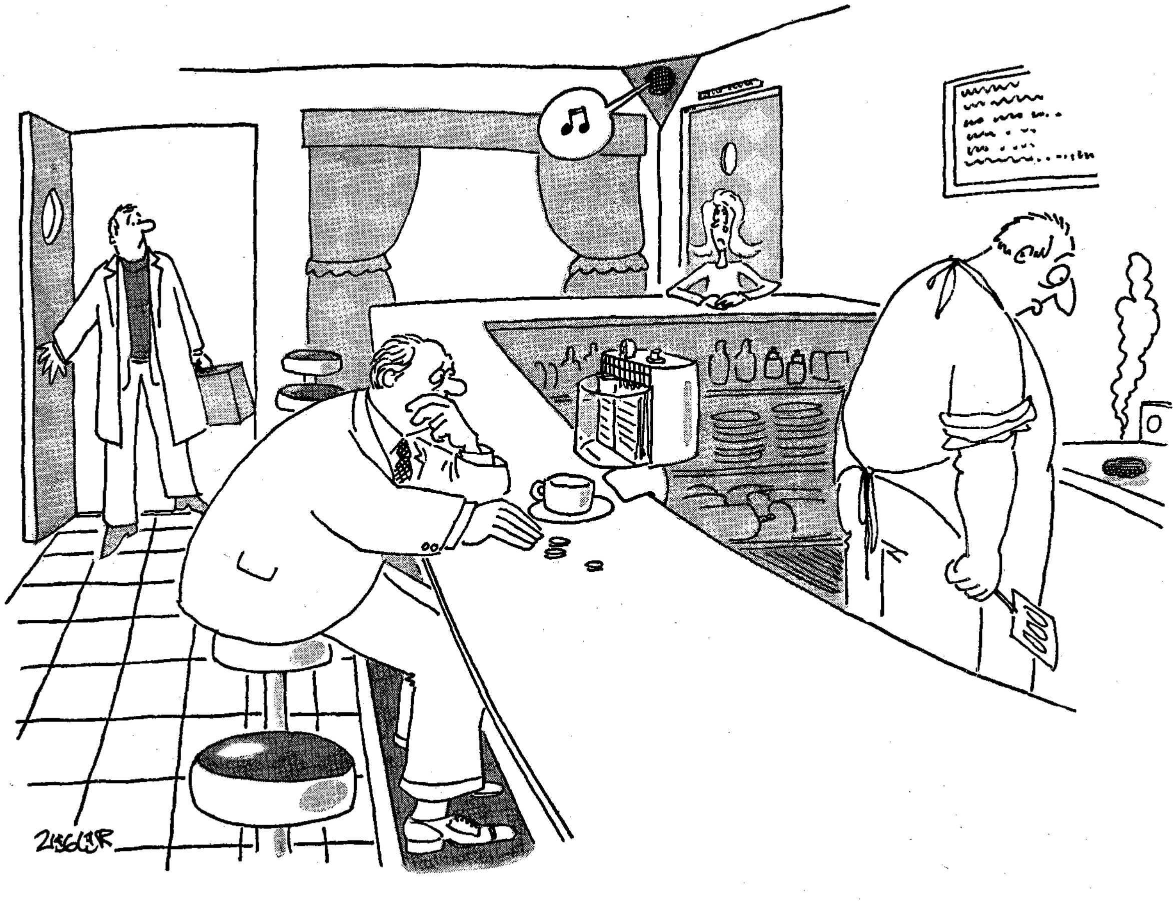
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Greening of the Solar System

"Close Encounters of the Third Kind" is the most innocent of all technological-marvel movies, and one of the most satisfying. This film has retained some of the wonder and bafflement we feel when we first go into a planetarium: we ooh and aah at the vastness, and at the beauty of the mystery. The film doesn't overawe us, though, because it has a child's playfulness and love of surprises. There is a moment that is startlingly funny in its obviousness when a whole landscape of people in India who are ecstatically chanting a five-note theme are asked where these sounds came from, and a mass of arms are raised straight up, forefingers pointing. In routine science-fiction films, any bodies from space are alien invaders; they come from *out there*, and we start running or shooting. But in "Close Encounters" they come from *up there*—they're sunburst Gods arriving through Blakean Old Testament clouds. This isn't nuts-and-bolts, *Popular Mechanics* S.F.; it's beatific technology—machines from outer space deified. And to cap it all, the intelligent creatures in these machines are benevolent. They want to get to know us. This vision would be *too* warm and soul-satisfying if it weren't for the writer-director Steven Spielberg's skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. He's an entertainer—a magician in the age of movies. Is Spielberg an artist? Not exactly—or not yet. He's a prodigy—a flimflam wizard-technician. The immense charm of "Close Encounters" comes from the fact that, for all its scale and expense (nineteen million dollars), this is a young man's movie—Spielberg is still under thirty—and there's not a sour thought in it. (The title is from a book by the astronomer Dr. J. Allen Hynek—close encounters of the first kind are sightings, the second kind are physical evidence, and the third involve actual contact. Sightings aren't necessarily close and they're not encounters, and physical evidence isn't an encounter, either, but the title sounds good, anyway.)

The basic story is scanty: this unidentified-flying-objects movie is about those who are "looking for answers." In Muncie, Indiana, an electrical-power-company lineman named Roy (Richard Dreyfuss), a three-year-old boy named Barry (Cary Guffey), the boy's mother (Melinda Dillon), and a collection of innocuous misfits, retired folks, and artists all catch sight of the flaring lights of spacecraft; some of them are sunburned, and a vision is implanted in them. They become obsessed with a shape they don't understand—a lumpy, sawed-off pyramid or mountain. At the same time, an international team of scientists, headed by a clear-headed Frenchman, Lacombe (François Truffaut), is dashing about the globe picking up word of other signals, which direct the team to a mountain in Wyoming. It is the spot the aliens have chosen for a rendezvous with us earthlings, and the dreamers—the invited guests—converge upon it. But military personnel who are working with the scientific team cut most of them off. It's a going-to-Bethlehem story. Only those with enough faith and luck make it.

"Close Encounters" is a vindication of village crazies. Those people always give you the feeling they know something you don't, and in this scientific fairy tale it turns out they do. God is up there in a crystal-chandelier spaceship, and He likes us. The stoned, the gullible, the half-mad, and just plain folks are His chosen people. To be more exact: *It* likes us. (The extraterrestrials appear to have evolved beyond sex.) The largest craft, the mother ship, is a great celestial body—a symmetrical, rounded Christmas-tree ornament as big as a city. When it descends from on high, looming over the mountain and hovering there, no storybook illustration can compete with it. This is something only movies can do: dazzle you by sheer scale—and in this case by lights and music as well. Spielberg is the son of an electrical-engineer, S.F.-addict father and a classical-pianist mother, and in the climax of the film he does justice to both. Under the French scientist's direction, the earthlings are ready with a console, and they greet the great craft with an oboe solo—variations on the five-note theme; the craft answers in deep, tuba tones. The dialogue becomes blissfully garrulous. And with light flooding out from



Our Song

the windows of this omniscient airship—it's like New York's skyscrapers all lighted up on a summer night—there is a conversational duet: the music of the spheres. This is one of the peerless moments in movie history—spiritually reassuring, magical, and funny at the same time. Very few movies have ever hit upon this combination of fantasy and amusement—"The Wizard of Oz," perhaps, in a plainer, down-home way.

"Close Encounters," too, is a kids' movie in the best sense. You can feel the pleasure the young director took in making it. With his gift for investing machines with personality, Spielberg is the right director for science fantasy. He made a malevolent character of a truck in "Duel," his famous made-for-TV movie. In his first theatrical feature, "The Sugarland Express," he had cars dancing, feuding, bonding. In his second film, "Jaws," he turned a computer-operated shark into a personal enemy. And now he's got his biggest mechanical toys: the mother ship and the flying-saucer herald angels—whirring through the skies, flashing their lights. Some are intergalactic Pucks teasing earthlings and leading them on fools' chases; some are stately geometric forms spinning languorously. Each is like a musical divertimento, a delight unto itself. "Jaws" was a nightmare movie; this is a dream. In "Jaws," the harrowing terror kept building; here the mystical good humor builds—the story envelops you. With Truffaut as Lacombe, the sympathies of the scientist don't have to be explained; he is essentially the educated man of good will that Truffaut played in his own "The Wild Child." Truffaut suggests efficiency plus innate refinement; his forehead is noble, his features are modelled in a seraphic smile, and he's small. His Lacombe is a calm, wise child who responds to the vision of the dreamer-misfits—shares their instinctive trust of what is in space. (And when, at last, he communicates with a visitor from above, there is a fleeting suggestion of Jean Renoir's lopsided grin in the extraterrestrial's young-old face.)

There are, of course, limitations to science-fiction movies. People used to love to be frightened by ghost stories—those evil portents of a world beyond death, with their intimations of haunted, macabre sex. Those stories belonged to an age when people lived in fear of their own impulses, and in dread of punishment. And movies were able to bring out the stories' primitive-sophisticated power—their suggestiveness. Science fiction, the modern suc-

BARON PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD

The second most impressive thing about Mouton-Cadet.

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM WINE CORPORATION.
SOLE U.S. AGENTS, NEW YORK, N.Y.

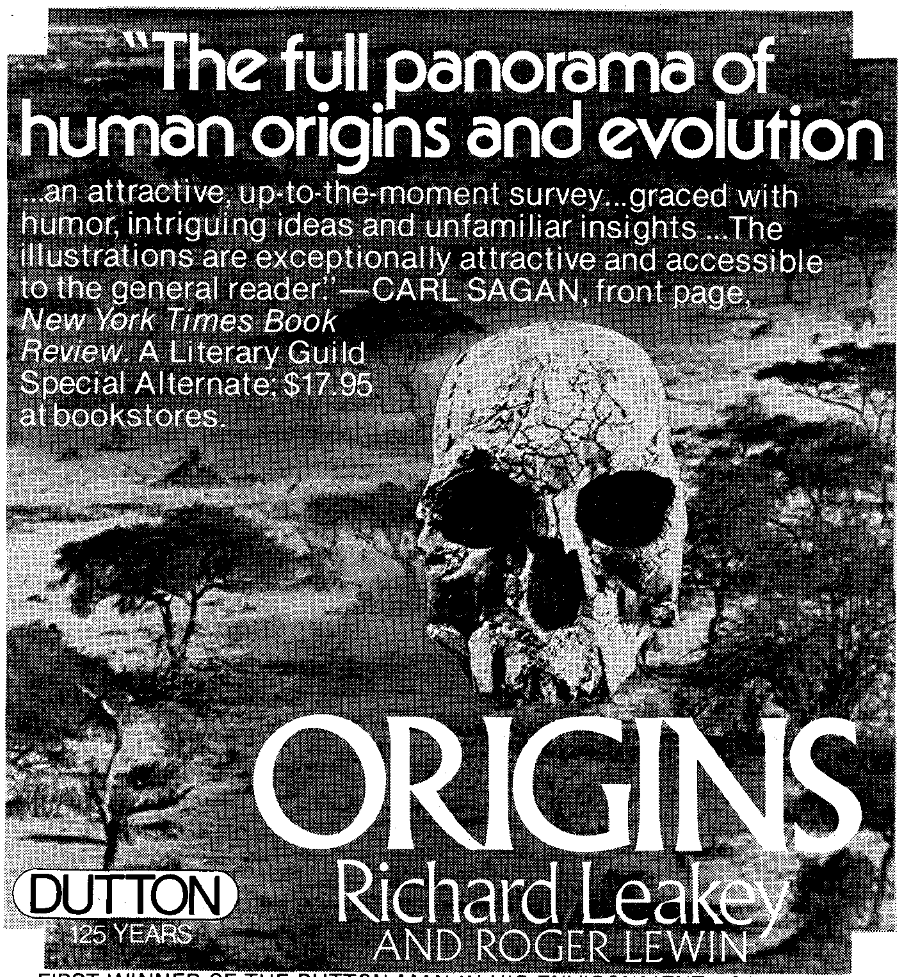
The first.

As impressive as the label is, the ultimate mark of a fine wine is in its taste. And the taste of Mouton-Cadet is a delight.

The grapes used in Mouton-Cadet are selected from some of the best vineyards in Bordeaux. The result is a superbly-balanced red. And a crisp, delicious white.

Mouton-Cadet. A fine wine because it's a Rothschild. And a Rothschild because it's a fine wine.

Mouton-Cadet
Red and White.



"The full panorama of human origins and evolution

...an attractive, up-to-the-moment survey...graced with humor, intriguing ideas and unfamiliar insights ...The illustrations are exceptionally attractive and accessible to the general reader."—CARL SAGAN, front page, *New York Times Book Review.* A Literary Guild Special Alternate; $17.95 at bookstores.

ORIGINS
Richard Leakey
AND ROGER LEWIN

DUTTON
125 YEARS

FIRST WINNER OF THE DUTTON MAN IN HIS ENVIRONMENT BOOK AWARD.

cessor to tales of the supernatural, lacks those psychological dimensions, it doesn't have the whole nighttime apparatus of guilt and superstition clinging to it. The attraction of science fiction is that it's an escape into an almost abstract unknown. Those who are frightened of, despairing about, or bored with this world like to turn their hopes to other worlds in space, but they're not much interested in people. Imagination and idealism are expressed in simplified, allegorical terms. Generally speaking, when a speculative fantasy deals with human conflicts in any depth, it ceases to be called science fiction. The persistent fault of S.F. movies has been the split between the splendor of their special effects and the stilted mediocrity of their characters, situations, and dialogue. There has probably never been a first-rate characterization in an American science-fiction movie—how could there be, since the stories don't depend on character? (That's why science fiction used to be considered a pulp genre.) It's difficult to think of even one well-written role. Kubrick's "2001" was no exception: its only character who made any impression was Hal, the voice of the computer. In "Star Wars," audiences fell in love with R2D2 and C3P0; people had the same reaction to Robby, the robot in "Forbidden Planet," and to the drones in "Silent Running" (which was directed by Douglas Trumbull, who supervised the special photographic effects in "Close Encounters"). In S.F. movies, the robots have personalities; the actors usually don't. "2001" wasn't a pop escapist fantasy, like "Star Wars;" it was an attempt at a more serious view of the future, which was seen as an extension of now, a super-ordinary world. In Kubrick's conception, there was no richness, no texture—it was all blandness. He might as well have been saying, "I have seen the future and it put me to sleep." Spielberg's movie is set right now, and it has none of that ponderous seriousness—but it's the same bland now that S.F. enthusiasts seem to think we live in. The banality is really in *their* view of human life.

With a vast, clear sky full of stars, and a sense of imminence—much of the movie feels like being inside the dome of an enchanted cathedral waiting for the Arrival—terse, swift, heightened dialogue is called for. Instead, we hear casual, ordinary-man language, and, although it has an original, colloquial snap, Spielberg just doesn't have the feeling for words which he has for images. And he doesn't create the central characters (Barry's mother and Roy), or develop them, in a *writer's*

FROM DENMARK

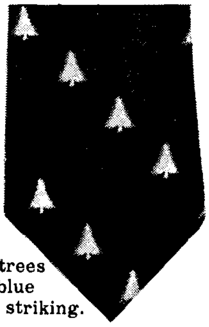
FAITH·HOPE & LOVE...

symbolized in this spectacular handcrafted 1-1/4" sterling silver pendant with 16" chain. $13.50

Send CHECK, VISA/BA, MC
Give Card # & Expiration Date.
From the Henriksen Collection

HANS HANSEN
Importers Inc.
1945 North Hwy. 31, Racine, WI 53405

Tie one on...



Spearmint green trees woven onto navy blue background. Very striking.

Offered exclusively by Especially Maine. Fashionably 3⅞" wide. Gift-boxed and ready to give. $9.00 (plus .50 postage) each.

Especially MAINE
U.S. Route 1 Dept. NY
Arundel, Maine 04046
(207) 985-3749

A GIFT FOR YOUR CHILD'S FIRST YEARS

Shelburne Spinners baby hat—handknit with our own handspun wool yarns. Vegetable dyed colors. Durable, warm and soft. With ties. Natural offwhite, heather grey, rose, navy, rainbow. Fits 1 month to 2 years. $10.00 ppd.

Catalogue, samples $3.00 refundable

SHELBURNE SPINNERS
2 HOWARD, N; BURLINGTON, VERMONT 05401

The FIFTY-ONE shops

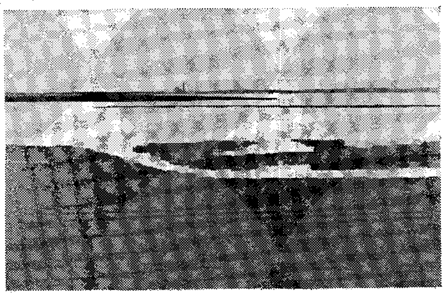
of the new amsterdam airport shopping centre offer a range of top quality, duty-free products more extensive than any of the world's airports.

A selection of that range can now be ordered by mail.

You can see for yourself... from china and cheeses to cameras and crystal ware, lighters and pewter to clocks and radios, candy to perfumery and bulbs, the choice is yours by sending for a free colour catalogue. Dept. M.O., P.O. Box 7501, Schiphol Airport, Holland.

amsterdam airport mailorder department

amsterdam airport
mailorder department
lowest prices in tax-free airport shopping



"Quiet Harbor" *Mac Squires*

Simple, serene and beautiful is the way this recent silk screen, by one of our gallery artists, has been described. Colors are blue, white and moss green.
100 artist-signed and numbered prints. $125 each p.p., unframed. Size 24" x 40". We also have a mini version of the same subject, silk screened, unsigned. Size 11" x 14", framed in narrow silver, $27.50 p.p.

MUNSON GALLERY
33 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Ct.
06511

Chef of the Year Award

Le Périgord Park
Park at 63rd. St., N.Y.C.
(212) 752-0050

Le Périgord
OPEN 5 P.M. FOR PRE-THEATER DINNER
405 E. 52nd. St., N.Y.C.
(212) PL5-6244

PRIVATE PARTY FACILITIES

way; he's thinking about how to get them into the positions he wants them in for his visual plan. Roy is supposed to be the Hitchcockian ordinary man in extraordinary circumstances; for Hitchcock that could be Cary Grant, but for Spielberg it means a sincere attempt to show how a lumpy average man living in pop-culture emptiness could get caught up in a quest. Richard Dreyfuss's Roy waddles in rear view, and becomes moist-eyed when he longs for knowledge. We seem to be asked to respond to Roy for being out of condition and, at times, out of control. There's a fine dinner scene in which Roy's children, who love him, are upset by the compulsiveness of his behavior; they can feel him growing away from them. But Spielberg doesn't follow through on the change in Roy; he jumps to a low-comedy marriage-breakup scene. And after we've had a few closeups of Roy's hectic fervor, as he attempts to share his U.F.O. experience with his pragmatic wife (Teri Garr), her dry philistinism has a hard-edged, comic-strip appeal. With her one-track mind, she's a frozen pizza in Roy's yearning-mystic eye. As one of the crackpots—a man who has seen Bigfoot as well as flying saucers—Roberts Blossom has the look of a true believer. That's what Dreyfuss lacks. Spielberg is far more successful with Barry, the three-year-old, whose pure lust for otherworldly entertainment is delicately funny. Barry, the toddling light-worshipper who sees the sky as a giant toy shop, is closer to the heart of Spielberg's vision than Roy, whose "looking for answers" Dreyfuss strains to represent.

Steven Spielberg is probably the most gifted American director who's dedicated to sheer entertainment. He may have different aims from the aims of people we call artists, but he has integrity: it centers on his means. His expressive drive is to tell a story in shots that are live and hopping, and his grasp of graphic dynamics may be as strong as that of anyone working in movies now. The spatial relationships inside the frame here owe little to the stage, or even to painting; Spielberg succeeds in making the compositions so startlingly immediate that they give off an electric charge. He puts us right in the middle of the action, yet there's enough aesthetic distance—he doesn't assault us. Though the perspectives don't appear forced or unnatural, they're often slightly tilted, with people moving rapidly in or out of the frame, rarely intersecting the center and never occupying it. By designing the images in advance, Spielberg is able to cut without

George Price

The biggest and best—
and needless to say, funniest, George Price ever.
Nearly 200 great George
Price cartoons. And just
in time for Christmas.

BROWSE
at your own RISK

$7.95 • SIMON
AND SCHUSTER

B. Dalton
BOOKSELLER

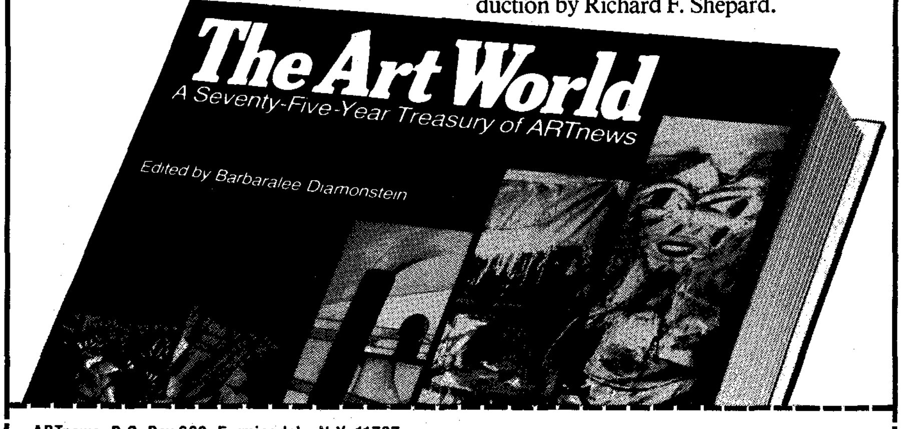
(Known as B. Dalton/Pickwick
in Southern California)
Over 290 stores located
throughout the U.S.

Nearly all the drawings in this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.

The art book of the year!

"Here it all is...From now on, to live in the art world without this book will be difficult; to understand it, impossible."—*Alfred Frankenstein, San Francisco Chronicle.* "It's a superbook." —*Mahonri Young, Apollo*

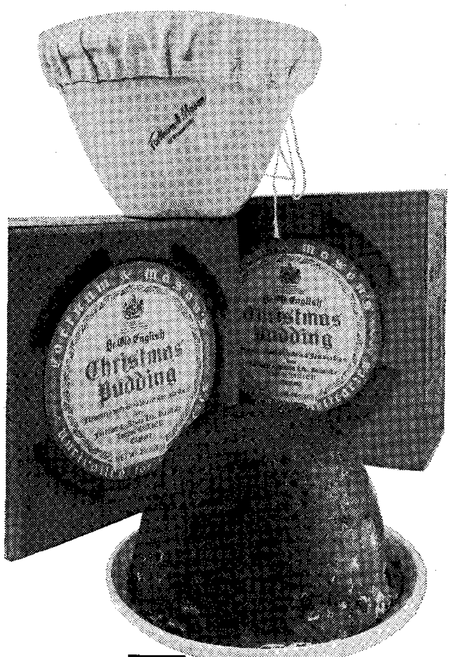
To read, to own, to give—the marvelous story of 75 years of the world art scene as recorded in the pages of *ARTnews,* America's most important art magazine. With 252 illustrations, 113 in full color; foreword by Harold Rosenberg; introduction by Richard F. Shepard.


The Art World
A Seventy-Five-Year Treasury of ARTnews
Edited by Barbaralee Diamonstein

ARTnews, P.O. Box 969, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737
Please send me________copies of The Art World.

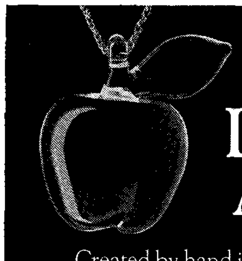
☐ I enclose check (or money order) for
$____________
($29.95 plus $2.05 per copy for postage and handling. New York residents, please add applicable sales tax. Offer expires 12/31/77, after which the price will be $35.00)

NAME____________________
(Please print)
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________________
STATE____________ZIP________
☐ Charge to ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge ☐ Visa Card
Account #____________________
Valid from____________to________
Signature____________________


Taste Christmas

Traditional Old English Christmas Pudding by Fortnum & Mason. Rich with Rum and Brandy this classic pudding comes ready to heat and serve in its own porcelain serving bowl.
1 lb. $9.50, 2 lbs. $14.00, 4 lbs. $25.00
(We pay postage and handling)
Send check or money order to:
The Common Market, One Village Square
Westport, Conn. 06880 (203) 226-9509
I would like________
Name________
Address________
City________ State____ Zip____
☐ Master Charge ☐ American Express
☐ BankAmericard Expiration Date
No.________ ______

Fortnum & Mason


THE LITTLE APPLE

Created by hand in clear crystal.
On 18" 14Kt. Gold chain.
$36. Shown actual size.
Catalogue available.

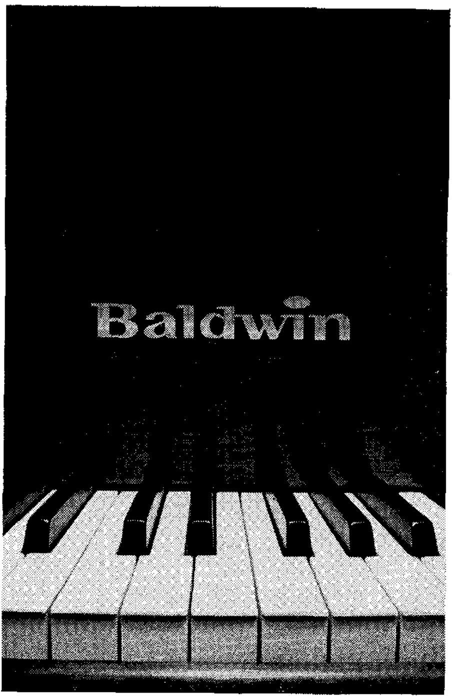
howard sowers
1683 Howell Mill Rd., Atlanta, Ga. 30318©

The Season's Most Unusual
Cards and TissueGreetings

BirthdayBook SanFrancisco
1543 Grant Ave.,CA 94133

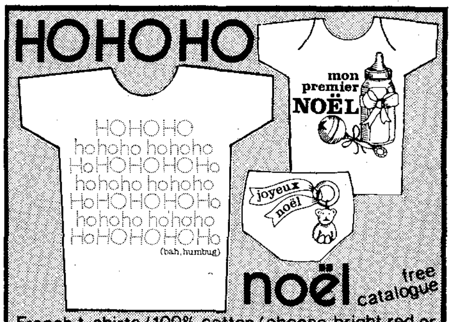
any confusion. Nobody cuts faster on shots full of activity than he does, yet it's never just for the sake of variety: it's what the movie is about that generates the images and the cutting pattern, and there's a constant pickup in excitement from shot to shot—a ziggety forward motion. Even the weakly motivated sequences (which are needed for a later, visual payoff)—such as Roy's going batty, and tearing up his garden and throwing mud and plants in through his kitchen window, or the mountain scaling out of "North by Northwest," which comes across as a delaying tactic—are partly saved by Spielberg's visual energy. "Close Encounters" is big and complex (in addition to Vilmos Zsigmond, who was the director of photography, other famous cinematographers—William A. Fraker, Douglas Slocombe, John Alonzo, and Laszlo Kovacs—worked on it), and there are sequences, such as the one in India, that are fine in themselves yet don't have Spielberg's distinctive graphics. But he never loses the emotional drive of his subject, and he gives audiences full opportunity to luxuriate in the sensuousness of the spectacle. It's too bad that John Williams, who did the score, thinks he's still working on "Jaws." Movie music in general has reached the point where if it isn't meant to cheer you or to scare you, the composer doesn't know what to do. Except for the great duet here, Williams provides emotional noise, rising and shrilling in the Bernard Herrmann manner. The score fails to match the witty use of rapturousness in such images as that of Barry trotting out of his house at night—just a speck on the prairie under a blanket of stars and a huge roiling cloud.

"Close Encounters" shows an excess of kindness—an inability (or, perhaps, unwillingness) to perceive the streak of cowardice and ignorance and confusion in the actions of the authorities who balk the efforts of the visionaries to reach their goal. Having devised a plot in which the government systematically covers up information about U.F.O. sightings, Spielberg is much too casual about how this is done and imprecise about why. He has a paranoid plot, but he hasn't dramatized the enemy. The obstacles here are just Air Force and Army men doing their duty, and these authorities are shrugged off by the cranks, or humbly accepted. Roy and the others don't have the incapacitating hatred of smooth-talking authority which would make us respond to their frustrations—would make us feel what was unhinging them. Impersonality doesn't enrage Spielberg,

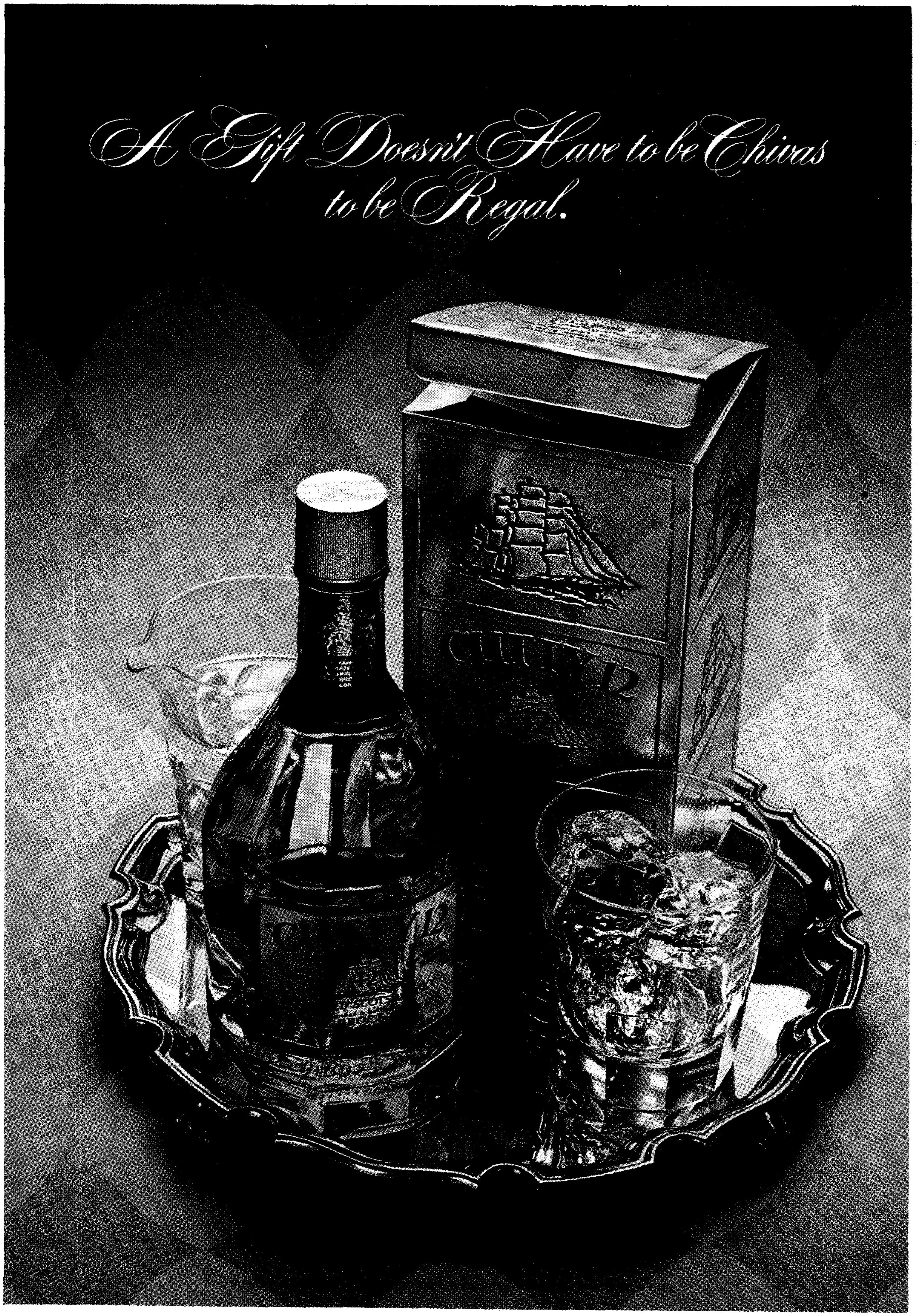


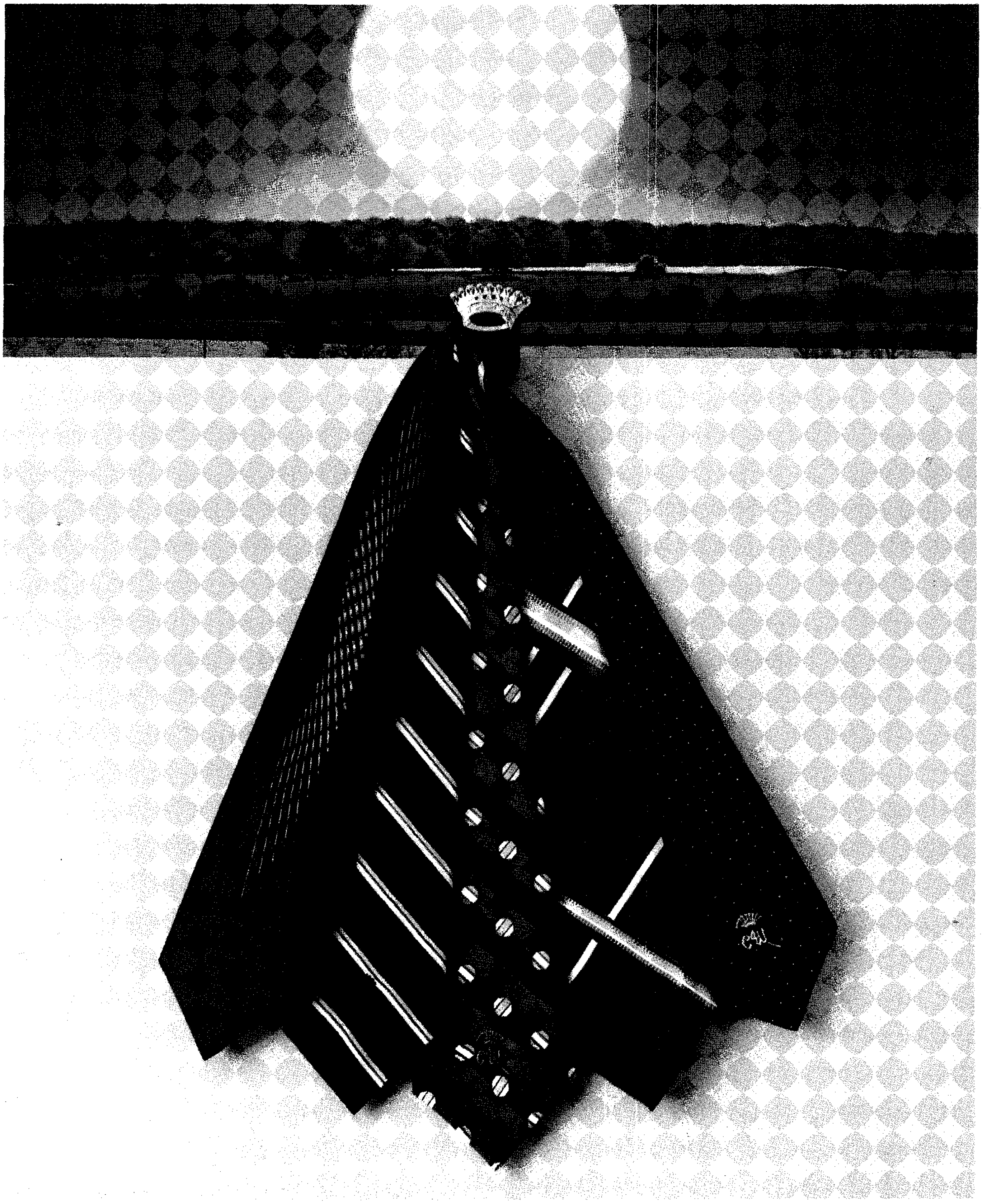
Ivan Davis' Accompanist

Rainbow Bend
FISHING CLUB
an intimate seaside resort
is paradise for . . .
☐ Lovers ☐ Artists ☐ Fishermen
☐ Skin Divers ☐ Sailors ☐ Swimmers
☐ Bird Watchers ☐ Shell Collectors
☐ Families ☐ and . . . YOU!!
. . . join us this year
On the oceanside of Grassy Key
Rates include use of Boston Whaler motor boats, sail boats, fishing and snorkling equipment. Just 10 minutes from Marathon Airport. Write Kris or Virginia Karelius, P.O. Box 2447, Marathon Shores, FL 33052.



French t-shirts/100% cotton/choose bright red or green with navy print. HO HO HO shirt (even sizes) 2-6yr.$10 8-14 $11 womens p.s.m.l $13
NOEL set - 3mo 6mo.1yr.2yr. $15 prices ppd.
BAMBINI dept A 560 Harrison Ave. Boston 02118


A Gift Doesn't Have to be Chivas to be Regal.
CHIVAS 12



The ultimate in elegance...Countess Mara®

The tie of unique distinction is the Countess Mara tie...indicative of understated elegance, design-originality, and an unerring sense of taste. Starting at just $13.50, and priced as high as $3000, all Countess Mara ties reflect the same meticulous craftsmanship...and, of course, each is enhanced by the famous coronet identifying it as a design for "one man in a million". At only the finest stores.

Countess Mara®

because he hasn't got at the personality hidden in it. Stock villainy isn't what's needed—something deeper is. He had similar trouble with the corrupt local merchants and politicians in "Jaws;" their corruption was tired, ritualized—it was necessary for the plot, that was all. In "Close Encounters," there is nothing behind what the military men do except bureaucratic indifference. But that means they don't know what they're doing—and to be so totally blind is tragic, crazy emptiness. Spielberg has a genuine affection for harmless aberrants, but he doesn't fathom the dangerous aberrance of authority—particularly an authority that in its own eyes is being completely reasonable. In terms of his plot, Spielberg needs some Terry Southern in his soul, or maybe even some Norman Wexler. He needs to show us how scared bureaucrats are of something they can't understand and don't know how to handle.

Steven Spielberg is commercial without really being commercial: that is, he's a popular entertainer who doesn't have a feeling for the profane, sneaky pleasures of tawdriness. "Close Encounters" is so generous in its feelings that it makes one feel maternal and protective; there's also another side of one, which says, "I could use a little dirty friction." Most directors who make sweet movies are unskilled, and you're supposed to forgive them their incompetence because of their niceness. Spielberg may be the only director with technical virtuosity ever to make a transcendently sweet movie. "Close Encounters" is almost the opposite of "Star Wars," in which a whole planet was blown up and nobody batted an eye. It seems almost inconceivable, but nobody gets hurt in this movie, except the occupants of one police car, who are so delirious in their pursuit of a flying object that they hurtle off the highway into the air, and then bounce down to earth in a ditch—and they may be too surprised to be hurt. The film is like "Oklahoma!" in space, with jokes; it's spiritual cotton candy and it goes down easy. The summer-skies atmosphere is achieved by certain exclusions: the film is virtually sexless, and the aliens don't deliver any invitations to the Soviet bloc, so there's no political scrambling in the race to the rendezvous. Mercifully, there's no cosmological philosophizing, either: nobody stands around arguing about what the manifestations prove. As was the case with "2001," though, the publicity is full of the usual announcements about the data in it not having been disproved. And statistics about how many millions of people claim to have seen flying saucers are used to give the film an almost official status, as if it were a daring inquiry into facts that the government is hiding from us. These publicity claims of credibility and usefulness only take away from what should be the film's enduring appeal as fantasy.

"Close Encounters" is a beautiful, big, enjoyable film that sends you out happy. It might be even better if there weren't so many people at the end looking upward with transfigured faces. "Star Wars" had its guru, Alec Guinness, in his neo-"Lost Horizon" trappings, and this film, too, has its gaseous naïveté. But it has the visionary magic to go with it. If Roy and Lacombe and the other dreamers do a lot of blinking and staring up with wet eyes, it's not like "The Song of Bernadette" or "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima"—here we at least get to see what they're staring at. And we watch Roy ascend the stairway to Heaven. Spielberg is busy, like that fine humbug Wizard of Oz, pressing buttons on his light panel. He puts on a great show.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

SIGNS

When you go, I hope for a clear sign,
A door shut by accident on my hand,
Or a tooth broken that morning on the steering wheel
As I stop short driving to work
And taste blood in the gap.
I want to feel it all now
With simple grief rising in a wail
As you wave at me from the car—
Not a dull pain floating yards off,
Not to wake up years later,
Ease out of bed, and fall,
My legs sometime in the winter gone stiff,
The walls in the room too weak to lean on,
The floor sliding out of reach below.

—CARL DENNIS

A GIFT FOR
GIFT LOVERS.

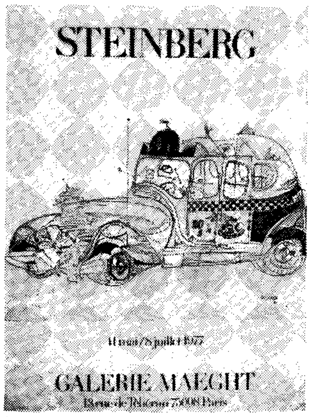
As shown,
chrome finish:
Pen, $36.00
Ballpoint, $18.00

Waterman's elegant writing
instruments from $5.00 to $700.00
at fine stores.

WATERMAN
SINCE 1884

For a store near you, write
CARACTERE PEN CORPORATION,
Orange, Connecticut 06477 or call
toll-free number (800) 243-6034

POSTER ORIGINALS. LTD
924 Madison Avenue New York 10021 861-0422
386 W. Broadway New York 10012 Mon.-Sat. 10-6



#€624 **Steinberg**. 31 x 24 in.
Red, yellow, blue, silver, white.
$30. plus tax. $1. for postage.

$3.50 for new color catalogue.

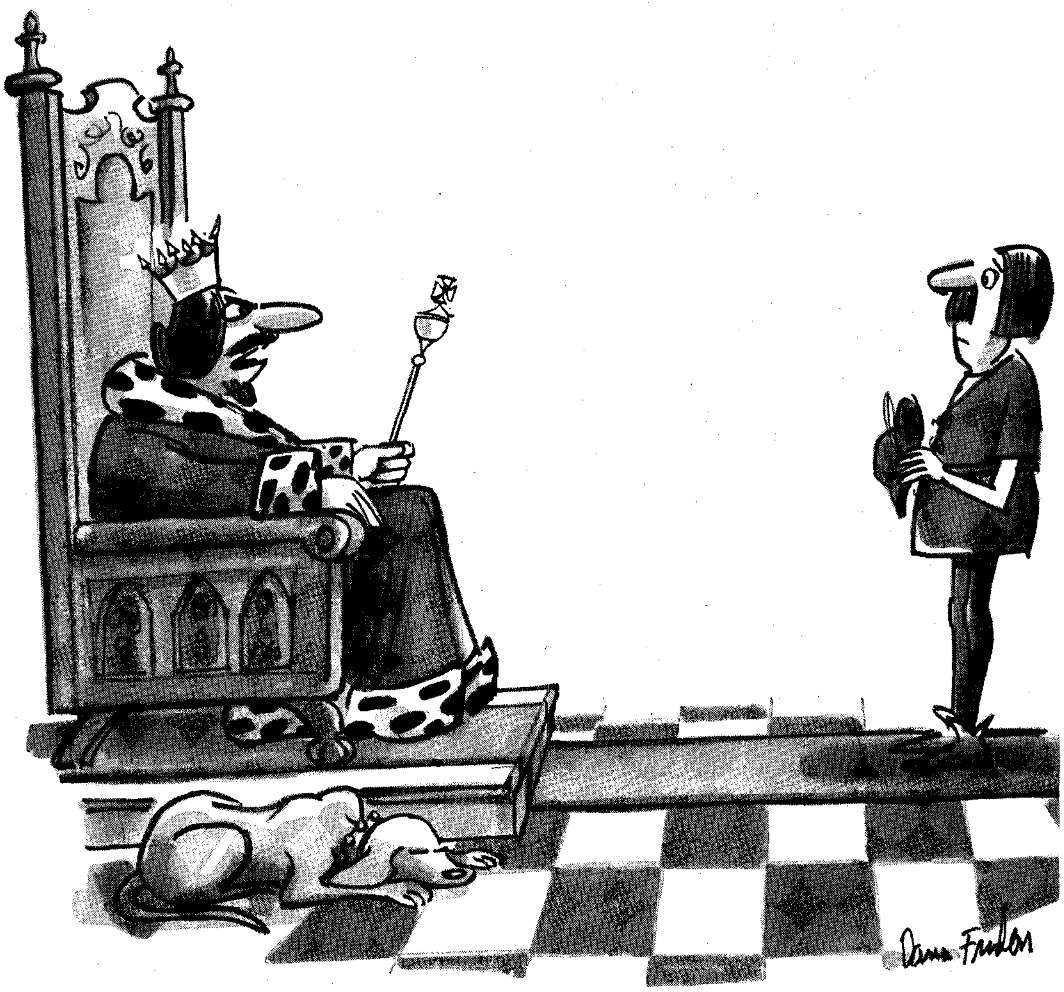
MUSICAL EVENTS

Transformations

CASTELFRANCO VENETO is a small town about thirty miles northwest of Venice. Her most famous son is Giorgione, whose "Madonna with Saints Liberalis and Francis" stands in the Duomo. Her next-most-famous son is probably Agostino Steffani (1645-1728), composer, diplomat, and bishop, whose works dominated the German theatres of his day. Accounts of his early life vary, but most of them say he was a singing boy at St. Mark's, Venice, when, at the age of thirteen, he captivated a Bavarian nobleman, who procured his release and took him off to Munich. There he was carefully trained. In 1681, his first opera, "Marco Aurelio," appeared. In 1689, he moved to Hanover, where the new opera house, described as the most beautiful in all Germany, was inaugurated by his "Henrico Leone." In 1710, Handel succeeded him as the Hanoverian Kapellmeister. He died in Frankfurt. His life and his music alike provide a bridge between Francesco Cavalli and Handel, between seventeenth-century Venetian opera and international opera of the early eighteenth century. Hugo Riemann, who produced an edition of "Alarico," one of the two Steffani operas in print, claimed that Alessandro Scarlatti was less intimate, less delicate than Steffani, and that Lully lacked his charm and tenderness of melodic invention.

Castelfranco itself may have played a small part in Steffani's life but it is playing a large one in the revival of his music. The town's principal theatre, the Teatro Accademico, was designed in the mid-eighteenth century by Francesco Maria Preti (architect of the Duomo, and of the Villa Strà, the most opulent of the villas along the Brenta). It was falling into disrepair when, in 1970, the Commune of Castelfranco acquired it, restored its beauty and usefulness, and reëstablished it as the center of the town's musical and theatrical life. This exquisite little house—it seats less than four hundred—was reopened in 1975 with a performance of Steffani's "Tassilone," given by the Clarion Opera Group. The following year, Clarion revived "Tassilone" and produced Cavalli's "Giasone." This year, it did Steffani's "Niobe, Regina di Tebe" and Baldassare Galuppi's "L'Arcadia in Brenta." In New York, the Clarion Music Society has long been cherished for its productions, in concert form or semi-staged, of unfamiliar works—among them Dittersdorf's "Arcifanfano," Hasse's "Olimpiade," Keiser's "Croesus," Mayr's "Medea in Corinto," Piccinni's "Didon." "Tassilone" had its first Clarion performance in Alice Tully Hall in 1973. In Castelfranco, the Music Society becomes an Opera Group, treading the stage, and from its summer base there it ranges through Venetia to provide a three-week Festival of Venetian Music. This year, "Niobe" was also done in the Teatro Olimpico at Vicenza, and "L'Arcadia in Brenta" visited the Teatro Duse in Asolo. The Cavalli Vespers were sung and played in San Zenone degli Ezzelini, in Mogliano Veneto, and in St. Mark's itself. And chamber concerts were given in several of the villas of the region. It is good to hear Venetian music beneath Venetian skies—church music in the resonant spaces for which it was written and Venetian chamber music in Palladian chambers. Walking to the eighteenth-century Teatro Accademico in the citadel center of Castelfranco—which is walled, and is ringed by a moat and then by enormous plane trees—predisposes a listener to pleasure more surely than walking Broadway to reach Alice Tully Hall. Nevertheless, ambience is not all. The musical pleasures of the Clarion "Niobe" that I heard in Tully Hall this month outweighed those of the Clarion "Arcadia" that I saw and heard in Castelfranco.

THE librettist of "Niobe," Luigi Orlandi, drew his main matter from the sixth book of "Metamorphoses." Amphion by his song raises the walls of Thebes. The reckless pride of his wife, Niobe, draws down the anger of Diana and Apollo, who slay her



"It's true that I promised you my kingdom for a horse, but I've changed my mind."

children; she turns to stone, a statue with tears of grief trickling down its cheeks. But Orlandi went beyond his source, increased the cast, and, to the Ovidian Argomento that introduces his libretto, added what he called "the following likelihoods": that Creon, a Thessalian prince, came to besiege Thebes (in revenge for the murder by Amphion of Dirce, Creon's aunt by marriage), fell in love with Niobe, and, aided by the arts of Polyphernus, "the chief magician of Attica" and another of Dirce's relations, enjoyed her for a while; that Tiberinus came to Thebes in quest of glory, fell in love with Manto, Tiresias's daughter, and took her back to Latium as his bride; and that Amphion, weary of rule, retired into scholarly seclusion, naming his wife regent and one Cleartes (who was also in love with Niobe) prime minister. Any attempt to relate clearly the elaborate twists of the plot would fail, but in performance one follows it from incident to incident easily enough. And the character drawing of Amphion and Niobe is so vivid that one suspects real life at one of the German courts may even have provided models for the ruler, versed in music, science, and literature, who prefers study to cares of state, and his haughty, ambitious wife, so proud of her position, of her lineage (both granddaughter and daughter-in-law of Jove), of her brilliant children, and of the beauty and intelligence that make distinguished men her slaves. Amphion (a castrato role) and Niobe both seem to be recognizable people. Niobe's relations with her scholarly husband, with her respectful admirer, Cleartes, and with the bold seducer, Creon, who sweeps her off her feet, all seem very real.

After the Argomento, in the original libretto, comes a scenario and then a list of machines. The Munich theatre must have been very well equipped. "From afar, a gigantic monster suddenly appears, moving to the front of the stage. It suddenly changes into many warriors, leaving a small cloud on the ground, in which Creon is discovered sleeping, with Polyphernus standing beside him." At a beautiful air from Amphion, rocks and stones arise, and fall into place as the walls of Thebes. "Creon and Polyphernus ascend from below, astride two monsters." To the strains of a march, Niobe's children advance, on a triumphal car, into the great square at Thebes, thronged with populace; then "in a sudden earthquake one sees buildings fall; clouds darken the stage amid lightning, thunder, and thunderbolts. On high, Latona, Diana, and Apollo appear, with a company of gods,

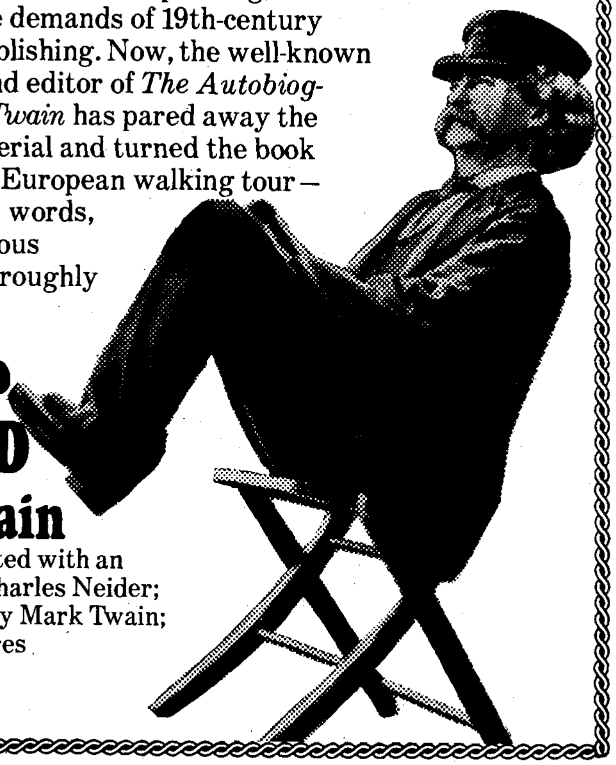
Comic genius—undiluted.

While *A Tramp Abroad* boasts some of Mark Twain's funniest writing, the pleasure of reading the book has been substantially diluted by its patches of dull padding, added only to meet the demands of 19th-century subscription publishing. Now, the well-known Twain expert and editor of *The Autobiography of Mark Twain* has pared away the extraneous material and turned the book —the story of a European walking tour— into, in Neider's words, "a riot of humorous invention...a thoroughly delicious book."

A TRAMP ABROAD by Mark Twain

Abridged and edited with an introduction by Charles Neider; with 8 drawings by Mark Twain; $12.50 at bookstores

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817



"Collectors and connoisseurs will welcome this handsomely produced facsimile edition of the *Mirâj Nâmeh*.... One of the treasured works of Islam."—*Publishers Weekly*

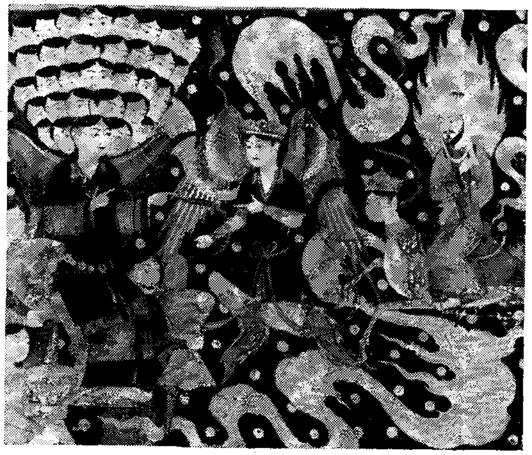
THE MIRACULOUS JOURNEY OF MAHOMET *Mirâj Nâmeh*

Introduction and Commentaries by Marie-Rose Séguy

The *Mirâj Nâmeh* is a mystical legend describing the marvelous visions that marked the stages of that miraculous ascension in the course of which, one night, the founder of Islam reached the Throne of God. This sumptuous fifteenth-century manuscript is the latest addition to the Braziller Library of Illuminated Manuscripts.

156 pp.
8½" x 11¾"
58 plates in four colors plus gold

***$35.00** pre-Christmas*
***$40.00** thereafter*



George Braziller, Inc.
One Park Avenue, New York 10016

Write to Dept. NY for a complete list of art books.

EMS
Flannel
Shirt

A 100% cotton, color-fast, brushed flannel shirt featuring two button-down pockets, button cuffs, full length sleeves, long tails and a dress collar. Available in three authentic Scots Tartan plaids.

$9.95

Eastern Mountain Sports
Specialists in lightweight outdoor equipment for backpacking, mountaineering and skiing

☐ Please send me a free catalog
☐ Enclosed is my check or money order
☐ Napier (blue/white)
☐ MacKenzie (blue/green)
☐ Royal Stewart (red)
Sizes: men, S, M, L, XL
women, S, M, L
Name
Address
City
State Zip

3302 Vose Farm Road
Peterborough, N.H. 03458
Retail stores located throughout the Northeast

NEVER ENOUGH OF NATURE

CHARMING STORIES leading one into the lives of birds and animals; authentic and amusing with a philosophy that joins man and other living animals on this planet into one society.

All ages will enjoy it.
A perfect gift.
273 pages hard-bound with line drawings.

Please ship....... copy(s) $10. a copy postpaid
☐ Please send free Droll Yankees catalog.
☐ Check for book(s) enclosed or use
Bank Americard No.
Expiration date
Name
Address
City
State Zip

Droll Yankees Inc.
Box 98-Y. Foster. Rhode Island 02825

Unusual Playing Cards
Colorful Bridge cards from Austria. Set of 2 decks $6.00
Illustrated catalog of cards from around the world .50
SALLIE'S SPECIALTIES
Box 7732D Atlanta, Ga.30357

to strike the triumphal car with bolts of lightning, and then depart." Those are a few of the stage directions in a libretto where monsters and clouds provide the principal means of conveyance, and transformation scenes abound. Backstage at Castelfranco, I saw tons of lighting equipment packed for return to the University of California at Irvine, whence it had been borrowed to create, by means of elaborate projections, the setting for "Niobe." In Tully Hall, things were simpler. Clayton Garrison had reduced his Castelfranco staging to little more than entries and exits; one knew who was present in any scene and who was eavesdropping on whom, and could build the spectacular scenery in imagination while following the libretto that was provided. Since the men of the Clarion cast were very poor actors, I'm not sure that the human drama of "Niobe" was any less well served by this semi-staging.

The drama is created by the music, and Steffani's resources seem to be almost endless. He pulls out one surprise after another. His recitatives have a Venetian suppleness, eloquence, and beauty; one is transported back to the days when opera was young and its utterance united the directness of speech to the affecting power of song. His orchestra includes recorders, "piffari" (oboes were used in this performance), bassoons, and trumpets, and he rings the changes on textures and timbres with subtle mastery. Voice and instruments are often deployed in a kind of concerto-grosso technique. His string writing is inventive. His rhythms are unpredictable: a four-measure period may be answered by one of five; in one aria, six-measure and five-measure strains alternate. Sometimes a voice strikes in at the very start of a number; sometimes there is an introductory ritornello; and sometimes the voice cuts into the ritornello before it is done. Steffani is very good at mood music. In the Royal Museum of Thebes, the continuo harpsichord and lutes are silenced, a small string band plays in the distance, recorders and strings play in the pit, and Amphion muses on the harmony of the spheres. In a later scene, strings play a measured tremolo, diminuendo, to represent pangs of grief in Amphion's heart. He and Niobe have the best music. His is largely reflective and reaches its climax in an astounding death scene. The voice part moves by syncopation, large leaps, broken syllables, and sudden triplet sobs. The accompaniment is a poignant network of crisscrossed chromatic lines for strings alternating between a small body and the full ensemble. Niobe joins her dying husband dur-

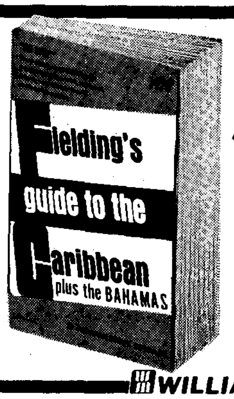
COSMOS SOCCER FOR CHRISTMAS

Give your favorite soccer fan a Cosmos season ticket, a gift that lasts through 15 home games and the championship game in August. Get in on the new, exciting "in" sport, played by the NASL Champion Cosmos, in Cosmos Country at Giants Stadium. Order now to receive a season ticket gift certificate in time for Christmas.

16 Game Season Ticket:
Mezzanine–$160; Lower Tier–$96 ($64 for under 16's and senior citizens). Order from:

COSMOS TICKET SALES
75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10019 or phone (212) 484-6184.

(Check or Money Order Only)



Fielding's guide to the Caribbean plus the BAHAMAS

"Fielding's is the only one."
–Newsweek

$10.95

WILLIAM MORROW

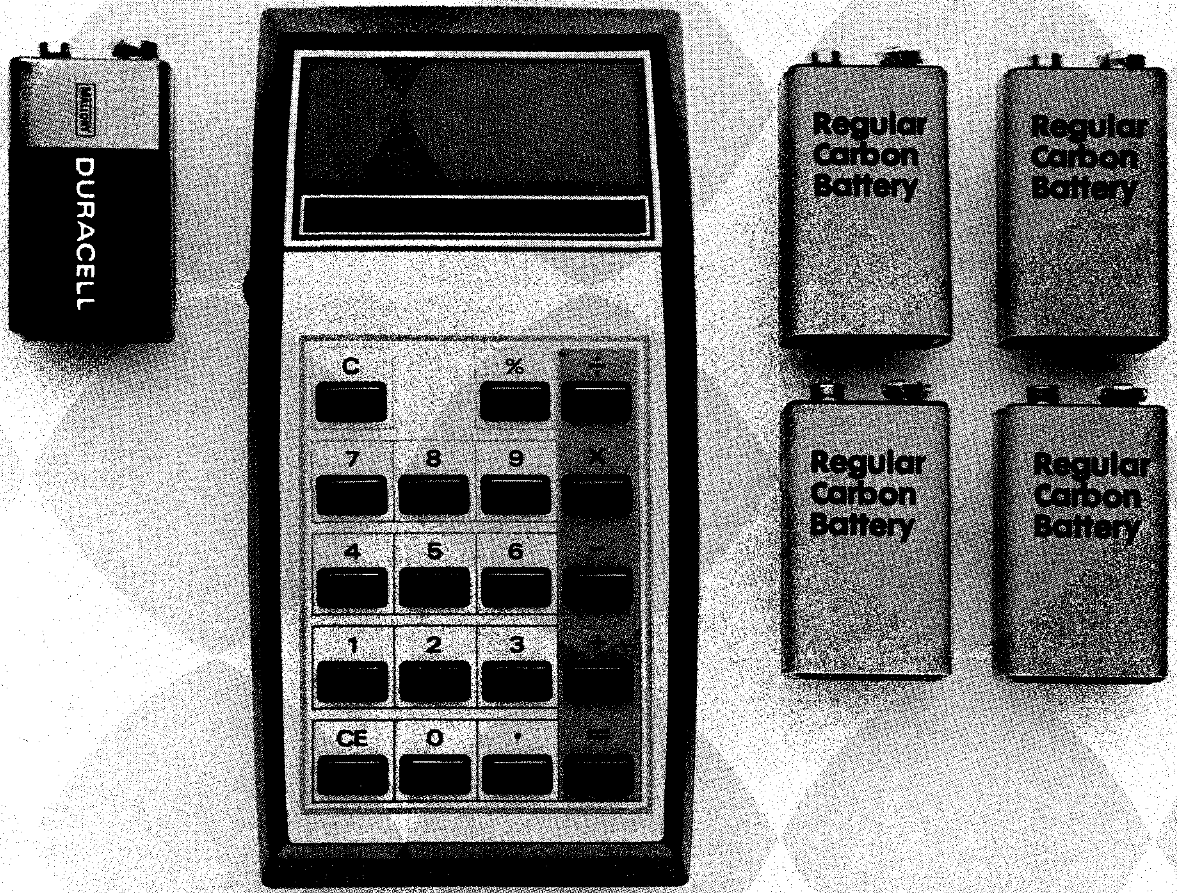
If they love words, give them VERBATIM

The Language Quarterly currently delighting 20,000 readers worldwide with its entertaining and informative approach to all aspects of language. Automatic membership in the VERBATIM Book Club makes it two gifts in one. Send $4.00 (U.S.) or $4.50 (elsewhere) for a one-year subscription starting with the current issue for each of those on your list.

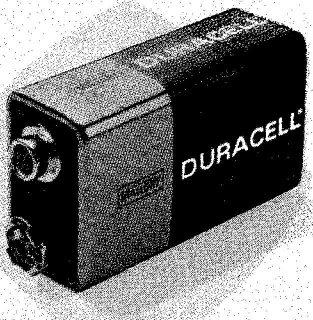
Give a gift of words.
VERBATIM
Box 668 QX
Essex, Conn. 06426 U.S.A.

French country cooking
The C & O Restaurant
Charlottesville, Virginia
reservations: (804) 296-8280

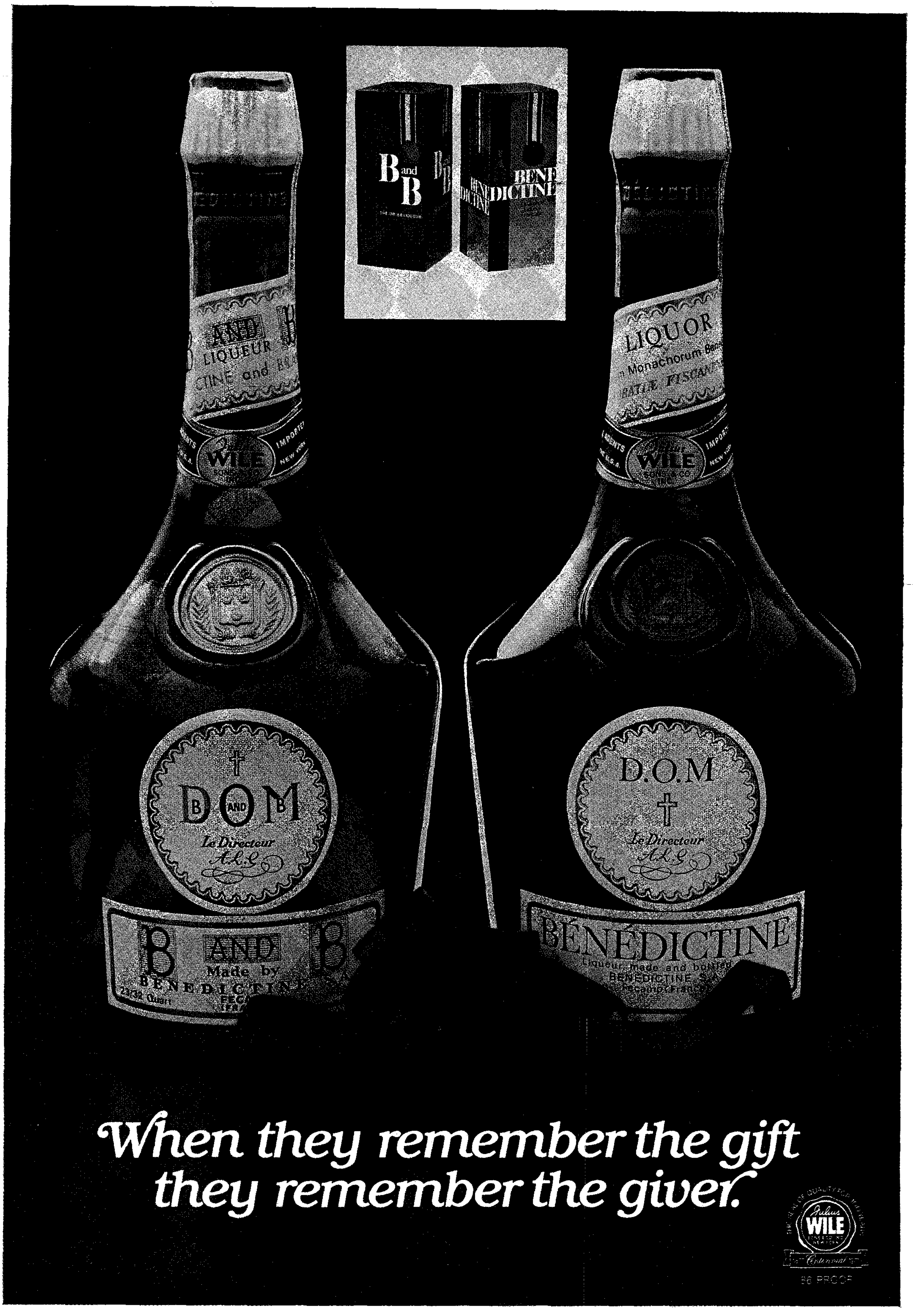
CAN 1=4?


MALLORY
DURACELL
C
%
÷
7
8
9
X
4
5
6
−
1
2
3
+
CE
0
•
=
Regular Carbon Battery
Regular Carbon Battery
Regular Carbon Battery
Regular Carbon Battery

It can with DURACELL® batteries! Independent tests prove that depending on the calculator, DURACELL® can last up to four times longer than regular carbon batteries. Think of that the next time your calculator batteries give up. Or better yet, think of it now, and replace your batteries with DURACELL…the Copper Top battery.


DURACELL
MALLORY

NO REGULAR BATTERY LOOKS LIKE IT...OR LASTS LIKE IT.

B and B
BENEDICTINE
LIQUEUR
LIQUOR
Julius WILE
IMPORTED NEW YORK
D.O.M
Le Directeur
B AND B
Made by BENEDICTINE
23/32 Quart
BÉNÉDICTINE
Liqueur made and bottled
BENEDICTINE S.A.
Fécamp France
When they remember the gift they remember the giver.
Julius WILE
SONS & CO. INC.
NEW YORK
Centennial
86 PROOF

ing the reprise of the opening section; her voice then adds cries of grief to his halting melody. He dies in mid-word, and out of key. Niobe's heart is broken; her death scene follows immediately. Again, it is a chromatic lament, but this time one of smooth lines over a simple continuo accompaniment; as she turns to marble, the last word, "morte," dies on her lips after the first syllable and instruments alone complete the cadence.

Elaine Bonazzi sang Amphion with much feeling for word, phrase, and affect; she was very moving. Niobe's earlier music, as befits her character, is energetic and brilliant; Joy Zornig sang it with considerable bravura and skill, and then made something wonderful of the death scene. Susan Belling was delightful in the simpler, innocent music of Manto. The men had less character, but the smooth, fluent tenor of Hayden Blanchard (Tiberinus) and the well-defined falsetto of Jeffrey Dooley (Cleartes) could be admired. Daniel Collins (Creon), Sidney Johnson (Tiresias), and Raymond Murcell (Polyphernus) completed a confident and well-prepared cast. Newell Jenkins had edited a score from the autograph, which is in Vienna. The work was given with few cuts (the show lasted nearly three and a half hours, with two short intermissions), and even those cuts which had been indicated by Steffani himself could be regretted, since his level of invention is so consistently high. Mr. Jenkins conducted with a sure command of dramatic pace and with great feeling for the variety of moods, the picturesqueness and color of the scoring, and its rhythmic and harmonic points of expression. Where I sat, the two lutes often sounded feeble and faint; some arias seemed to proceed at times over a bare bass line. But otherwise all went well. One looks forward eagerly to "La Libertà Contenta," the Steffani opera that Clarion is preparing for performance in Castelfranco next year.

"L'ARCADIA IN BRENTA" (which Clarion has not yet presented this side of the Atlantic) is an important work in operatic history—Goldoni's first comic libretto and Galuppi's first great comic success. Within four years of its première, in Venice in 1749, the piece had made the rounds of Italy and Germany. It has an amusing plot—a houseparty in a Brenta villa whose owner lacks the funds to entertain his guests as lavishly as they expect—a witty libretto, lively music, and an extended second-act finale that is

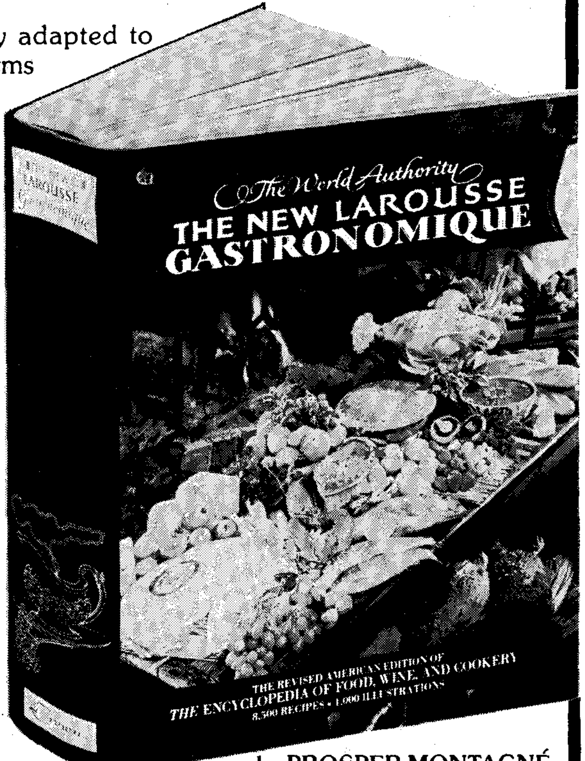
NEW EDITION OF THE WORLD'S #1 CULINARY BEST-SELLER

- 8,500 recipes, fully adapted to American usage and terms
- 1,000 illustrations, many in full color
- both text and illustrations extensively revised and updated
- authoritative articles on the many new developments in cuisine
- over 1,000 large pages

"The mightiest, farthest ranging, most astonishing single cookbook in the history of eating!"
—*Life* Magazine on the first edition

$25, now at your bookstore, or send check to Crown Publishers, Inc., One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

CROWN


The World Authority
THE NEW LAROUSSE GASTRONOMIQUE
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FOOD, WINE, AND COOKERY
THE REVISED AMERICAN EDITION OF
8,500 RECIPES • 1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS
LAROUSSE

by PROSPER MONTAGNÉ
American Editor: CHARLOTTE TURGEON

LEATHER FROGS

My genuine leather frogs are of soft glove leather. Happy, remorseful, mischievous . . . but always loving. About 6" high (sitting, of course), hand made one-by-one, so no two are ever quite the same. Instant refund if you're not delighted. $12 each or $21 a pair *plus* $1.50 for insured UPS delivery. N.Y. State residents add tax. Write for catalog.

SANDY'S LEATHER ZOO
Rm. 1, 1400 Dean St.
Schenectady, N.Y. 12309

DEXTER'S INN &
SKI TOURING CENTER
Box N, Sunapee, N.H. 03782

Small. Select. Casual. Unique. Club atmosphere with special courtesies and attention to guests. Fireplaces, bar, fine food and company. Wine cellar. Groomed trails on 200 acres. Equipment, instructor, guides. 2 major downhill areas — 15 minutes. Family suites / efficiencies available. (603) 763-5571.

Wendell Berry

"is our contemporary Isaiah" *(Edward Abbey)*, "a very hardy growth indeed; he may bend, but he will not break as long as the land upholds him" *(James Dickey)*, "a prophet of our healing, a utopian poet-legislator like William Blake" *(Donald Hall, N.Y. Times Book Review)*.

The Unsettling of America
Culture & Agriculture

"is one of the most cogent books of the decade, and in its claims for a healthy man-earth relationship, one of the most revolutionary."—*Wallace Stegner*

$9.95 at bookstores
SIERRA CLUB
BOOKS

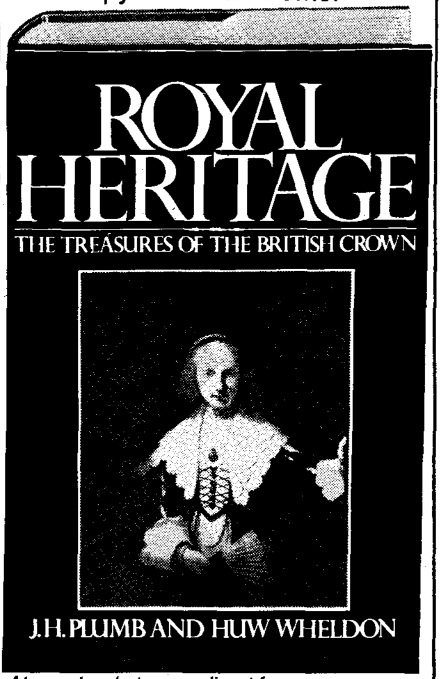
You'll never see this collection at Parke-Bernet

For over 1,000 years, the English royal family has acquired treasures of unparalleled splendor: paintings, palaces, jewels, furniture, manuscripts, *objets.*

This breathtaking collection of the world's greatest riches is now on view in *Royal Heritage: The Treasures of the British Crown.*

Containing over 400 illustrations, 100 of which are in full color, the volume is accompanied by renowned British historian J. H. Plumb's text that not only describes the collection and its place in history but also highlights the collector-princes themselves.

Make this treasury of treasures the highlight of your holiday gift-giving. And of course treat yourself to a copy at the same time.


ROYAL HERITAGE
THE TREASURES OF THE BRITISH CROWN
J. H. PLUMB AND HUW WHELDON

At your bookstore or direct from:

HBJ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
General Books, Dept. CE
757 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me ____ copies of *Royal Heritage* (1-790112) @ $25.00 each. I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order for $_____ total. (Please add sales tax where applicable.)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ________ State ________ Zip ________

a milestone in the history of matching formal musical structure to dramatic incident. But, with the exception of the versatile Miss Bonazzi, the American cast showed small ability to play Italian comedy. Miss Zornig and Miss Belling sang charmingly. The men tended to primp and posture, acting stock fops instead of bringing the characters to life by use of the words. Mr. Jenkins's instrumentalists, from Venice, were less adept than those he had in New York for "Niobe." With all the Brenta marvels at hand to inspire him, the designer, Richard Triplett, settled for dull, coarse scenery in dark colors. For me, the evening fell rather flat; but I should report that the Castelfrancans evidently enjoyed it.

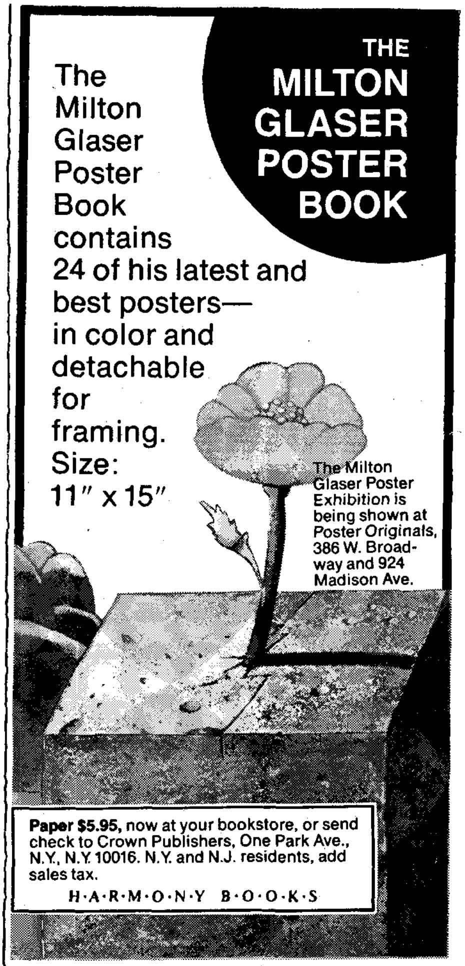
—Andrew Porter

•

THE LIFE AHEAD

I wakened, still a child,
and dressed myself slowly
for the life ahead. It
came at two, after lunch:
the class quieted
and the teacher's eyes
clouded and closed.
I could smell our coats
on their hooks, I could
smell my own uncut hair,
the hair of a dog, and
when I looked down below
to the dark streets awash
with oil, a small boy—
alone and lost—wandered
across the playground.
He climbed the fence
and made it across
the avenue, past the closed
candy store, and down
the street that led to hell.
There was a river in Detroit,
and if you crossed it you
were in another country,
but something always
called me back: a woman
who had no use for me,
or a brother who did, or
the pure white aura
of steel before the forge
came down with a groan
like the sea's and we stood
back waiting for one more
leaf of a truck spring, thick
arched leaf of earth. Something
called me back to this life,
and I came home to wander
the schoolyard again
as a lost boy and find,
above or below, the world
was here and now, drowning
in oil, second by second
borrowed from the clock.

—Philip Levine


THE MILTON GLASER POSTER BOOK

The Milton Glaser Poster Book contains 24 of his latest and best posters—in color and detachable for framing. Size: 11″ x 15″

The Milton Glaser Poster Exhibition is being shown at Poster Originals, 386 W. Broadway and 924 Madison Ave.

Paper $5.95, now at your bookstore, or send check to Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

HARMONY BOOKS

THE HOBBIT
J. R. R. Tolkien

Deluxe edition. 300 enchanting illustrations, many in color. $29.95 to 12/31/77; $35 thereafter.

GNOMES
Rien Poortvliet & Wil Huygen

A delightful tongue-in-cheek study of the Gnome. 200 full-color pages. $14.95 to 12/31/77; $17.50 thereafter.

Please add applic. sales tax (and 75¢ dely.)
Ask for our Christmas catalog.
THE SCRIBNER BOOK STORE
597 5th Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Tele. (212) 486-4070
AmExp. BankAm. MasterChg.

PINCHPENNY PICK-A-POCKET
A CHILDREN'S STORE

Shhh...Baby Sleeping Pillow. *This pillow is perfect to hang on a door knob, over a crib, or to give to someone you love.* Each pillow is unique and beautiful. Size: 6x8in. $9.50 ppd. N.Y. residents add 8% tax.

PINCHPENNY
PICK-A-POCKET
1242 Madison Ave.
N.Y.C., N.Y. 10028

BankAmericard. Master Charge accepted

Shhh... Baby Sleeping

XMAS HOME AWAY IN BOSTON

Our short term furnished apartments offer alternative accommodations over the Xmas Holidays at attractive rates. We have pleasant clean, fully equipped apartments, complete with linen, china and kitchenware in the nicer parts of Back Bay and Beacon Hill.

For details:
Home Away, (617) 523-1432
66 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

BOOKS

Undone

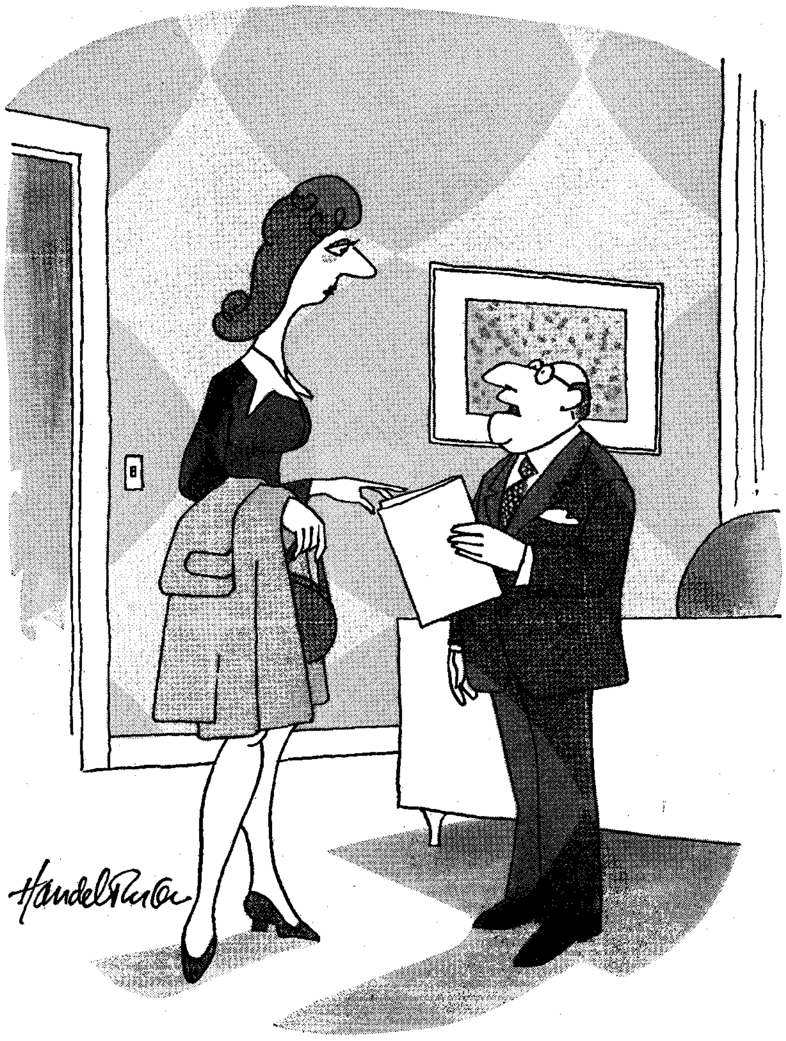
Peter De Vries' heroes are exceptionally dotty and exceptionally clever. None more so than Mr. Swirling, the loopy, gifted centerpiece of De Vries' fruitiest and most accomplished new novel, "Madder Music" (Little, Brown). Swirling is in a fugue state: nothing musical but "a pathological amnesiac condition during which the patient is apparently conscious of his actions but on return to normal life has no recollection of them," in the words of a bland doctor who talks to his patient's second wife as though he were rehearsing before a looking glass for an address at a psychiatric convention. "Fugue," we are instructed with De Vries' usual comic know-all scholarship, comes from the Latin for "flight." Hence "fugitive." Swirling is on the run from himself and the sober world. He has taken wing into the looks, character, and speech of Groucho Marx, to the distress of his humorless friends and wife. The likeness is all there: the brilliantly awful wordplay that spatters the listener like grapeshot, the crouching spring after women with bosoms like rolltop desks, the cigar that seems to be eaten rather than smoked, the greasepaint mustache and eyebrows.

De Vries is wryly accurate about psychiatrists' often cowlike solemnity. The doctor explains with care that Mrs. Swirling's husband is fleeing the reality of the world *out there*, with a gesture indicating the planet at large, or *in here*, with a slap on his breast rather than his head, which cordially leaves Mrs. Swirling free to make the assessment that her husband is a troubled spirit rather than nuts. The bonkers house is decorously called Silver Slopes: a reminder of the California mortician who said that he regards his work as the other end of natural childbirth.

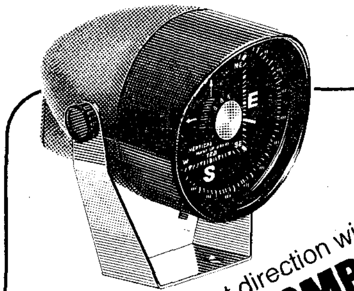
Maybe De Vries himself is in some sort of artistic fugue state. His incarnation of Groucho's speech patterns is, in truth, the case of a fugitive making for the loft of another's rhythms and sense of humor. Swirling says to a nurse, "Will you be my girl Friday? I'm booked up Saturday and Sunday . . . Perhaps I might tuck you in the following weekend, and I do mean tuck you in, if I may end a sentence with a proposition . . ." He pursues a large patient into a clump of rhododendrons; his coattails flying after him when she escapes, he says, "You'll find me broad-minded, in fact it's all I think about." The impersonation, says the doctor admiringly, beats Napoleon and Hitler and messianic complexes. He weightily sends a minion cashier with a bill to see if Swirling has any sense of reality. The minion gets the answer in his face like a custard pie: "And they call it free association. Huh! But I shan't keep you, you must have a thousand things to do. I'll bet the ladies just adore that great big Kirk Douglas dimple in your chin. I thought at first it might be your navel, everything is so high these days."

The psychiatrist tries haplessly to get to the bottom of this dark pool, with its patently thin layer of protective ice. Has the patient ever wanted to scandalize people before? he asks Swirling's second wife. She says simply that he was the friendliest, gentlest man she ever knew. "I mean I was the Other Woman in his first marriage, as well as the wronged wife in ours." The doctor explains that the purpose of flipping is to feel no pain and that therapy reverses the transaction: "Get the patient to purchase back his reason at the price of his tranquillity." De Vries views analysis with a cool eye, and a stalking gait much like that of the Groucho whom he exhilaratingly resurrects for us. The doctor is given to gawky slang, like "Let's let the meter click for a while." He is destined to get words so messed up that one can imagine him enacting a Madison Avenue swinger and saying "Let's kick it around on the griddle." He explains solemnly that Freud found the two basic human drives most released in humor to be sex and aggression. And what were Groucho's props? Lechery and insult. Comedy, here's the door. Groucho, you're explained away.

De Vries' own background is Dutch Reformed. His opinion of analysis is made baleful by the triviality he finds in a pagan religiosity that is limited to the Western middle classes and that regards the deepest conflict as being between guilt and the libido rather than between conscience and sin. The doctor has a portly mind, and he scarcely moves his eyes, whatever the chaos, keeping his face straight for the majesty of the Freudian royal line, like a Buckingham Palace guard on sentry duty. About therapy, Swirl-



"I'm afraid it's no, Miss Peterson. Your qualifications are excellent, but we're essentially a petite sort of organization."



Get headed in right direction with . . .

VERTICAL CAR COMPASS

just $12.95

Now you can tell at glance where you are headed. **Vertical Car Compass** has airplane panel styling and vertical 2½ inch dial with full 360° view. Great for night driving too because dial lights up at touch of push-button switch (battery and bulb included). Fasten to dash with no-mar adhesive. Can be fully compensated, and you can lock it when not in actual use. Know where you're going and order **Vertical Car Compass** today!

henniker's

779 Bush St., Box 7584, San Francisco, CA 94120

Henniker's, 779 Bush St., Box 7584 San Francisco, Ca 94120

YES, subject to your 2-week return privilege and one-year guarantee, send me

___ *Vertical Car Compasses* at $12.95 each.

☐ My check for this amount, plus $1.00 for postage & insurance (plus sales tax for CA delivery) is enclosed. YN1128

☐ Please charge my BA/MC account

________ exp. ____

or for fastest service call TOLL FREE (800) 648-5311
(IN NEVADA (800) 992-5710) IN SF BAY AREA CALL 433-7540

My name is ________

I live at ________

In ________ State ____ Zip ________

M258-2

Forbidden City

a novel by Anthony Esler

A thrilling tale of courage and romance set against the blazing background of the Boxer Rebellion.

$9.95

WILLIAM MORROW

One of the great illustrated books of our time...

DAPHNIS & CHLOE

Chagall

58 pages of plates printed in seven colors
$55.00

George Braziller, Inc.

One Park Avenue
New York 10016

ing summons up the cheerful rudeness of Groucho himself. Bumping against a chair, he says, "You must excuse me . . . I've just been in basket therapy and I'm still weaving."

Backtrack: Swirling, before his Groucho fugue, had come across a eulogy in his first wife's handwriting. It was actually composed for someone quite other, but he took it, with tears in his eyes and a longing for a drink in his innards, to be about himself, in expectation of his death from an incurable disease. No humorist alive, with the possible exception of Kingsley Amis, is as good as Peter De Vries at catching people's way of appropriating any mention of doom to themselves. Swirling immediately identifies himself in his wife's purple elegiac praise: that eagle heart, never a sob of self-regard. Who else but he? Growing slightly maddened by the imposed Senecan serenity and not much wishing to welcome death with a ready embrace, though he feels himself to be already over the hill, he bangs his wife's composition back into a drawer and embarks on an alternately brave and scared acquaintanceship with extinction, avoiding its basilisk eye in his waking hours by embedding himself in the person of someone else.

Swirling is mistake-prone, to say the least. These mistakes bash him on the head like hockey sticks in a particularly lawless game at an English school. He falls for a girl named Becky Tingle—his second wife—who infuriates him by never finishing a sentence and by perpetually separating subject from predicate with a gap as wide as the Hellespont. Again: At a polo match, he suddenly hears an announcer saying that, contrary to the general assumption, the ball is struck not with the end of the mallet but with the side. Ye gods, he was that general assumer.

Peter De Vries, as we all know by now, is a man whose last name could be Bartlett. There are wonderfully funny fragments here about Eliot. The title comes from Dowson's "I cried for madder music and for stronger wine." One suspects that De Vries takes Dowson with a grain of salt. Becky is one of the most engaging comic characters in all De Vries' work. She is sublimely irritating. Her speech patterns are like a cat's cradle worked by people with black treacle on their fingers. She takes an "appreciation workshop" in literature, as though appreciating the thing were a matter like cutting timber with a nail file, a question of endless toil. When she and Swirling fall for each other, there is as funny a seduction scene in a car as has

Since 1972, when we started our tours, cruises and expeditions for adventurous travelers, many people have asked us for a safari in East Africa; we did not wish to compete with others in this field and waited until we could offer a program which is unique and has been carefully surveyed to provide the outdoor living that inspired Hemingway's novels—the true way to appreciate Africa, its people, and its wildlife.

We now invite twelve intrepid travelers to see Africa as did the explorers before the tourists came, on our

African Camel Safari

MARCH 3 TO 19, 1978
OCTOBER 6 TO 22, 1978

A journey on foot with camel support across the fiercely exciting Northern Frontier District of Kenya, accompanied by a wildlife expert who provides the protection required on an expedition of this nature.

Few travelers, so far, have experienced the peace, serenity and enjoyment of walking through the African bush with the muffled sound of camel bells.

Detailed brochure available from:

HANNS EBENSTEN TRAVEL, INC
55 WEST 42 STREET, NEW YORK, NY 10036
TELEPHONE (212) 354 6634

A masterpiece of rural charm

THE COUNTRY DIARY OF AN EDWARDIAN LADY

Edith Holden

A haunting, turn-of-the-century evocation, in words and delicate paintings of the English countryside—its wildlife, flowers, changing seasons—by a talented artist/naturalist. Full-color facsimile edition. $14.95

Please add applic. sales tax (and 75¢ dely.)
Ask for our Christmas catalog.
THE SCRIBNER BOOK STORE
597 5th Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Tele. (212) 486-4070
AmExp. BankAm. MasterChg.

Great Composer 1978 Calendar

2.95 Also Coloring Books: *The Nutcracker, Sleeping Beauty Ballets, Great Composers*, 1.95 *Tutankhamun & Friends, Great Women Paper Dolls*, 2.50 —at your store or add 50¢ & write. Send a stamped, long envelope for catalog: Bellerophon Books, 133 Steuart Street, San Francisco, Ca 94105

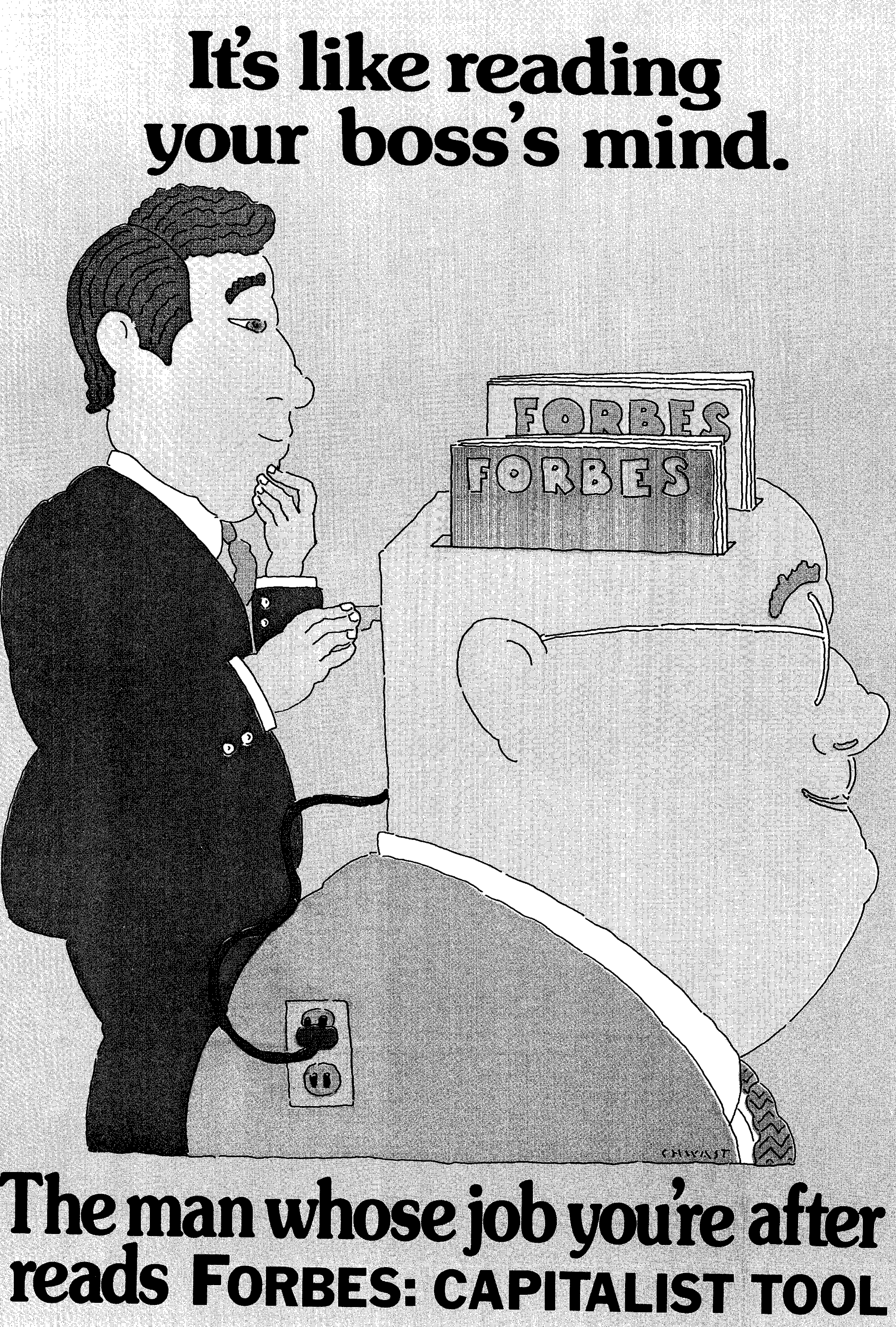
EXPEDITION

to remote tropical islands.

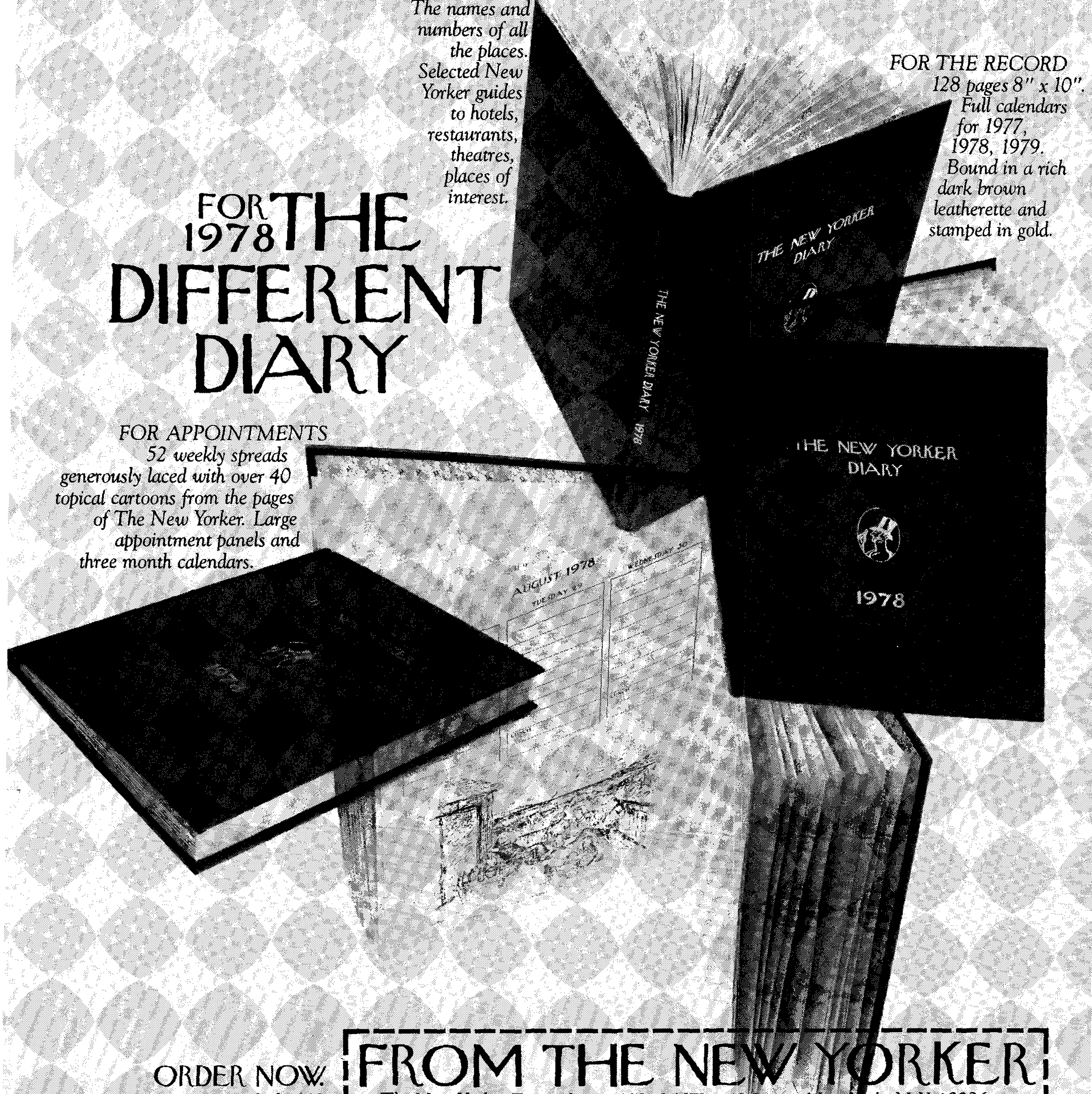
6 or 14 days from $290.

Write for free Adventure Booklet.
Box 120. Dept. 97, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139.

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises



It's like reading your boss's mind.
FORBES
FORBES
CHWAST
The man whose job you're after reads FORBES: CAPITALIST TOOL



FOR 1978 THE DIFFERENT DIARY

FOR REFERENCE "ABOUT TOWN"
The names and numbers of all the places. Selected New Yorker guides to hotels, restaurants, theatres, places of interest.

FOR THE RECORD
128 pages 8" x 10". Full calendars for 1977, 1978, 1979. Bound in a rich dark brown leatherette and stamped in gold.

FOR APPOINTMENTS
52 weekly spreads generously laced with over 40 topical cartoons from the pages of The New Yorker. Large appointment panels and three month calendars.

ORDER NOW.
Only $10. Please add $1. per diary for shipping and handling. New York residents please add sales tax. Or reserve your copy now at a fine store near you.

FROM THE NEW YORKER

The New Yorker Diary, Suite 1102, 25 West 43 Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send me ______ copies.

I enclose check for $________.

Or, charge my:

☐ *Master Charge* ☐ *BankAmericard/Visa (include exp. date)*

Account #________________.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE & ZIP

011

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been written in the epoch of vehicular lovemaking. Not to quote the impossibly quotable De Vries too much, don't miss the bottom of page 146, and what comes close to being the most hilariously unadmitted flaw in Christianity that can ever have been fixed upon by such a benevolent man as De Vries. Like Beerbohm, he possesses a wit that pierces but leaves no wound. He has written a copiously funny book about a man unfitted either for marriage or for adultery, and turned it into a larger piece of work about a form of modernity that makes him detect us to be a population of near-missers.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

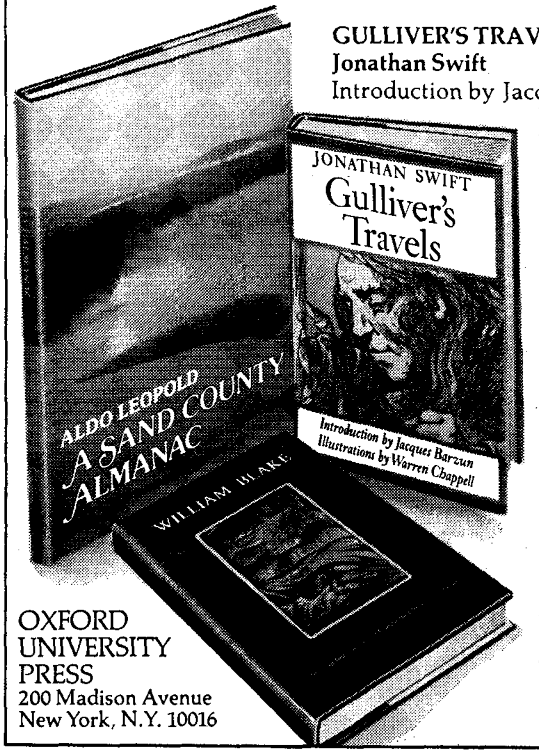
BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

THE TRAIL OF THE FOX: THE SEARCH FOR THE TRUE FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL, by David Irving (Dutton; $15). This excellent biography may be considered debunking: though never as harsh as, say, Lytton Strachey was on eminent Victorians, Mr. Irving, a British historian, makes his eminent general's failings as clear as his gifts. Rommel was always avid for distinction. As a junior officer in the First World War, he was an inspiring commander, who led his troops to daredevil victories and then turned around and waged paper war upon the whole German military establishment until he got every single decoration he thought he deserved. Wholly uninterested in nonmilitary matters, he accepted the Nazi government because it built up the Army. He later came to admire Hitler, partly because of the Führer's magnetism and partly because of his successes. Rommel's failings became apparent when he was given command in North Africa. He was emotionally and militarily unable to handle anything but dashing success. Dogged defense; making the enemy pay for his gains; the ability to turn a partial defeat into a stalemate, or even a victory—these military talents were beyond his ken. If a front collapsed, Rommel collapsed, and when he did not win he went home sick. Irving's inquest into Rommel's final military failure—the success of D Day—and his secret suicide is convincing.

CLEARING THE AIR, by Daniel Schorr (Houghton Mifflin; $11.95). The author, a former CBS television newsman, was fired because he gave the *Village Voice* the text of a report by the House Intelligence Commit-

Elegant Oxford gift editions



A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC Illustrated
Aldo Leopold
Photographs by Tom Algire. A classic complemented by 64 full-color photos of majestic Wisconsin. $19.95 until 12/31/77; $25.00 thereafter.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
Jonathan Swift
Introduction by Jacques Barzun. Illustrations by Warren Chappell. Splendid new line drawings with color wash are here accompanied by captions from the acclaimed 1735 version of the text. $14.95

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE
William Blake
Introduction and Commentary by Geoffrey Keynes. Full-color, 54 plate facsimile edition. $18.95; $8.95 paper. Special boxed set of SONGS OF INNOCENCE and THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND HELL, $34.00

And to start the New Year
—THE OXFORD ALMANACKS CALENDAR—Illus. $6.95

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY
PRESS
200 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

A Harper I CAN READ Book

BONY
by Frances Zweifel
3-color pictures by
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

With Kim's help, a baby squirrel grows into a fine pet—until Kim discovers that a squirrel isn't really meant for the indoors.
$4.95 at bookstores

Harper & Row
1817
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022

Before you sell
your stamp collection
let us assess it.

Matthew Bennett
Buyers of Important Collections for Two Generations

31 W. Chesapeake, Baltimore, Md. 21204/301-823-3714.
Write or call: we'll come to you. Member ASDA, APS, SPA.

Imported & American Books* Greeting Cards*

The BRITISH
Book Centre
153 East 78th Street
(just east of Lexington Ave.)
New York, New York 10021
Telephone: 212-879-6577
Mon.-Fri. 9-5; Sat. 10-4
* Your One-Stop Source for All British Books *
Special Orders Accepted

WINE BUYERS GUIDE
Clifton Fadiman & Sam Aaron
Over 600 wines recommended for quality and price. Illustrations, many in color. Cloth $15, paper $8.95

THE INTERNATIONAL ALBUM OF WINE
Steven J. Schneider & Paul Bacon
The world's best wines, presented in stamp-album form. Over 320 labels reproduced full-size. $16.95

Please add applic. sales tax (and 75¢ dely.)
Ask for our Christmas catalog.
THE SCRIBNER BOOK STORE
597 5th Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Tele. (212) 486-4070
AmExp. BankAm. MasterChg.

Galen Rowell
tells "one of the most fascinating stories in the entire canon of mountain literature...
"a dramatic story...heightened by dramatic photographs" *(San Francisco Chronicle-Examiner),* "a beautifully printed history of the mountain K2, its legend and lore, as told through the 1975 effort" *(Portland Oregonian),* "something new in the way of mountaineering books ...a masterful blend of the personal and the objective" *(Mariah).*

IN THE THRONE ROOM OF THE MOUNTAIN GODS

48 pages of color photographs, 165 black-and-white photographs

$18.50 at all bookstores

A SIERRA CLUB BOOK

A
LITERARY
CALENDAR
1978

Exquisitely designed wall calendar on fine paper with quotations from the works of great writers and beautiful photographs of places that inspired them. Writers' birthdays and events of literary significance are noted. Room to write down important events of your own. 14½ x 21", open size. At good bookshops everywhere or by mail from:

Cahill & Co., 145 Palisade St., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y. 10522

Please send______copies of *A Literary Calendar 1978* @ $3.95 each, plus 70¢ *per address* for shipping. Enclosed is my check for $_______. (Use separate sheet for orders to more than one address. Gift messages enclosed at your request.) N5

Name______________________________

Address___________________________

Zip________

The Doubleday Cookbook
Complete Contemporary Cooking

"The most versatile, comprehensive culinary reference tool and everyday kitchen bible now available."
—Bon Appetit

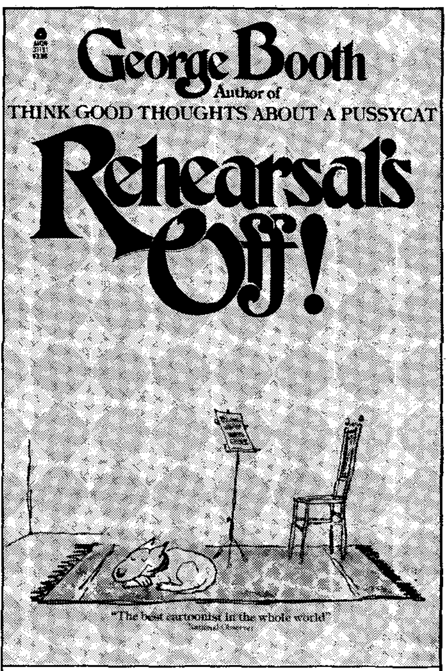
Winner of the Tastemaker "Best Cookbook" Award

$12.95 at all booksellers and department stores or send your check to:
Doubleday & Company, Inc. Dept. ZA-795
Garden City, New York 11530

tee—a report that the whole House of Representatives had voted to suppress, in the interests of national security, and that CBS did not wish to air. There are two intertwined narratives in this remarkably illuminating memoir. One deals with the subjects of Schorr's reports, including Watergate and various abuses condoned by our intelligence agencies; the other deals with Schorr's career inside television news and explains why the techniques of television lead to staging, falsifying, or simplifying reality. It also describes the Nixon Administration's attempts to intimidate the network managements (the F.C.C., the I.R.S., and the anti-trust division of the Justice Department are powerful federal weapons), but it leaves the impression that government pressure served as an alibi for doing what the rich, conservative owners and managers of the television business preferred to do in any case—not rock the ship of state. Schorr concludes with the thought that television will yet provide news and information of high quality, accuracy, and seriousness. On this one matter he is unpersuasive.

THE PURITAN WAY OF DEATH: A STUDY IN RELIGION, CULTURE, AND SOCIAL CHANGE, by David E. Stannard (Oxford; $11.95). An essay at once modest, in that it is limited to Puritan New England, and ambitious, in that it relies upon one aspect of a culture to describe a whole. The author points out that a concept of life after death preceded Christianity by thousands upon thousands of years, and that before the Reformation most Christians believed that God in His mercy would forgive their sins and take them to eternal bliss. The Puritans, however, regarded such trust as presumptuous. Since no one could know the mind of God, no one could be assured of salvation, and anxiety about one's future state was held to be a godly man's normal condition. Mr. Stannard notes that death was treated sentimentally in nineteenth-century America and is treated impersonally in twentieth-century America, and he thinks that these attitudes, too, are clues to the nature of the whole society.

EDWARD LEAR AND HIS WORLD, by John Lehmann (Scribners; $9.95). Remembered mainly as a pioneer nonsense writer, Edward Lear was also a watercolorist who covered reams of paper with pictures of animals and scenes from his travels. De-


AVON
George Booth
Author of
THINK GOOD THOUGHTS ABOUT A PUSSYCAT
Rehearsal's Off!
"The best cartoonist in the whole world"
National Observer

"The best cartoonist in the whole world."
—National Observer

A new **AVON** paperback. $3.95

Many of the drawings originally appeared in The New Yorker.

book beast

We read all we can

the rest we sell.

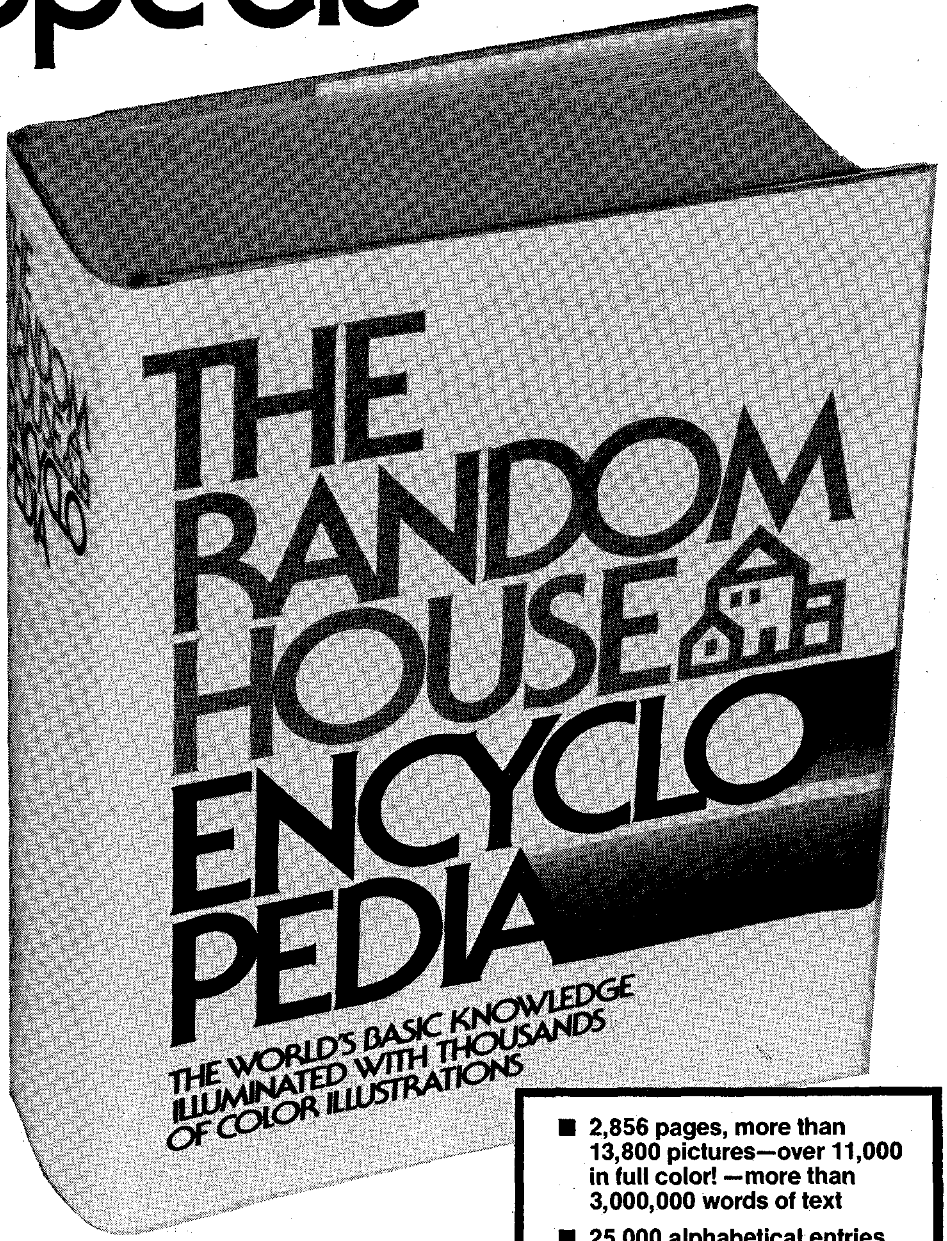
mt. kisco bazaar, n.y.
white plains mall, n.y.
trumbull shopping park, ct.
conn. post center, milford, ct.

TWELVE ORIGINAL COLOR LITHOGRAPHS
of the "Kabuki Theater" by Al Hirschfeld.
Send for catalog.

HIRSCHFELD

George J. Goodstadt Inc.,
225 Park Avenue So., New York 10003
(212) 777-6170

The critics acclaim The Random House Encyclopedia


THE RANDOM HOUSE ENCYCLOPEDIA
THE WORLD'S BASIC KNOWLEDGE ILLUMINATED WITH THOUSANDS OF COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS

Hailed as "a pioneering reference work."*

In the *Los Angeles Times,* Robert Kirsch says,

"If I could only buy one single-volume reference book, would I buy this one? The answer is yes!"

In *The New York Times* Christopher Lehmann-Haupt says,

"I, for one, expect to be thumbing it a lot in the future...This new concept actually works to justify the publisher's claim that it is 'knowledge presented the way the mind naturally receives it.'"

"It changes browsers into learners" says *Time* Magazine.

---

*"**A visual delight**

that dramatizes knowledge ... Information has been arranged and organized to satisfy the hunger of inquisitive minds and stimulate imagination." —HARVEY EINBINDER, *Chicago Tribune*

"**Undeniably unique,**

merging brilliant illustrations with short texts to survey all areas of knowledge." —*Library Journal*

"**A powerful incentive for younger readers**

...Even sophisticated, skeptical consumers will have to admit that no book on the market can do what THE RANDOM HOUSE ENCYCLOPEDIA does best: to provide a tremendously informative and rewarding browse." —CURT SUPLEE, *Washington Post*

"**Fabulous**

—the most beautiful and entertaining book of information I have ever seen." —DAVID ELLIOTT, *Chicago News*

"**Remarkable ... a fine buy**

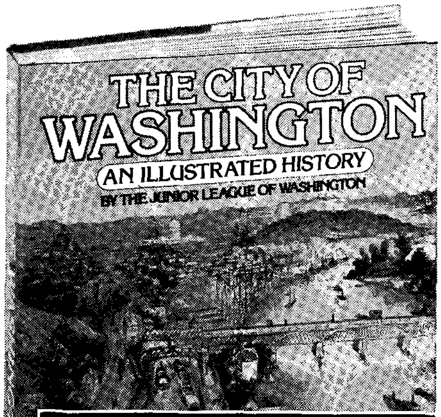
...I've spent hours browsing through it with fascination...The truth is, the volume defies adequate description...The thing to do is stop in at your bookstore and see it yourself." —EDMUND FULLER, *Wall Street Journal*

"**Clearly superior to its only serious competitor**

—the venerable *New Columbia Encyclopedia*...this is a splendid attempt to summarize modern knowledge in one convenient volume." —*Business Week*

- **2,856 pages, more than 13,800 pictures—over 11,000 in full color! —more than 3,000,000 words of text**
- **25,000 alphabetical entries**
- **875 full-color, double-page spreads**
- **80-page Atlas, with detailed, full-color maps**
- **48-page illustrated Time Chart**
- **Size 8¼" x 11", durable, reinforced sewn binding, fine coated paper**
- **175,000 copies in print**

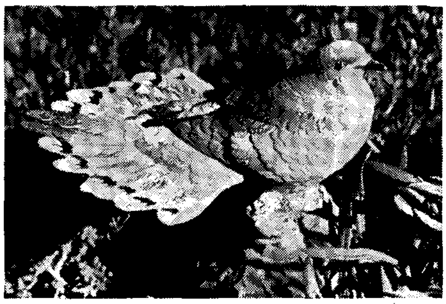
$69.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE



"Fascinating!"
says The Washington Post

350 years of Washington
history unfold in
700 pictures
(photographs, drawings,
paintings and memorabilia,
many newly discovered)
and excerpts from
diaries & journals

By the Junior League
of Washington.
384 pages (8½ x 11½) $25•Knopf



THE PORCELAIN JUNGLE
Each animal is an investment in art.
Write for colourful booklet, entitled
"Beauty & The Beasts & The Birds."
Aynsley Bone China, 225 Fifth Ave.
New York 10010.
SCULPTURED BY AYNSLEY®
The English member of the Waterford Crystal Family.

PETER HELCK
Dean of Automotive Illustrators
5 Original etchings of historic road races,
numbered and signed by the artist. Unframed
prints $75.
Send for illustrated prospectus:
Documentary Editions Limited
29 Stanhope St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 262-4114

Three
Rivers
Garden
Books
BOX 5255-Y
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15206

Is there a gardener in your life?
Then you'll want our handsome new
catalogue describing all the best
books for gardeners.
Send a dollar (refundable on your
first order).

spite frail health, he spent his life on the move, and caught the appearance of Athens, Mycenae, the Taj Mahal, Delphi, the Pyramids, and innumerable other places around the Mediterranean and on the Indian subcontinent. He long aspired to success as an oil painter, unaware that his watercolors and drawings would bring him sufficient credit. The most salient feature of this short book is its abundance of black-and-white illustrations, many from Lear's own hand. His nonsense verse seems to have been the natural product of a personality that Mr. Lehmann describes as "loyal, affectionate, selfless in his dealings with his many friends, an enchanter of children and a source of constant mirth that forever bubbled out of a temperament that, in its secret depths, was never free of melancholy for long."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

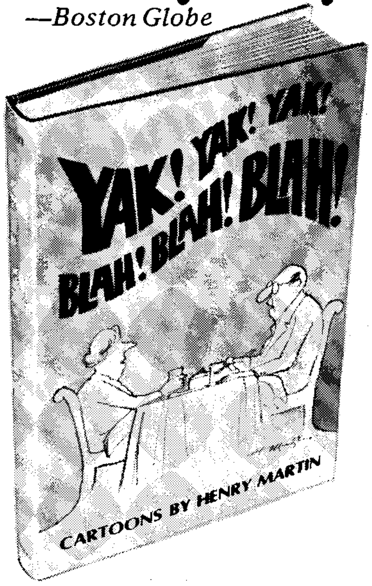
MAIGRET'S CHRISTMAS, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Jean Stewart (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $8.95). A superb collection of mini-Maigrets written between 1939 and 1950. Most of the stories take place in Paris, several involve small children who help solve the crimes, and all contain incomparably evocative descriptions of comfortable *brasseries*, seedy apartment houses, wet, sombre streets, depressing suburbs, and enterprising criminals. The most eccentric and pleasing story is one called "The Most Obstinate Customer in the World," in which the crime itself, though interesting enough, plays second fiddle to the beauty of a Paris spring, with Maigret spending a great deal of his time sniffing chestnut blossoms and opening his windows to "the blue and golden panorama of the Seine . . . while smoking his pipe in greedy little puffs." Reading this many Maigrets at a single gulp, one cannot fail to observe that there are some things (imitation antiques, fancy food, rapacious women, untidy houses, the newly rich, and greasy hair) that Simenon dislikes, and others (plain-speaking people, beer, loyalty, and office routine) that he can be counted on to admire.

•

Iowa should have below normal temperatures for the next 30 days, according to the National Weather Service, but precipitation may be about normal—or above or below.—*Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

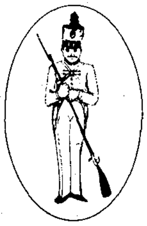
Not to put too fine an edge on it.

"Henry Martin is funny funny."
—Boston Globe



196 cartoons in a new collection
that gently mocks the
eternally perplexing relationship
between men and women.
$6.95 **SCRIBNERS**
Many of the cartoons in this collection appeared
originally in *The New Yorker*

GRIMMS' TALES FOR YOUNG AND OLD
The Complete Stories
Translated by Ralph Manheim
This first new translation in 50 years
enhances the magic and vitality of
these classic tales. $12.50
ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS
Based on the original editions, with
the Tenniel illustrations, many in
color. Each $7.95
Please add applic. sales tax (and 75¢ dely.)
Ask for our Christmas catalog.
THE SCRIBNER BOOK STORE
597 5th Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10017
Tele. (212) 486-4070
AmExp. BankAm. MasterChg.

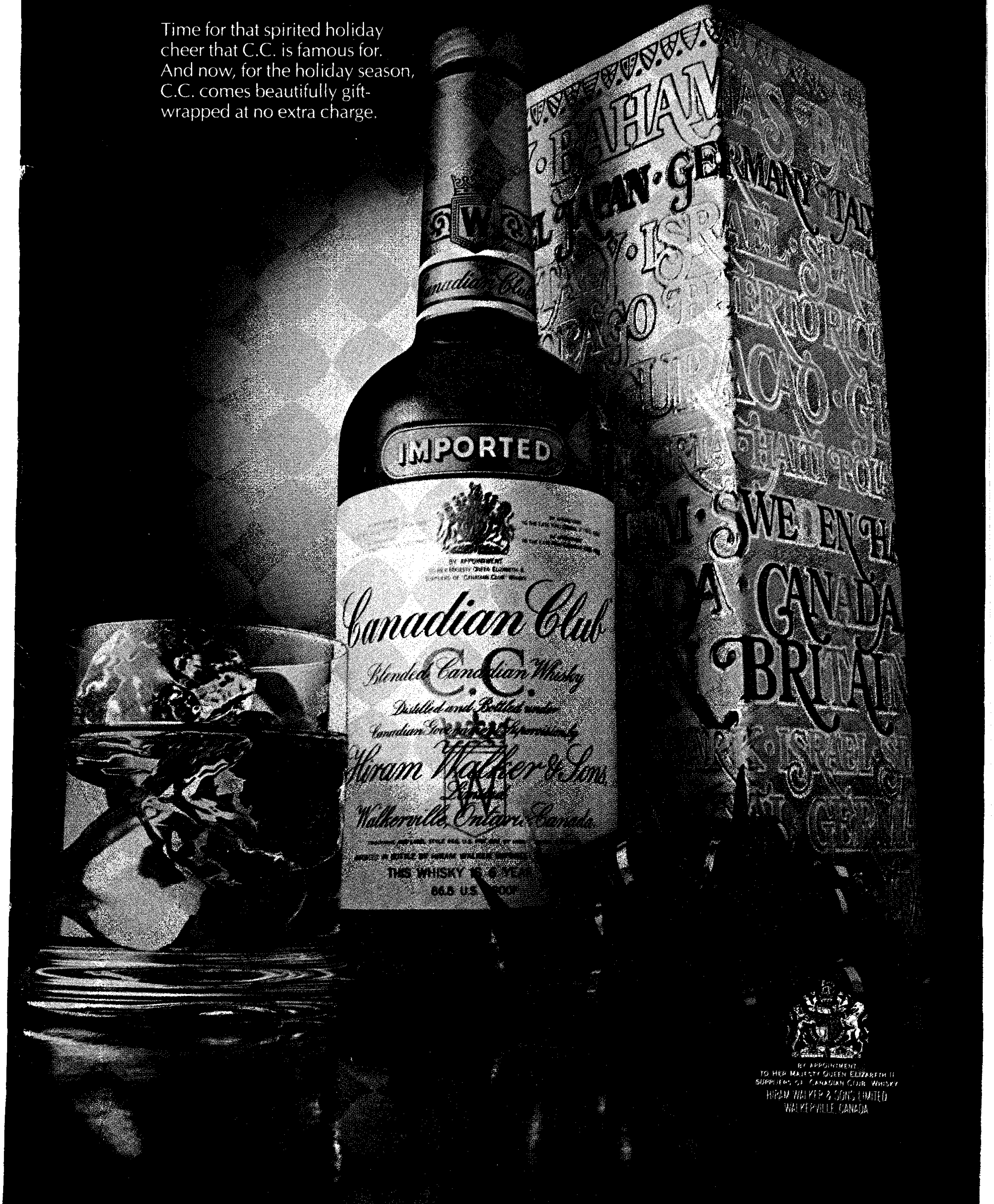


The Chocolate Soldier
Purveyors of
Godiva Chocolates
& other assorted Fine Candies
111 SWINBURNE ROW, BRICK MARKET PLACE
NEWPORT, R.I. 02840 / 849-3388

Presenting Boston...
A COOKBOOK
By The Junior League of Boston, Inc
at your local book or gift shop
or 117 Newbury Street
Boston, Ma. 02116
$7.95 plus 60¢ handling per copy
(5% sales tax for Ma. residents)

'Tis the C.C. Season!

Time for that spirited holiday cheer that C.C. is famous for. And now, for the holiday season, C.C. comes beautifully gift-wrapped at no extra charge.


IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
C.C.
Distilled and Bottled under Canadian Government Supervision by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
86.8 U.S. PROOF
BAHAMAS
JAPAN · GERMANY · ITALY
ISRAEL · SPAIN
PUERTO RICO
CURACAO
SWEDEN
CANADA
BRITAIN

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

JUST THIS ONCE, SEND CARDS TO THE WORLD AND GIVE YOURSELF A PRESENT!

Take a good look at what you've been missing all these years. Why, it's enough to make you see red (not to mention gorgeous gold and blue)!

Now it's your turn—indulge yourself in a real, live (is it ever!) Pande Cameron original.

Agrippa®... a glorious Caucasian design that's made completely by hand in India. Hand-knotted. Hand-woven. Hand-loved through every step of its making.

Agrippa... with a primitive beauty that looks as marvelous with modern as it does with traditional.

There's enough fire here to warm your spirits for all your merry Christmases to come.

See Agrippa at a fine store near you. Just one thing: since hand-making a masterpiece takes a lot of time, you may have to wait. But when it arrives, you can celebrate Christmas all over again!

Send now for our booklet, showing more India handmade carpet masterpieces. Send $2.00 to

PANDE, CAMERON AND COMPANY OF NEW YORK
Dept. NY117, 200 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016